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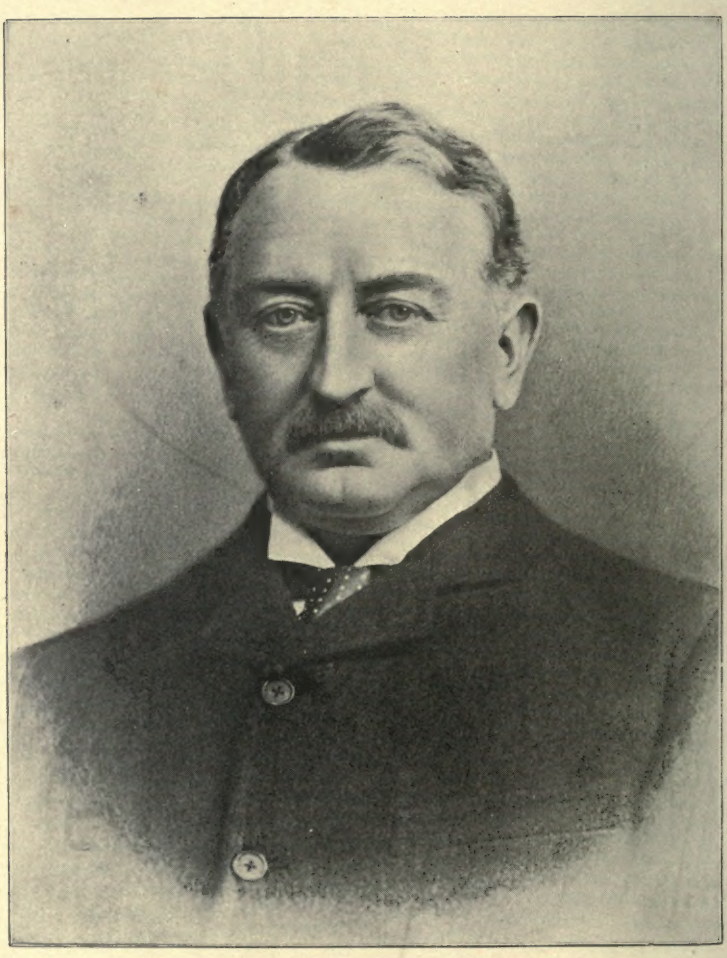
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HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA


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CECIL RHODES.

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HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY

N. BELL (N. D'ANVERS)

AUTHOR OF

"HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN NORTH AFRICA,"

ETC., ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

TO MY FRIEND,

DORA WHIGHAM,

I DEDICATE THIS EDITION

OF MY

"HEROES OF DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA."

N. BELL.

SOUTHBOURNE-ON-SEA.

PREFACE.

WITH the aid of the many recently published and important works on Africa, such as Keltie's "Partition of Africa," Silva White's "Development of Africa," and the narratives of the explorers themselves, the two volumes on African Exploration have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date. In *Heroes of Discovery in South Africa* are dealt with those travellers who started from points to the south of the Equator; whilst the companion volume, *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*, records the adventures of those who began their expeditions to the north of that boundary line.

The last chapter has been added by another writer.

January 1899.



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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz—Vasco da Gama—Almeida and Albuerquerque—Early Explorations on the East Coast—First Colonisation of the Cape—Sufferings of the Natives—Humane Policy of the English—Kaffraria and its Annexation—Basuto Land and Moshesh—Natal Annexed to the Cape Colony—Griqua Land—The Orange Free State and Transvaal Republics.

TO trace the course of South African exploration it is not necessary to go further back than the close of the fifteenth century, when (1486) the Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese officer in the service of King Henry II. Early navigators, as we have seen in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*, had, it is true, rounded the now well-known promontory, but it had been, so to speak, unconsciously, without more than a dim recognition of the fact that they had passed the long-sought extremity of the African continent. Even Diaz was at first blind to the importance of the progress made, for he had sailed down the western coast and some little distance up the eastern, before the sight of land on the left instead

of the right hand revealed to him his own discovery. A narrow escape from shipwreck, the finding of the remains of a companion vessel near the point now known as Port Elizabeth (S. lat. 34°), and the terrible accounts of the few survivors of its crew who had escaped massacre at the hands of the blacks, combined so to terrify the sailors under Diaz, that he was compelled most reluctantly to return home without having advanced further north than Algoa Bay, a little above Port Elizabeth. Noting more particularly the features of the newly discovered districts as he again slowly sailed along their coasts, he made out rugged rocks alternating with dreary stretches of sand, and, rounding for a second time the termination of the great Table Mountain, with its huge bulk sloping up to a height of 3582 feet above the sea-level, he gave to its most southerly point the ominous name of the Cape of all the Storms *(Cabo de todos los tormentos)*, subsequently changed by Henry II. of Portugal to that it still bears.

On his arrival in Lisbon, in December, 1487, Diaz was at first greeted with enthusiasm, and his heart beat high with the hope of being shortly enabled to prosecute his researches with adequate forces and means. But alas! year after year passed by, leaving all his petitions to his Government unnoticed, and it required the discovery of America without its aid to rouse the Court of Portugal to a sense of the golden opportunities it was letting slip in its short-sighted apathy. An important expedition was at last (1497) sent out to discover a new and southern passage to India, but even then it was not Diaz, but Vasco da Gama who was appointed to the supreme command. Eager to share, if only as a subordinate, in the prosecution of the work begun by him, our first hero obtained permission to go on board

one of the three vessels composing the little fleet, but his jealous successor sent him back to Portugal from the Cape Verd Islands. With that melancholy return ended his career as a South African explorer, but we may add that three years later he joined Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, and was drowned in a storm on the 29th May, 1500.

Having got rid of his unfortunate rival, Da Gama followed



VASCO DA GAMA.

his example by steering due south, and after much stormy weather and many a narrow escape from shipwreck, he cast anchor in the haven now called Table Bay on the 16th November, 1497, five months from the date of his departure

from Lisbon. Overtaken a few days later by a terrible storm, justifying the name first given to the Cape by Diaz, and embarrassed by mutiny amongst his men, Da Gama with difficulty managed to round the formidable promontory. Once past it, however, the aspect of affairs brightened, the terrified sailors recovered their spirits, and crowded eagerly to the sides of the vessels to watch the natives riding on the still famous Cape oxen, or tilling the plantations dotted with their conical huts. In the distance, herds of wild elephants were seen tossing their trunks in the air, and close in shore sported hundreds and thousands of seals. Amicable relations were soon opened with the blacks, who were ready to exchange oxen, sheep, and ivory for bells, glass beads, and coloured cloths. The coasts of the present Cape Colony and Kaffraria were in due course left behind, and that of Natal—so called on account of its being the time of the Nativity of Christ when it was first sighted—was reached. Here Da Gama found a numerous and fine-looking population, who spoke a language different to that of the bushmen of the neighbouring districts, and were governed by a king of considerable intelligence, whose friendship was won by the presentation of a pair of red pantaloons, and other articles of wearing apparel. So taken were the natives of this coast with their white visitors, that they hurried to bring them drinking vessels when they stooped to quench their thirst at the fresh-water streams running down to the sea, and almost forced their bone and ivory ornaments upon the acceptance of the Portuguese sailors, overwhelming them with wild gestures of gratitude in return for the smallest gift of linen or beads.

Pressing on in a north-easterly direction, the adventurous mariners arrived at the mouth of the now famous Zambesi,

and scurvy having broken out amongst his followers, he decided to land on an island near the coast, in the hope of obtaining some definite information regarding the maritime route to India, the discovery of which was the main object of his voyage. Little, however, was to be learned of the thick-skulled woolly-haired negroes here, and as soon as his men were fit to work, Da Gama again weighed anchor. After an interesting visit to the present province of Mozambique, then inhabited by a slim, tall, light-brown, intelligent race, and a slight skirmish with some Moorish settlers in the more northerly Nubia of modern times, he came at last to Melinda (S. lat. 3° 12′) in Zanzibar. Here, to his delighted surprise, he obtained not only full instructions on the subject he had most at heart, but the services of a well-trained pilot, a native of India, under whose guidance he crossed the Indian Ocean, and arrived at Calicut, on the north-eastern coast of India, on the 20th May, 1498, thus opening direct communication between the east and west, and striking a first blow at the long-maintained commercial supremacy of the Italian Republics, by rendering possible the transference of that supremacy to Western Europe.

In September, 1499, after two years and five months absence, Da Gama, having touched again at Melinda on his homeward voyage, landed in Lisbon, where he was most enthusiastically received. In 1502, this time with a fleet of twenty vessels under his command, he paid another visit to the eastern coast of Africa, and founded the still existing Portuguese settlements of Sofala and Mozambique.

The work thus begun by Da Gama was vigorously carried on, somewhat later, by Francesco d'Almeida and Alfonso d'Albuerquerque, who successively visited the

eastern coast of Africa, founding forts at every commanding position on the coast, and displacing alike the negroes, natives, and the Arab settlers, descendants of the conquerors who overran North Africa, and penetrated far below the equator, in the tenth century A.D. Almeida, after a successful career as Viceroy of India, landed at Table Bay on his return voyage, and was killed with some twenty of his men in a scuffle with the native Hottentots, but no trustworthy details of the tragic event ever reached Europe. Gradually the Portuguese extended their jurisdiction from about the twenty-fifth parallel S. lat. to the equator, and Sofala and Mozambique are still nominally under their sway, but the more northerly Zanzibar reverted to the Moors about 1785, and is still nominally governed by a Sultan or Seyid, although, as a matter of fact, the Imperial British East African Company and the German East African Association have between them absorbed nearly the whole of what was, until the last two decades, a powerful East African kingdom.

On the western, as on the eastern coast of South Africa, the Portuguese were the first to gain a footing. Starting from Fort Mina on the Gold Coast, which had become the central point of the Portuguese settlements in North Africa, Diego Cam (about 1486 or 1487) acting under the instructions of his sovereign, John II., continued the work of Prince Henry the Navigator (noticed in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), and reached the mouth of the now well-known Congo (S. lat. 6°), ascended that river for a considerable distance, made friends with the natives, and, after convincing them of his friendly intentions, actually carried off a large party to Portugal, promising, however, before weighing anchor, that he would bring his

compulsory guests back to their native land in fifteen months. He left some of his own people on shore as hostages, and, true to his word, returned the following year to find all well and happy. Landing the natives, he then made a trip of some 200 leagues down the coast of what is now the Congo Free State, paid a visit to one of the many native chiefs, who received him with great courtesy, and finally, laden with ivory, and accompanied by two young Africans, he again set sail for Lisbon. Two years later, the natives were sent back under charge of an ambassador and numerous missionaries. The latter, finding the ground already prepared for the reception of the good seed of Christianity by the earlier Portuguese settlers, prospered so well in their efforts to convert the natives, that the first stone of a Christian church was laid the very week of their arrival, and on the same day the chief and many of his subjects were baptised. Unfortunately, this auspicious beginning had not all the favourable results expected, for when it came to the enforcement of Christian morality, and the chief was urged to put away his numerous wives, he was so disgusted that he and all his people renounced the new faith and went back to paganism. The eldest son of the faithless chief, however, remained firm, and on his accession to power a few years later, the country again professed Roman Catholicism.

Two centuries after the first arrival of the Portuguese, the Court of Rome directed its attention to the wide field offered for proselytism by the unexplored districts of the Congo basin, and, one after another, zealous missionaries were sent out, of whom the Capuchin monks, Carli, Angelo, and Merolla, were perhaps the most energetic. Full details of their work are given in vol xvi. of *Pinkerton's*

Voyages, but they added nothing or next to nothing to geographical knowledge. We turn, therefore, from them to a certain Andrew Battel, an Englishman, who was sent (about 1590) by the Portuguese a prisoner to Angola, or Donga, the name formerly given to the whole of the districts south of the Congo, though now restricted to the Portuguese possessions. During eighteen years' detention in these parts, Battel made trading excursions, on behalf of his captors, to Loango on the north of the Congo and Benguela on the south of Angola.

In his own account of his adventures, reprinted in vol. xvi. of *Pinkerton's Voyages*, Battel describes the cannibalism of a fearful race, to which he gives the name of the Gogos, inhabiting a border district of Benguela, and tells of the bigoted fetichism prevailing in every community visited by him. Of the general features of the West African coast districts, such as the great number of the rivers, the luxuriant tropical and sub-tropical vegetation, and the abundance of wild animals, he also gives interesting details, and he enumerates fully the chief articles of trade, including copper, iron, and ivory, but, like the missionaries, he says nothing of the course of the rivers, or the nature of the interior of Western Africa; and not until the present century was any really definite information obtained on either of these points.

The country between Benguela and Namaqua Land was not visited by Europeans until about 1583, when Galton and Andersson entered it from Walfich Bay. Barren, sterile, desolate, and, as seen from the deck of passing vessels, uninhabited, it offered no attraction either to the

missionary or the trader, the sole forerunners of modern explorers, on whom the unpromising aspect of a country exercises a fascination all its own. To complete our summary of early discovery, therefore, we must return to the Cape of Good Hope, which, strange to say, though passed by Sir Francis Drake in his celebrated voyage of 1580, was left almost unnoticed, from the time of Diaz, Da Gama, and Almeida, until 1652, when the Dutch, expelled from South America, and thus deprived of their stations between Europe and India, founded Cape Town, the earliest settlement of Europeans in the extensive and important Cape Colony.

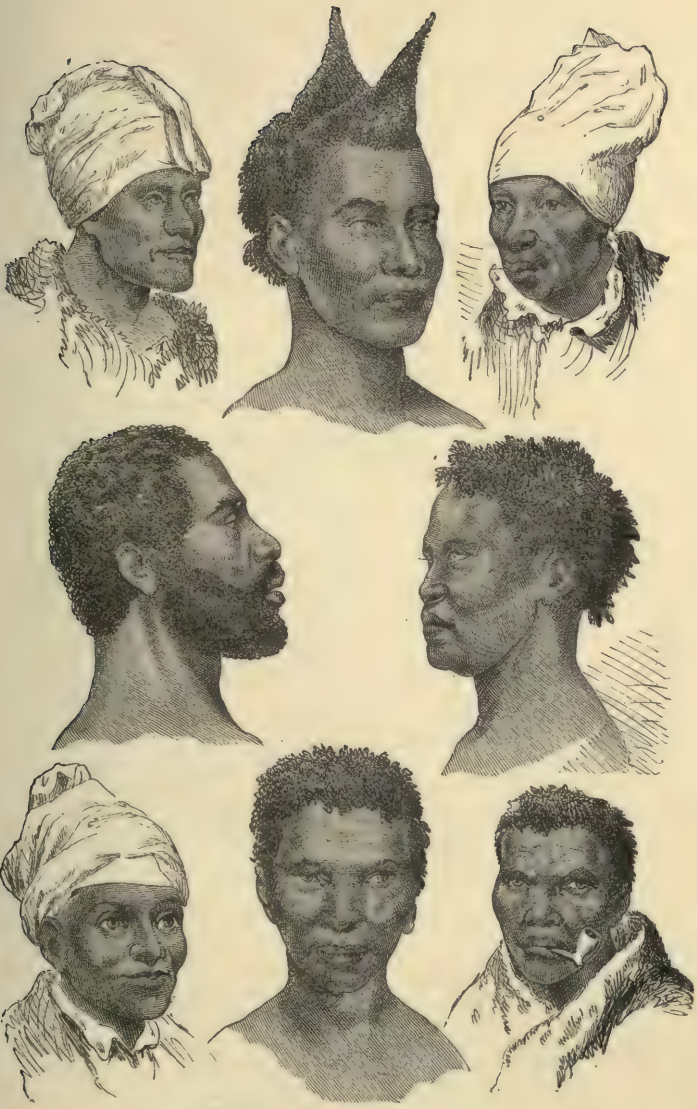
A castle, enclosing the nucleus of that erected by Von Riebeck* and the first Dutch settlers, as a protection against natives and the wild beasts, such as lions, tigers, leopards, &c., then abounding in the dense neighbouring forests, forms, with the towering Table Mountain behind it, the most noteworthy feature of the Cape as seen from vessels arriving in the harbour. Beyond Cape Town and the Table Mountain on the west stretch vast plains, fruitful patches of argillaceous or clayey soil alternating with reedy swamps or arid sands. These are flanked on the north by huge mountain-terraces, the lowest slopes of that vast range which, beginning under the name of the Nieuwveld Mountains, runs parallel with the coast for a distance of 100 miles, forming an almost impassable barrier

* A few years ago this castle was condemned to destruction as unsafe; but there was such an outcry amongst the colonists at the idea of removing the one antiquity of the country, that it was saved.

to the traveller, the rugged kloofs or ravines breaking its defences here and there having been, until quite recently, almost the only means of communication with the districts to the north. Rugged perpendicular rocks hem in the adventurer on either side, whilst now and then some rushing mountain torrent threatens to sweep him down into the abyss.* Miles and miles may be traversed without meeting with a single living creature or plant, but at intervals the eye is cheered by the sight of a clump of the curious *Protea cynaroides*, with their brilliant red flowers and hard dry woody evergreen leaves clustering about their thick, clumsy-looking stems.

The earliest settlers in this land of plain and mountain were simple-hearted folk, bent on getting a livelihood for themselves and their families in a natural way by tilling the soil, &c. They did not, as was so often the case later on, quarrel with their neighbours, and no idea of the conquest of the surrounding districts ever entered their minds. They traded honestly with the aborigines, an ugly but interesting race, with high cheek-bones, oblique eyes, broad foreheads, and yellowish brown complexions, to whom they gave the name of Hottentots, supposed to have been suggested by the peculiar clicking noise made in pronouncing many words in their language. The result of this apathy was the maintenance for some time of amicable relations between natives and settlers; but, as the numbers of the colonists increased by the arrival of reinforcements from home, and the importance of the new station as a half-way house between Europe and India became more

* The first Cape railway was begun in 1859, and since then 1,599 miles of rails have been laid down by the various companies.



TYPES OF HOTTENTOTS, ETC.

fully recognised, the lust of conquest and aggrandisement was aroused in the breasts of the Boers, as the Dutch settlers in South Africa are called, and the days of peace and mutual goodwill were soon over for ever. Little by little, step by step, the unhappy natives were driven further and further into the interior. The once proud tribes of Attaquas, Hessaquas, Dammaras, Saabs, Namaquas, and Koranas, with the despised Bosjemen or Bushmen, forming the great Hottentot family, were reduced to the condition of wanderers in their native land, or became hewers of wood and drawers of water to their cruel conquerors. A price of from 10 to 20 gulden was set on the head of every ordinary native, and one of from 50 to 100 gulden on that of a chief, so that a positive war of extermination may be said to have been commenced. Houses of stone, the homes of Dutch farmers, replaced the fragile conical native huts which had formerly dotted the country; whole districts were annexed by the unscrupulous invaders; and when, driven to desperation by their accumulated miseries, the unhappy Hottentots turned against their oppressors, attempting retaliation by raids upon their flocks and herds, they were treated as rebels against a lawful Government. An appeal was made to Holland for reinforcements against the "depraved and pernicious natives," and in 1770, to the shame of the Dutch be it spoken, the total extermination of all full-grown male Hottentots not yet reduced to servitude was resolved upon. The women and children were to be reserved for the more terrible fate of slavery, and to be divided amongst the members of the military expedition to be sent against them, or sold to the settlers.

To carry out this iniquitous scheme, three regiments landed at Cape Town in 1774, commanded respectively by

Van Wyk, Marias, and Vander Merwe. According to the official reports, each of these "worthies" succeeded in a very short space of time in killing a large number of men, and capturing their wives and children, and encouraged by these results, similar expeditions were sent out later, until at last every kraal or native village within marching distance of the Cape was depopulated. By the close of the eighteenth century the Dutch dominion had spread on the east as far as the Great Fish River, and contained a white population of 20,000, every family of which possessed a greater or lesser number of native slaves. The misfortunes of the unhappy Hottentots were further aggravated by the warlike attitude of their neighbours on the east, the sturdy Kaffirs, an intelligent and powerful race of many subdivisions, who began their encroachments on the south-west as early as 1688, and had driven the much enduring Hottentots down to Great Fish River before the close of the seventeenth century.

Matters were in this condition when the Cape Colony was seized by a British force, acting under the orders of the Prince of Orange, and by it held for five years, during which period the sufferings of the natives were, if possible, greater than before, the expelled Dutch settlers being driven to make new raids upon them to ensure their own support. In 1802 the Colony reverted to the Dutch, but in 1806 it became the permanent property of our Government, and we are glad to be able to add that, in spite of many mistakes and shortcomings, the policy of England in dealing with her unruly settlement has been characterised by justice and humanity. The enslaved Hottentots have been gradually restored to freedom, and as farm labourers, herdsmen, and drovers they are found



SCENE IN BASUTO LAND.

to make good servants. Missionaries have been encouraged to settle in all districts under British sway, and in the course of our narrative we shall make individual acquaintance with many of them.

Bounding the Cape Colony on the north-west is the well-watered, undulating, and fruitful district shut in by the beautiful Amatola mountain range, long known as Kaffraria, inhabited by the numerous branches of the great Kaffir family, and annexed to the British possessions in South Africa in 1851, after a series of disastrous wars, in which the power of the great chiefs, such as Macomo, Pato, and Seyolo, was finally broken.

On the north of Kaffraria, and between it and the present Orange River Free State, lies the mountainous Basuto land enclosing the impregnable fastnesses of the Drachenberg Mountains, known by the natives as Quathlamba, which form the easterly continuation of the range running under different names from the Table Mountain far up into the Portuguese possessions on the north-east. In these rocky wilds dwell the remnant of that once powerful race which, under the celebrated Basuto chief, Moshesh, so long held Dutch and English alike at bay from the fort of Thaba Bossion, and were at last, when threatened with total extermination by the Boers of Natal, taken under the protection of the British.

Bounding Kaffraria on the north-east is Natal, fertile, semi-tropical, and here and there densely wooded, well named the meadow of Africa, watered by the Buffalo, Umgani, and Umzimculi rivers, and rich in coal, copper ore, and iron. So far as we have been able to ascertain, Natal was not visited by Europeans from the time of its discovery in 1497 until 1822, when some white traders

from the Cape landed on its shores, and found it under the sway of a bloody Zulu Kaffir, named Chaka, the predecessor of that Dingaan so treacherously murdered later by the Dutch Boers, who, when driven out of the Cape Colony, poured down into Natal, and made good their footing there, as they had done in other districts, by the wholesale destruction of the natives. The expulsion of the Boers in 1843, and the annexation of Natal to the Cape



FOREST NEAR THE COAST OF NATAL.

Colony, rescued but a little remnant of Zulus, who now dwell peaceably amongst the foreign settlers.

On the north-east of Natal, and between it and the Portuguese possessions, is Zulu Land, a grassy, marshy, and unhealthy lowland district, still inhabited by inde-

pendent Zulu-Kaffir tribes, of whom we give a few typical portraits; and in a small triangular strip of country on the



ZULU-KAFFIRS IN ORDINARY DRESS.

north-east of the Cape Colony, and divided from it by the Orange river, dwell a hybrid race, known as the Griquas,



ZULU-KAFFIRS IN WAR COSTUME.

descendants of the early Dutch settlers and the Hottentots. Between their homes and the great Drachenberg mountains stretch the vast plains of the Orange River Free State,

with its one huge central mountain, the Hill of Night, or Tha Banchu, round which the early emigrant Boers drew up their waggons when they went forth from their old homes in the Cape Colony to seek new fields for enterprise amongst the herds of antelopes and quaggas, till then the only tenants of these unknown wastes. Gradually the whole of what is now called the Orange Free State was colonised by the Dutch, and during its temporary annexation by the English, between 1843–54, they retired beyond the Vaal or Gariep, a branch of the Orange River bounding it on the north, and founded the ever-increasing Transvaal or South African Republic, extending over more than six parallels of latitude, and including within its boundaries not only the newly-discovered diamond fields, but the healthiest and most fertile districts of all Africa.*

Thus did Dutch colonists gradually make their way into the very heart of the lower half of the South African continent, and by the middle of the present century, when the golden age of South African discovery began, their farms dotted the country as far north as the Limpopo river (S. lat. 22°). Beyond stretched the districts inhabited by the Matabele and Makolo tribes of the great Zulu family, and on the west lived the untamed Bechuanas, their conical villages extending to the desolate Kalihari desert, dividing them from Namaqua Land, and extending from the northern banks of the Orange river to the N'gami region.

* In 1877 the Transvaal was annexed by the British Crown, but after the Transvaal war, in which the English were worsted, the Boers received their land back with republican rights, the English Crown, however, retaining the right to negative extension of territory, foreign treaties, &c.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY EXPLORERS FROM THE SOUTH.

Vaillant, Sparrmann, and Barrow—Paterson's Trips to Namaqua Land and Kaffraria—Lichtenstein's Visit to the Bechuana Tribe—Murder of Cowan and Denovan—Campbell's Visits to Lattaku and to Namaqua Land—Campbell's Second Journey and Arrival at King Kossie's Capital—Burchell's abortive attempt to cross Africa—Moffat's immediate Predecessors.

HAVING now acquired some general notion of the position of natives and settlers in the most southerly districts of Africa, we are free to follow the fortunes of individual explorers; but to avoid traversing again and again the same ground, and adding yet more to the vast mass of literature recently published on the Cape Colony, we judge it best to content ourselves with naming as among the chief and earliest contributors to that literature the Frenchman Vaillant, who, in 1796–98, traversed the Dutch settlements from end to end, and visited Great and Little Namaqua Land; the Swedish naturalist, Sparrmann, who, in 1792 and the succeeding years, made more than one attempt to penetrate into the northern districts from the Cape; and the Englishman Barrow, who, in 1797, visited the Colony during its first brief occupancy by the British between 1802 and 1806, and in his account of his travels draws a touching picture

of the condition to which the Hottentots were then reduced.

As our first "hero of geographical discovery," we join Lieutenant William Paterson, who, in 1777 and 1778, made three trips in the Hottentot country north of the Cape, and one into Kaffraria, being, as is supposed, the first European to enter the latter province.

In his first trip, Paterson advanced no further than the foot of the Schneuwberg Mountains, and met with no more thrilling adventure than an encounter with some so-called savages, who, advancing upon him with warlike gestures, retired on receiving a little tobacco. The second journey, however, had more important results. Guided by a young Dutchman possessing several farms up country, Paterson made in the first instance for the small Dutch town of Zwellendam, and thence for the Buffalo River, where he was joined by the well-known settler, Van Reenan. Having visited St. Catherine's Bay, some 280 miles from the Cape, our explorer, with a fresh team of oxen for the inevitable waggon, now so familiar to all travellers in South Africa, began his journey north by way of the Grœner kloof or ravine. Crossing the Great Karroo or mountain-terrace, the most important of the barren table-lands, rising some 2000 feet above the sea-level, which form so remarkable a feature of the Cape Colony, then haunted by marauding Bushmen at war with the Dutch, he entered Little Namaqua Land, on the north-west of the Cape Colony, on the 21st August, 1778, arriving on the 27th of the same month at a large Hottentot kraal or village. Here the woolly-haired, thick-lipped natives entertained him and his companions with music and dancing, showing none of those savage qualities for which



SOUTH AFRICAN TRAVELLING WAGGON.

the Dutch settlers were ever ready to give them credit. Indeed, the bows and arrows, without which no male native seemed ever to sally forth, were never used against the white guests, and nothing could exceed the simple hospitality shown to them on every opportunity.



HOTTENTOT.

Leaving the friendly Hottentot village on the 28th August, but escorted by a native of Namaqua Land, our heroes, enriching themselves by the way with botanical treasures, such as specimens and seeds of the numerous aloes, euphorbias, &c., common in those regions, pressed on for the so-called Great River, now known to be the Gariep, or eastern branch of the Orange River, visited by a Colonel Gordon (not the hero of the Soudan) the previous year, and named after the Prince of Orange.

Keeping along the eastern bank of the river until the 16th September, the three travellers crossed it on that day, narrowly escaping with their lives from two hippopotami, who pursued them to a rock in the middle of the stream.

Scrambling up it, with the wild river-horses snorting at their heels, all were saved, and the guns being loaded, the attacking party was driven off, one being shot, and the other swimming to the opposite shore.

On the 19th the three travellers pursued their way north-west through a country abounding in poisonous reptiles, elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, zebras, elks, koodoo antelopes, hyenas, and jackals, visited the now well-known copper mines, &c., and then, after a short excursion into the districts on the north, peopled by a wild and wandering race called Bush Hottentots, they returned to the Cape, along the Atlantic Ocean.

In his third journey, Paterson, accompanied by a Dutch overseer named Tunies, turned his steps towards Kaffraria, then scarcely known to Europeans. Leaving Zwellendam on the 8th January, 1779, the two directed their course eastwards, passed the Zwartskop River, the remarkable Zoutpan Lake, three or four miles in circumference, which at certain periods of the year is converted into a mass of fine white salt, the Sondags or Sundays River, and on the morning of the 4th February, the party, augmented by Mr. Van Reenan, and a Mr. Jacob Koch, entered Kaffraria, then bounded on the west by Great Fish River. Passing through the dense woods lining its banks, with nothing to guide them but an elephant-track, the little band of white men crossed the river on the afternoon of the same day, to find themselves in a beautiful plain, rich in evergreens and bulbous plants, such as the iris, succeeded by a wood some eight miles broad, beyond which they came in sight of the first Kaffir village. Approaching it cautiously, with natural doubt as to their reception, they were met at its entrance by three Kaffirs, wearing oxen hides, tails of

animals round their thighs, brass ornaments in their hair, and ivory rings on their arms, who showed great surprise at their appearance, they being, doubtless, the first white men ever seen by them. Turning their backs on their visitors in a manner far from encouraging, the advanced guard hastened to return to their village, to tell their fellow-countrymen of the approach of the strangers; but on the entry of the latter, they were agreeably surprised at receiving a hearty welcome, and the immediate offer of milk and a fat bullock by way of refreshment. The natives then formed themselves into a kind of voluntary body-guard, and escorted their guests from one village to another, till they came to that of their chief, Khonta, who proved himself as hospitable as his subjects, offered Paterson a whole herd of bullocks, and was quite hurt at his declining to accept more than one.

Like most Kaffirs, King Khonta was a tall, well-made man, with a jet black skin, large intelligent eyes, and gleaming white teeth. His house, with a rounded roof distinguishing it from the conical extremity of those of his Hottentot neighbours, was built on the bank of a stream, and he ruled over his people with patriarchal simplicity. Twenty-two servants accompanied him wherever he went, and his chief wealth consisted in the possession of some hundred cows and bullocks. He would gladly have detained his visitors for some days, but finding them unwilling to remain with him, he let them go, first presenting them with lances and baskets of native manufacture, the latter so closely woven of grass as to hold liquid of every kind.

A short excursion to the east terminated this, Paterson's third trip, and on a fourth to the north-west, with the

exception of a visit to the huts of some wild men living on the banks of the Orange River, with whom he was unable to open any intercourse, he traversed no new ground, although, with the assistance of Colonel Gordon, again his comrade, he was able to confirm some of the discoveries of his second journey.

The information given to the world by Paterson, Vaillant, Sparrmann, and Barrow, was considerably supplemented in 1803–1806 by Henry Lichtenstein, a native of Holland, who accompanied Governor Janssens in his progress through the Cape Colony and the districts to the north, after the temporary reversion of the former to the Dutch by the stipulations of the treaty of Amiens. The first two years of Lichtenstein's absence from Europe were mainly occupied in examining districts already noticed, or more fully described below, but in the third he penetrated into the Bechuana country, of which little or nothing was then known. Accompanied by a Griqua Christian chief, named Solomon Kok, a convert of the missionary Kicherer, who had long been at work amongst the natives in Griqua Land and other northerly districts, the little party of Europeans were warmly welcomed by the herdsmen watching their flocks in the border land watered by the now famous Kuruman River, and were by them conducted to the residence of their king, Mulihawang, a tall, manly-looking fellow of about sixty, wearing a large mantle carelessly draped about his shoulders, and a round pointed cap. The palace of this monarch was of circular form, with the roof running up to a point, and was but little superior to the houses of his subjects, all of which were, however, remarkable amongst other similar native structures for durability and size. The people



HOTTENTOT WOMAN AND CHILD.

of the district visited by Lichtenstein were a simple peaceful race, well skilled in agricultural pursuits, but extremely ignorant of everything connected either with religion or the affairs of their neighbours. Some few of the women and children were really beautiful, and a degree of modesty, rare in the tribes of South Africa, prevailed amongst both sexes. The greater part of the body was



STREET IN A BECHUANA TOWN.

covered with mantles made of the skins of animals (see our illustration), chiefly of antelopes and jackals, those of tigers, leopards, and giraffes being reserved for the wealthy few.

Lichtenstein's travels in the Bechuana country were prematurely cut short in 1806 by the declaration of war between the Dutch and English, compelling him to return to his native land with but half his programme carried out. The speedy subjugation of the Colony by the British forces, however, once more left the field open alike to the mission-

ary and the explorer, and in 1807, Dr. Cowan and Captain Denovan made an attempt to penetrate through the Bechuana country to the Portuguese settlements in Mozambique. They are supposed to have passed safely beyond the Kuruman into the districts visited a little later by Campbell, but to have been cut off by fever in descending the river Limpopo.

Amongst the many missionaries sent out by various societies in the early part of the present century, some few added geographical research to their labours amongst the heathen. Of these, one of the earliest was John Campbell, commissioned by the London Missionary Society in 1812, shortly after the final occupation by the English of the Cape Colony, to visit and inspect the missionary stations in it and the neighbouring districts.

Campbell arrived at Cape Town on the 23d October, 1812, and having duly made himself acquainted with the condition of its schools for slaves, under Dutch or English missionaries, he repaired to Stellenbosh, then a quaint little town, with carved and whitewashed houses, set down in a valley shut in by mountains. Here, as in Cape Town, our hero found missionaries hard at work, and superintending large schools attended by male and female slaves, eager to learn all that could be taught them. At Genadendal and Caledon, or Zwarteberg, villages within easy distance of Stellenbosh, the Moravian and London Missionaries were also actively employed, and early in February, 1813, Campbell, encouraged by all he had seen, was able to start for Bethelsdorp, an important nucleus of missionary effort, in the district of Uitenhage, near Algoa Bay, and 450 miles east of Cape Town. With two waggons, drawn by teams of oxen and driven by natives, our hero made his way

over the steep and difficult Hottentot Holland's Kloof or ravine, along the Bot River, and across country to Zwellendam, beyond which he pressed on in an easterly direction through the then dense bush, bright with tropical flowers, chiefly cacti (of which we give a group of specimens), across one river after another, to the shores



GROUP OF CACTI.

of Mussel Bay, everywhere finding evidences of the civilising results of his predecessors' work. From George, a growing Dutch settlement overlooking the Bay, excursions were made to the Hottentot kraals of Hooge and Zurebrak, where the natives crowded round Campbell, and listened with interest to his impromptu sermons. Between George and Bethelsdorp many a long compulsory halt was made, owing to the rugged nature of the country traversed, the waggons requiring each a double team of 26 oxen to

get them up some of the kloofs or ravines; but patience, that indispensable characteristic of a successful African traveller, appears never to have failed Campbell, and in his spirited account of his adventures he makes no complaint. Whilst waiting for his men to get the wheels of his carts out of some unusually obstinate rut, he would enter into conversation now with a Dutch boor, now with a Hottentot slave, and the appendix to his second publication contains a most interesting collection of native tales, picked up here, there, and everywhere.

Campbell arrived at Bethelsdorp on the 19th March, and found it to be a mere straggling concourse of miserable huts, interesting, however, in spite of its dismal appearance, on account of the noble work going on amongst the Hottentots, numbering some 1050, there protected and educated by emissaries of the London Missionary Society.

Having, as usual, inspected the schools, and cheered teachers and pupils by his eager interest in and approval of their work, our hero left Bethelsdorp, accompanied by Messrs Read and Albricht, also missionaries, to traverse Albany, formerly the home of the since extinct Gonaqua race, but now colonised by Scotch settlers; and wending his way over its vast park-like meadows, or through the narrow rugged ravines and almost impenetrable bush, he came on the 21st April, 1813, to Graham's Town, named after Colonel Graham, who commanded the British troops when the Kaffirs were driven beyond the Great Fish River, dividing Albany from Kaffraria. A short rest at Graham's Town, as the honoured guest of the chief English and Dutch residents, was succeeded by a march across country in a north-westerly direction to Graaf Reynet, a town con-

taining a large free and slave population, the latter already converted to Christianity by the London missionaries.

On the 11th May, Campbell started for the Bushmen's country on the north of the Cape Colony, by way of the Sneuwberg or Snow Mountain, arriving on the borders of the native district on the 20th of the same month. Here Albricht and one or two missionaries from Albany returned to the south, and Campbell and Read, accompanied by some young Bushmen as guides, several armed Hottentots as an escort, and the usual complement of waggon and oxen drivers, began that part of their journey most interesting to us as students of geographical exploration. The country traversed was wild, desolate, and but thinly inhabited. Again and again want of water reduced the party to the last stage of exhaustion, and but for their native guides, they would probably never have reached their journey's end. Now following a mere elephant or zebra track, now resting for a night with huge fires burning around their camp, as a protection from lions and other wild beasts, they came on the 25th May to a lake, a rare phenomenon in this part of Africa, which they named Burder, after the then secretary of the London Missionary Society, and on the shores of which they shot nine bucks, one quagga or zebra, and one ostrich.

Another five days' journey, rendered exciting by several narrow escapes from falling into pits dug by the natives as traps for wild beasts, brought the exhausted travellers to the shores of the Great or Orange River, where a friendly Bushman chief, wearing a tall hat, a short blue coat, and skin trousers, and escorted by nine of his subjects on oxen, took them under his protection, and showed them the way to the ford. On the 8th June, the Great River was crossed

in the following order:—1st, the extra oxen, driven by three Hottentots; 2nd, Campbell's own waggon with three mounted Griquas on each side; 3rd, more extra oxen driven by two mounted Griquas; 4th, a second waggon, with two Griquas on either side; 5th, the baggage waggon, with three Griquas on each side; 6th, a Hottentot on horseback; 7th, four dogs, which were driven down by the torrent; 8th, sheep and goats, driven by three Griquas swimming on wooden horses; and 9th, more oxen driven by Griquas on wooden horses.

This list will serve to give a better idea than pages of description of the motley character of a travelling party in South Africa, and will enable us to picture to ourselves the entry into Griqua Land, on the other side of the Great River, where a hearty welcome awaited the dripping heroes and their escort from the chief of the border districts. The successful crossing was celebrated in the evening by a service in the open air, attended by crowds of Griquas, and at 10 p.m. arrived Mr. Anderson, a successful missionary from Klaar Water or Griqua Town, the next stage in Campbell's journey.

On the 9th, leave was taken of the Griqua chief, and on the 10th, after a pleasant ride through a peaceful country dotted with kraals, Griqua Town was reached, and acquaintance made with the celebrated chief, Adam Kok, who threw himself heartily into Campbell's designs for penetrating into the interior of the country, and volunteered to escort him to Lataku or Lithako, a native town on the north-east of Griqua Land, never before visited by a European, unless by the unfortunate Dr. Cowan and Captain Denovan.

Eagerly accepting Kok's valuable offer, Campbell stayed

in Griqua Town only long enough to visit a few native families, and be present at a most interesting meeting, at which he preached to a motley congregation of Dutch, English, Scotch, Griquas, and Corannas. Then, accompanied by his old comrade Read, the native chief, and Anderson, he started for the north-east, crossed a valley bounded right and left by ranges of hills, halted on the 17th at John Bloem's Fountain, now known as Bloem Fontein, named after John Bloem, a Dutchman, entered the Matchappee country, inhabited by a fine race of that name, wearing coloured sheepskins, on the 21st, and on the 24th arrived at Lattaku (S. lat. 27° 19′ E. long. 24° 16′), then a straggling town with well-built conical-roofed houses, divided into several districts, each ruled over by a headman, responsible to the chief or king.

On the first entry of the three waggons and their escort into this city in the wilderness, absolute silence prevailed, not a creature, except a few boys, was to be seen in any direction, but when Campbell's equipage came to the principal street, containing the king's residence facing a square, a man appeared, who made signs to the visitors to follow him. Arrived at the square, the unnatural stillness was suddenly changed for a genuine native hubbub. Crowds collected round the waggons, which the leaders had lost no time in drawing up in the form of a square, placing the tent in the middle, and shortly afterwards the leading men of the place, in the absence of their king, then on a hunting expedition, came to pay their respects, and invited our hero and his companions to remain with them until his return. This Campbell readily consented to do, and the next few days were passed in making friends with the natives, in witnessing public shows, such as dancing,

accompanied by bawling and yelling, visiting different houses, one containing some really good paintings of animals by a chieftain's wife, and obtaining information respecting the neighbouring races.

On the 5th July, Mateebe, the king himself, returned home, and in an early visit paid to the white men, he astonished our hero by his quiet, gentlemanly, almost English manners, and by begging him, after some little conversation with the aid of an interpreter, to send instructors to his people, promising to be a father to them. In the next two days, several meetings, to which the natives were invited, were held by Campbell and Anderson, and the king, who listened with interest to the addresses given by the missionaries, declared that he would some day go to Griqua Town and learn more of these things.

On the 7th, Campbell took leave of his royal host, to whom he had become positively attached, and still accompanied by Anderson and Kok, started eastward, and crossing some districts never before visited by Europeans, peopled by the Matchappees, he arrived on the 11th at a town called Malapeetze, where the appearance of the white men excited the greatest astonishment, nearly indeed causing the death from fright of the wives of one of the chiefs. From Malapeetze excursions were made amongst various wandering tribes, who offered no opposition to the travellers' examination of their country, and early in August the party, their numbers, strange to say, undiminished, returned to Griqua Land, whence Campbell and Read started again for Namaqua Land on the 9th.

On this new excursion the Orange River was again crossed, and turning due west, the indefatigable missionaries



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR-DANCE.

followed its course through the Coranna country and across the sandy desert dividing it from Namaqua Land, arriving at the missionary station of Pella on the 12th September, 1813. Here, as elsewhere, noble teachers of the Gospel had already won the affections of natives and settlers, and having cheered the European exiles with greetings from home, preached to the usual mixed congregations, and met the great chiefs of Namaqua Land both privately and publicly, our hero, feeling that his work was done for the present, set out on his return to the Cape Colony by way of the desert to the south of Little Namaqua Land. The 30th October found him again at Cape Town, and in the ensuing month he returned to England, to meet, as may be imagined, with an enthusiastic welcome from his employers, and, five years later, to be sent with the Rev. Dr. John Philip on a yet more important mission to South Africa.

The missionaries arrived at Cape Town on this new expedition on the 26th February, 1819, and, for reasons connected with the interests of the parent society into which we need not enter here, it was arranged that Philip should remain on the coast whilst Campbell proceeded to the interior. Accompanied by the now famous Moffat and his wife, with the necessary Hottentot attendants, our hero started from Cape Town on the 8th January, 1820, and, travelling by way of the Dutch towns of Stellenbosh, Paarl, and Tulbach, arrived at the mouth of the Hex River Kloof on the 28th, where a district not yet traversed was entered, bringing the party first into one of the romantic serpentine defiles such as are numerous in the Nieuwveld and Drachenberg chains, and then to the great Karroo. The last day of February found the missionaries on the extreme

limits of the Cape Colony, and on the 1st March they entered the then wild Bushman's territory, and travelling leisurely on account of the parching heat, Campbell made personal acquaintance with many of its simple untutored inhabitants, finding amongst them some slight knowledge of God and a touching readiness to learn more, though they



PORTRAITS OF TYPICAL BUSHMEN AND CHILDREN.

feared the Good Lord was for the white men, not for them. The springboks, the quaggas, the ostriches of these now colonised districts were also duly noticed and admired, but the main object of this, as of the previous journey, was the paving the way for the establishment of new missionary stations. Griqua Town was reached on the 11th March, and on the 21st the journey to Lataku began. On the 22nd, the source of the Krooman or Kuruman, bursting

from a curious arched subterranean passage, was visited, and on the 26th, King Mateebe's capital was entered for the second time.

On this occasion the white visitors were welcomed with eager hospitality by the Matchappees; every facility was afforded for missionary effort amongst high and low, rich and poor, and, most important of all, a friendship was struck up with Kossie, King of Mashow, on the north of Lattaku, who happened to be on a visit to Mateebe. This fortunate acquaintance with a potentate of the unexplored interior led to Campbell's accepting an invitation to visit him in his own home, and he left Lattaku for that purpose on the 12th April, accompanied by his old friend and comrade Read, and escorted by Munameets, a Matchappee chief. A short halt at a town called Old Lattaku, to distinguish it from the more modern Matchappee capital, was succeeded by a most interesting trip in a north-easterly direction across a park-like country, as yet untracked by anything but footpaths some eighteen inches wide, made by the natives in bringing milk to Lattaku from their cattle posts. Here and there on the right, amongst the tall grass and thick clumps of trees, rose Coranna kraals, whilst on the left stretched the country of the wild Bechuanas, with an occasional village of the so-called Bechuana Bushmen, a mongrel race descended from the few Bushmen who had penetrated so far north and the true Bechuanas. Lions, gnus, springboks, hartebeest antelopes, and countless ostriches were seen as the little caravan advanced further and further into the wilderness, and the lakes here and there breaking the monotony of the scenery were rich in flamingoes and water-fowl.

On the 21st April, Meribohwey, the capital of the

Tammaha country, was entered, and the waggons were quickly surrounded by a motley crowd of some five hundred natives, who, though reputed of a murderous and blood-thirsty disposition, offered our heroes no molestation, but listened patiently to a sermon from Campbell on the text, "Let us do good unto all men." This impromptu service was succeeded by breakfast, and that by an interview with the principal kings or chiefs, Munameets acting as mediator, the result of which was that their sable highnesses consented to receive and protect instructors. They also requested Campbell to bewitch the rain and make it cease, but expressed no indignation when he pleaded his powerlessness.

On the 24th April our heroes left Meribohwhey for Mashow, two hours' distance, and arriving there on the same day, were courteously received by their host, Kossie, who introduced them to his chief men, and agreed, as his brother of Meribohwhey had done, to receive missionaries.

From Mashow, a town scarcely differing in appearance from those already visited, except for the addition of a kind of terrace in front of the low mud houses, Campbell and Read proceeded almost due north through the so-called Morolong country, arriving, after crossing some well-watered districts rich in large game, at a beautiful spring, to which they gave the name of Philip Fountain, beyond which they entered a lovely mountain pass leading down into the Marootzee country, peopled by a sturdy, hardy, and warlike race, trading with their southern neighbours in assagais or spears, knives, and beads of their own manufacture. The first week of May witnessed the entry of Europeans into the important town of Kurreechana, the

central city of the Marootzee nation, and the furthest point reached on this memorable journey, and as the natives poured yelling and shouting out of their semi-circular rows of conical huts, their excitement and horror at the appearance of the white men was at first extreme. Gradually, however, as the fact that their visitors were harmless, in spite of their weird appearance and their extraordinary clothing, was borne in upon their minds, the king, a young man of only sixteen, was brought forward and introduced to the new-comers. They were allowed to retire to rest in their waggons for the night, only to be beset by eager crowds the next morning, who brought them presents of sugar-cane, &c., and seemed vastly diverted at their cooking operations, holding up their children to watch, and expressing their surprise by the wildest gestures.

The usual meetings for prayer and praise were held on the ensuing days, in the presence of a vast multitude of natives, including many kings and chiefs, who, though not asked to kneel, did so, in imitation of Campbell and Read. Promises of protection to future missionaries were obtained from the principal men, together with some important information respecting the inhabitants of the Wanketzen country on the north-west and of the native routes to Delagoa Bay, &c. Then, feeling that the path was paved for his successors, Campbell made ready to return to the coast. Taking a somewhat more easterly route than he had done in his journey up, he arrived at Lattaku on the 8th June, and after a short visit with Moffat to the scene of that hero's future labours on the Kuruman River, he returned to Cape Town by the ordinary route, arriving there in good health on the 10th November, 1820, after an absence of ten months, during which he had not met with

a single accident of importance, and had everywhere been well received by the natives.

About the same time as Campbell made his first visit to Lattaku, an Englishman named Burchell penetrated to the town of Chuai, on the Molopo River, some little distance to the north-west of the Matchappee capital, with a view to reaching the Portuguese settlements on the western coast by way of the Kalihari Desert, but he was deserted by his servants and compelled to return to the Cape, not having added more than a small tract of country to that already explored.

The hearty reception accorded to Campbell by King Mateebe encouraged other missionaries to visit his capital, and in 1816, between their predecessor's two journeys, Messrs Evans, Williams, Hamilton, and Baker attempted to settle in Lattaku, but they were peremptorily ordered to leave the town, and though after a long and wearisome delay at Griqua Town a reprieve was granted, they had scarcely begun their work when war broke out between the Matchappees and Bechuanas, compelling the white men to retire to the Kuruman River. Here King Mateebe and the remnant of his tribe also took refuge after their defeat, to find but one missionary, Hamilton, still true to his post, where he remained, labouring on against gigantic difficulties, until he was joined by Moffat, to whom a separate chapter must be devoted.

CHAPTER III.

MOFFAT'S WORK IN NAMAQUA LAND AND AMONG THE BECHUANAS.

Journey from Cape Town to Pella, and Sufferings by the Way—Arrival at Africaner's Kraal—Previous Life and Conversion of Africaner—House-building in Namaqua Land—Trip to the North—Alarm of Lions—Old Woman left to die—Return to Africaner's Kraal—Trip to Griqua Land—Africaner's Journey to Cape Town—Moffat on the Kuruman—Early Troubles—War Scenes—Trip to the Unknown North—Mosilikatse's Ambassadors—Journey to Matabele Land—Retirement.

ROBERT MOFFAT arrived at Cape Town in 1817, and, after a delay of eight months, started on his first journey into the interior, making Namaqua Land, recently the scene of troubles amongst the missionaries, his goal. Accompanied by a Mr. Kitchingham and his wife, he set out with the usual waggons and teams of oxen, but, labour being scarce, he and his comrade were compelled themselves to take charge of the loose oxen, sheep, and horses, which are the inevitable accompaniment of every travelling caravan in South Africa. This, of course, added very much to the fatigue of the trip, great courage and perpetual watchfulness being necessary to save the animals from the attacks of wild boars, hyenas, &c., or from tumbling over, sometimes even disappearing, in the ant-hills dotting the country. On one occasion a pet lamb which had been

doomed to die the next morning was missed, and, following its track, Moffat and Kitchingham traced it to the top of a rugged mountain only to be finally beaten in the chase, the animal darting away to cliffs inaccessible to its pursuers, when they were within a step of its thong.

Another trouble, rare in the districts north of Cape Town, which are generally dry and parched, was the



ANT-HILL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

swelling of the rivers from rain, and the almost complete obliteration of roads from the same cause. The loose limy soil of the Kamies Berg was so completely saturated that the oxen and waggons often suddenly sunk in the mire, not to be extricated until the latter had been unloaded. All these troubles, however, met with energy and courage, were triumphantly conquered, and the party arrived safely at

the missionary station of Bysondermeid without any serious casualty.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingham remained permanently, and Moffat for a month, as the guest of Mr. Schmelen, the resident missionary. Then reluctantly bidding farewell to his fellow-countryman, our hero started with a guide across the comparatively trackless desert between Bysondermeid and Namaqua Land. On this stage of his journey want of water was the chief difficulty to be contended with, and as early as the second day the oxen fell down exhausted from thirst. Before daybreak the next morning Moffat and his guide started with spades and followed by the oxen to seek for water, of which they succeeded in finding a small quantity, after digging a huge hole in the sand. The scene which followed baffles description. The oxen, wild with excitement, gathered round, jostling each other in their eagerness, the stronger getting the lion's share, whilst the weaker obtained hardly any. The return to the waggon over a burning plain beneath the meridian sun moreover undid what little good the scanty draught had done, and many of the oxen made off in the direction of Bysondermeid, their instinct telling them that things were likely to be worse rather than better with their masters. An attendant sent in pursuit returned unsuccessful, pleading that he dared not go further alone—he should die of thirst, or he should be killed by lions.

Moffat, who in all his dealings with the natives made gentleness and humanity his rule, yielded to the poor fellow's plea, and sent two men with the remaining oxen on to Pella to obtain assistance, remaining himself with one man by the waggon. Very great were the sufferings in the few days which followed, on a burning plain, with scarcely

anything to eat or drink, and with no sound to break the silence but the occasional roar of a lion; but just as he was beginning to despair of rescue, Mr. Bartlett, a missionary from Pella, arrived on horseback, followed by two men, with quantities of mutton dangling from their saddles.

The meeting between the two missionaries may be imagined. Bartlett, accustomed as he was by long residence to the burning climate of Namaqua Land, declared that what Moffat had endured was exceptional, even for that district, and, after much refreshing intercourse, the two, already capital friends, rode together to Pella, where Moffat was most hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett. A short rest quickly restored him to his usual vigorous health, and a few days later he started for the kraal of the celebrated Christian chief, Africaner, arriving there on the 26th January, 1818.

Before relating our hero's experiences in this the first scene of his missionary labours, we must pause to give the previous history of Africaner, acquaintance with which is necessary to the proper comprehension of our further narrative, and will do more than pages of description to illustrate the unhappy relations between the Dutch settlers and the natives of South Africa, referred to in our opening chapter.

The eldest son of the chief of a numerous Hottentot tribe which once had its strongholds in the Witsensberg and Winterhoek Mountains, and owned hundreds of miles of pasture-land north of the Cape, Jager, afterwards Christian Africaner, found himself in early manhood, by the resignation of his father of the chieftainship, the champion against overwhelming numbers of the oppressed and despairing Hottentots. Driven further and further

north, and dwindling gradually to half their former numbers, his clan finally yielded to the force of circumstances, and Africaner with many of his people became the servants of a Dutch farmer, whose name we have been unable to ascertain.

A faithful ruler, so long as he had anything to rule, Jager proved also a faithful servant, and for years he lived on good terms with his employer, bravely defending the flocks committed to his charge from the raids of Bushmen, &c., and checking every incipient revolt amongst his own people with a firm though gentle hand. Had the Dutch master shown common humanity in his dealings with his native subjects all might have been well, but the exiled chieftain had to witness the wholesale murder of the males of his tribe, and the carrying into slavery of their wives and children. True, the murders were said to be in self-defence, the slavery was called *apprenticeship*, but to the minds of the untutored natives the last-named distinction did not exist, and when rumours reached Africaner's ears of a plot against the natives generally, he could bear no more. He refused to execute an order of his master. His people seconded him, and when the farmer reiterated his commands, he was answered by a petition from the whole body of his servants for permission to retire to some secluded district and there end their days in peace.

As a matter of course this request was peremptorily denied, and the Dutchman coupled with his refusal an order to all his native servants to appear that evening at the door of his house. The crisis had come. In sullen silence Jager and his next brother, Titus, led their men up to the door, the latter taking his gun with him in case of the worst, and concealing it behind him. Jager, ascending

the few steps at the front of the house, intended peaceably to state his grievances, hoping even yet to avoid coming to extremities, but, before he could utter a word, his master rushed out and with one blow felled him to the ground. The next moment there was the report of a gun, and the farmer fell dead, shot to the heart by Titus Africaner, who then, followed by his people, entered the house, and telling the terrified mistress that though her husband was dead, *she* was safe, they had nothing against *her*, demanded what ammunition and guns she had. The widow brought them in fear and trembling, and was told to remain quietly at home and no injury would be done her, but if she left the house to expect no further protection, as the Africaners could not answer for the forbearance of the natives not in their own party. Two children who ran out at the back door in their fright were killed by Bushmen, but the rest of the family escaped.

Africaner, though his vengeance was accomplished almost against his own will, lost no time in accepting the situation forced upon him by his brother's action, and, rallying the remnant of his tribe, retired beyond the Orange River, and later to Namaqua Land, where a chief ceded him a considerable tract of country, over which he ruled peaceably for some little time.

The news of the outrage on the farmer's family, however, excited the greatest alarm and indignation in the Cape Colony. Rewards were offered for the capture of Africaner dead or alive, commandoes or military expeditions were sent out against him, and finally, the Dutch settlers bribed Berend, a chief of the Griquas, to attack Namaqua Land. Unmoved by all the declarations against him, and setting the commandoes at defiance, Africaner was roused to

action by this last manœuvre, and rushing down upon the borders of the colony, he murdered a farmer named Engelbrecht and a Griqua, carrying their cattle and other property back with him to his own country.

This was the beginning of war to the death between Africaner and all his neighbours. Almost worshipped by his followers, who were ready to slay and pillage on the slightest provocation, his name became the terror of South Africa, and the only man able at all to cope with him was the chief Berend mentioned above. Again and again the two met in battle, mutually weakening, but never crushing each other. On one occasion Titus Africaner and Berend were engaged in single combat in the presence of their troops, and were levelling their guns at each other when a cow suddenly rushed between them, received both charges in her body, and fell down dead. But one out of many hairbreadth escapes, this singular incident scarcely affected either of the combatants, and it appeared likely that the plot of the Dutch settlers would succeed, and the native tribes would exterminate each other, when a strange change fell upon the leaders of both parties, and one unprecedented even in missionary annals, rich as they are in remarkable conversions.

The missionaries to Namaqua Land, of whom Dr. Vanderkemp and the brothers Albrecht were amongst the most successful and devoted, had long lived in terror of their lives, and for some little time were compelled to take refuge in holes dug in the earth, lest they should be massacred by Africaner and his reckless followers, but unwilling to desert their posts entirely, one little band, under the Albrechts, pitched their tents, or we should rather say waggons, almost a hundred miles from Africaner's head-

quarters. To their surprise they were not only unmolested, but, before very long, the great freebooter himself became a member of their congregation, and in course of time a believer in Christianity. This unexpected success was followed in another part of the country somewhat later by the conversion of the Griqua chief Berend; peace, never before even wished for, was agreed upon, and when Moffat arrived in the country it was to find the worst troubles of the missionaries over, and native congregations scattered over the length and breadth of Namaqua Land.

Unfortunately, Mr. Ebner, Moffat's predecessor at Africaner's kraal, had shown so little tact in his dealing with the natives, that our hero's first welcome was of the coldest; but, disguising this disappointment, he waited patiently for the tide to turn, and, in two hours after his arrival, Jager, now Christian Africaner, arrived, and enquired if he were the missionary appointed by the directors in London. On Moffat's replying in the affirmative, his host seemed pleased, and said, "You are young, and I hope you will live long with me and my people." He then sent for a number of women, such as those whose portraits we give, but for what reason Moffat was at first at a loss to understand. The mystery was soon solved, however, by their collecting bundles of mats and long sticks, whilst Africaner pointing to a piece of ground said—

"There you must build a house for the missionary."

The women at once set to work with a will, fixed the poles in the shape of a hemisphere, and covered them over with mats. In half-an-hour the work was done. For six months Moffat lived in this primitive dwelling, and tells us that its discomfort could scarcely be surpassed, for when the sun shone it was unbearably hot; when the

rain fell he came in for a share of it; when the wind blew he had frequently to decamp to escape the dust, and, in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wanted a night's lodging would force itself through the frail wall, and more than once he found a serpent coiled up in a corner.

All this, however, failed to discourage our hero, who was far more concerned at the ill-will between Mr. Ebner and the natives, which shortly after his arrival became so bitter that the former left the country in disgust. But for Moffat's presence and remonstrances, his predecessor



NAMAQUA WOMEN.

would probably have been murdered, and it was, therefore, a relief when he was safely back at the Cape, though his intemperate zeal rendered his successor's position quite alone amongst the angry natives anything but pleasant. Fortunately Moffat soon proved himself to be a man of a very different stamp. Africaner himself and his brothers Titus, Jakobus, and David, became devotedly attached to him, and in a severe illness, brought on by living in the house above described, the great chief nursed his guest as tenderly as any woman.

Finding Africaner's kraal really too unhealthy for a European to live in, and dreading a premature shortening of his labours amongst the natives, Moffat was obliged at the end of six months to look out for another field. On his mentioning his wishes to Africaner he was relieved at meeting with no opposition, and when his preparations for a journey of discovery were completed, his host declared his intention of accompanying him himself with a strong escort. It was decided to make first for the borders of Damara Land on the north of Namaqua, then quite unknown to Europeans, though subsequently explored by Galton.

Having himself repaired his waggon, which had suffered much in the journey from Cape Town, with the aid of a pair of bellows of his own manufacture, Moffat and his protectors started due north, over a sterile country abounding in mineral treasures, such as iron-stone and copper, with here and there fine specimens of fossil trees, meeting at first no living creatures but zebras, wild asses, elks, koodoos, and an occasional troop of some thirty or forty giraffes. Further on, however, the country was studded with villages, and making a point of remaining a day or two in each to preach the Gospel, Moffat began to hope to find a permanent home amongst the Namaquas, but, as he approached the Fish River, the natives showed considerable jealousy of the further advance of the party. They had had enough of "hat-wearers," they said; their sorcerer had warned them that the coming of the white man would bring evil upon their land; if he remained they would flee.

As no arguments could induce these wild Namaquas to believe in Moffat's harmlessness, there was nothing to be done but return to Africaner's kraal, and, wending their

way amongst the poisonous euphorbia and prickly acacia, the little band tried to reach home by a slower and less well known route. As a result, they became involved in serious difficulties from want of water, and were often in danger from the lions haunting the unfrequented district through which they passed. One night, after evening service, the leaders were smoking over their fire of sticks,



EUPHORBIA TREES.

and the men were lying about in all manner of careless attitudes, when the roar of a lion was heard, the oxen rushed suddenly into the camp, trampling down everything in their way, and then dashed off for the mountains.

Fortunately no serious injury was inflicted, though Bibles, hats, guns, and hymn-books were flung in every direction. Africaner, who with Moffat had been rolled over in the sand, soon started up, and shouting, "Follow me!" led his men to the pursuit. The frightened animals were

brought back safely, but the lion which had caused all the tumult escaped.

The morning after this alarm, a sad instance of native cruelty was met with, the travellers finding an old woman reduced to mere skin and bone, left alone to die in the desert. Moffat, though himself exhausted from want of water, went up to her and enquired what was the matter. Terrified at the sudden appearance of the white man, the unhappy woman tried to rise but sank down again from weakness. Reassured by degrees, she at last managed to explain that she had been left to die four days ago. "My children are gone," she said, "to yonder blue mountains, and have left me to die. I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire, and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." Then, when Moffat asked how she had managed to escape the lions, she answered, taking up the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and raising it as one would do a loose linen: "I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat. I have no flesh for them to scent."

Touched to the heart by this piteous recital, Moffat tried to persuade her to let him lift her into the waggon and take her to the next village, but the mere idea seemed to convulse her with terror. "It is our custom," she said; "if you left me at another village they would do the same. I am nearly dead now; I do not want to die again."

Our hero was, therefore, compelled to content himself with leaving her some fuel, dry meat, tobacco, and a knife, and, promising to return in two days, he joined his own party in a further search for water, which was found in

small quantities somewhat later in the day. At the appointed time he went back to the spot where he had left his old protégé to find her gone, the footmarks of two men leading him to suppose that she had been carried off to the hills to which she had pointed. Long afterwards he learned from a native that her sons, who had, unseen, witnessed the interview with Moffat from a distance, had come down and taken her home with them, dreading the vengeance of Africaner.

All perils escaped, the caravan got back to Africaner's kraal towards the close of the year, and a little later, Moffat, at the request of his host, made a trip to Griqua Land, to inspect a situation offered to Africaner and his people by the chief of that country. Accompanied by two of the chief's younger brothers, and taking nothing with him but his gun and a few necessary articles of clothing, he bent his steps to the Orange River, and keeping along the northern bank, arrived safely at the well-known Falls in the course of one day.

Here a Coranna chief named Paul received them hospitably enough, and on the following evening they started again, entering the, to them unknown, Bushman's country, where they were sometimes well and sometimes badly received. At one village Moffat nearly lost his life by drinking from water poisoned with a view to destroying the wild animals with which the jungle near abounded, but though he suffered great agony for a time, he recovered. The people of the village showed him the greatest sympathy in his distress, and some of them scoured the country to find him the fruit of the solanum, which here grows to the size of an egg, and acts as an emetic.

Our two illustrations, one of half-naked Bushmen making

a fire, the other of a Bushwoman in holiday attire, may serve to give some idea of the people amongst whom Moffat was now travelling. Further on will be found a group of the weapons still in use amongst this primitive people, and one of the articles which make up a Bushman's travelling equipment, including his water-skin drinking vessel and club. Moffat speaks in terms of pitying affection of the wretched condition of these persecuted natives,



BUSHMEN MAKING A FIRE.

living in dread alike of the Dutch settlers and of the Corannas on the other side of the river, but when left unmolested, showing themselves to be of peaceable and friendly dispositions. The recent discoveries by G. W. Stow of cave paintings and rock sculptures, executed by Bushmen before their complete subjugation by the Dutch, point to the conclusion that these unfortunate sons of the soil had attained to considerable excellence in the pictorial arts. One of the more modern of these works is a painting

representing the first Boer commando sent out against the Bushmen; whilst others, probably of earlier date, give hunting scenes, struggles between the Boers and Kaffirs, all alike remarkable for spirited execution.

Before reaching Griqua Land the whole party suffered

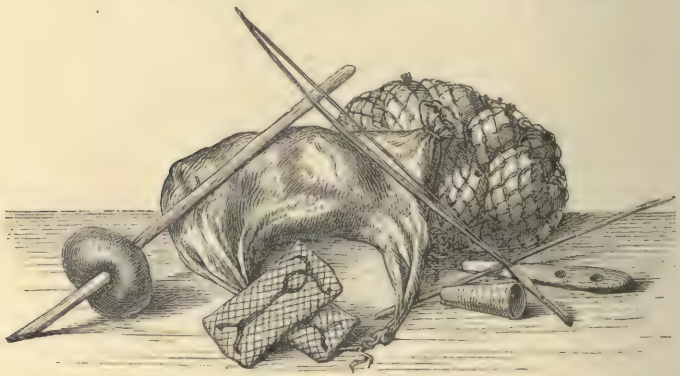


BUSHWOMAN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

fearfully both from fatigue and want of food and water, having somewhat injudiciously trusted for supplies to their guns and native hospitality. Moffat indeed was so completely worn out, that when he at last entered Griqua Town, and drew rein at the house of Mr. Anderson, the missionary there established, he was absolutely speechless.

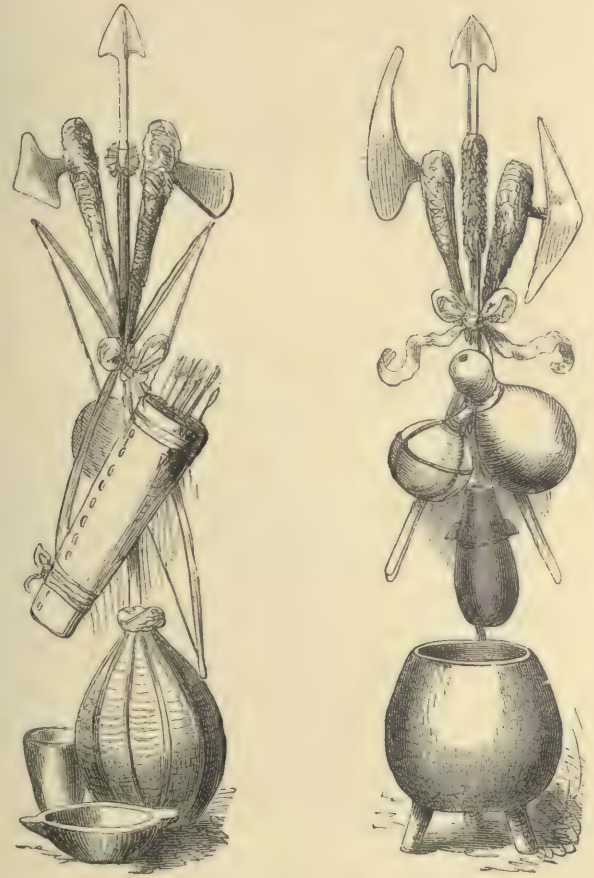
Making signs that he wanted water, he was quickly supplied by Mrs. Anderson with a cup of coffee, and whilst it was being prepared he managed to explain who he was, but not until the next day was he able to enter into any details. His sufferings, however, seem not in the least to have quelled his ardour, and after a very short rest we find him starting on a journey to the residence of Berend, the chief already alluded to, and to Lattaku, this time accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

At both places Moffat and the Andersons received a



A BUSHMAN'S EQUIPMENT.

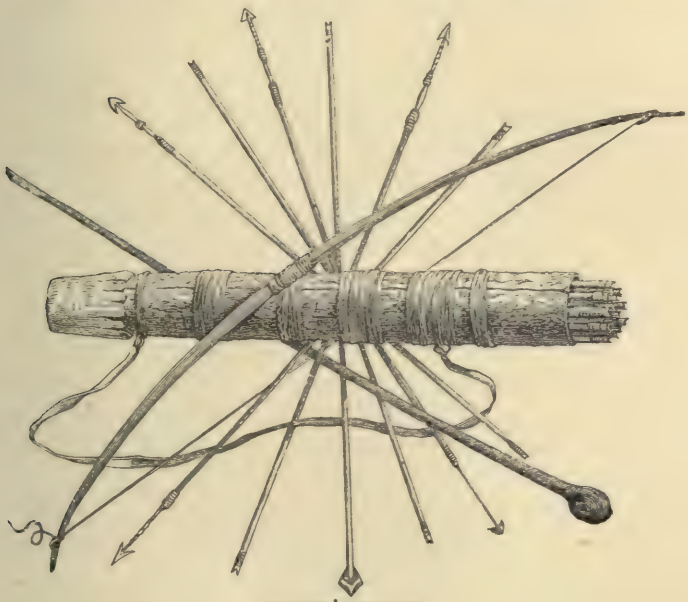
hearty welcome, and at Lattaku they remained some days, and Moffat made his first acquaintance with the Bechuanas, amongst whom his lot was subsequently cast. On the return journey to Africaner's kraal he had two narrow escapes; one from hyenas, who, emboldened by hunger, attacked his camp, and one from a hippopotamus, which dashed furiously up stream as he and Younker Africaner were about to cross the Orange River. As Paterson had done before him, Moffat escaped to an island in the river,



HOTTENTOT WEAPONS AND DOMESTIC UTENSILS.

and the monster was driven off with stones by his men.

Once more "at home," as he expresses it, Moffat made the somewhat startling resolution of paying a visit to the Cape, and taking Africaner with him. "Do you not know," said his host when the proposal was first made to him,



BUSHMEN'S WEAPONS.

"that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix dollars have been offered for this poor head? But," he added, "I shall deliberate, and roll my way upon the Lord. I know He will not leave me."

The result of the deliberation was in Moffat's favour, and a little later, escorted by half the population of Namaqua

Land, he and the royal convert started for Pella, where, acting on Mr. Bartlett's advice, Africaner assumed an old suit of Moffat's as a disguise, and decided to act as the Englishman's servant in the coming journey, with a view to eluding the vengeance of the Dutch farmers, many of whom had heavy scores against him, and were not unnaturally sceptical about his conversion.

One farmer, on seeing Moffat and his "servant" approach his homestead, showed the wildest excitement, taking the former for a ghost, and surprising him with the question, "When did you rise from the dead?" It was some time before the poor fellow was reassured; he had heard that Moffat had been murdered by Africaner, and when the story of his conversion had been related to him, with his subsequent hospitality to missionaries, the worthy Dutchman cried—

"Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you and see him, though he killed my own uncle."

A moment's hesitation, and then turning to Africaner, who had listened to this conversation with a quiet smile, Moffat said, "This, then, is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, stared at the "servant," and exclaimed, "*Are* you Africaner?" "I am," replied the person addressed, raising his hat and bowing. "Oh God!" cried the farmer, "what a miracle of Thy power; what cannot Thy grace accomplish!" and forgetting all his wrongs, he invited Moffat and the chief to remain with him, and spread his best before them.

Arrived at Cape Town, Moffat lost no time in waiting

on the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who listened to his account of the reform of Africaner with evident scepticism, but was completely won over and fascinated in an interview the next day with the ex-freebooter himself, so much so that he presented him with a waggon worth some eighty pounds, and supplied him with a Government passport, which would enable him to travel unmolested throughout the English possessions in South Africa.

To Moffat's regret and disappointment, his connection with Africaner now ended. He had intended returning to Namaqua Land with his host, to whom he had become much attached, but he was requested by the Missionary Society to which he belonged first to join Mr. Campbell in his second journey to Lattaku, of which an account has already been given, and then to settle amongst the Bechuana tribe. Before starting on the first trip he was married to a Miss Smith, to whom he had long been engaged, and his future labours were much lightened by her earnest help and sympathy.

Into the details of the travels of the newly-married couple with Campbell we need not enter here, but will resume our narrative with their arrival in 1821 at the Kuruman River, where they had long been anxiously expected by Hamilton, worn out by his ceaseless and lonely labours amongst the Bechuanas, Hottentots, and Bushmen. At this early stage of missionary work the people seemed callous to all instruction, though many pretended conversion for the sake of obtaining help from Hamilton. Munameets, the uncle of Chief Mateebe, who, it will be remembered, accompanied Campbell on his visit to Mashow, summed up the views of his tribe with regard

to the Christian religion in the following characteristic sentence—

"Your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach. I would like to live with you because you are kind and could give me medicine when sick."

A certain rain-maker, who did all he could secretly to undermine the influence of the missionaries, and constantly plotted against their lives, long rendered vain all their efforts to gain a hold upon the affections of the natives, but falling himself into disgrace, he was sent into exile by Mateebe, and after his departure the prospects of the little English colony brightened. At first the time both of Hamilton and Moffat was almost constantly occupied in building and tilling the ground, in both of which operations they were pre-eminently successful, in spite of the gigantic difficulties with which they had to contend, working often with the thermometer at 120° at noon in the shade, or compelled to go three miles' journey for a drop of water.

Their little cottage built at last and their chief enemy gone, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, with their baby boy, settled down, as they hoped, to peaceful labours amongst the people, Moffat and Hamilton visiting even the wild Bushmen from the caves of Griqua Land, and never letting slip an opportunity of bettering their condition, or that of the Hottentots and Bechuanas.

The troubles of the mission were, however, not yet over. A long-continued drought was presently attributed to the sinister influence of the white men, and after many a secret meeting to discuss their fate, an armed party of natives presented themselves at Moffat's door to inform

him that it had been decided that he and his people must leave the country. Our hero's quiet and dignified reply, in which he expressed his pity for the sufferings of the natives from the want of rain, and his confidence that his God would yet have mercy upon them all, so surprised his



BUSHMEN'S CAVE IN GRIQUA LAND.

enemies, that the headman, looking at his companions, said—

"These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality."

At this the warriors lowered their spears, and with many a significant shake of the head moved off, leaving the white men, as we may imagine, relieved at the unexpected

turn affairs had taken. They had escaped yet once again. Surely, they thought, they were reserved for great things; they would not despair, but continue to work quietly on.

Gradually from this crisis the missionaries seem to have gained upon the respect, if not upon the affection of the people. A small chapel, built at the cost of incredible exertions, was opened for Divine service, and by degrees a little native congregation was formed. Mateebe took Moffat under his special protection, and when the latter received an invitation to visit Makaba, the chief of Bauangketsi, a powerful tribe living two hundred miles north of Lattaku, the Matchappee ruler did all he could to dissuade him from accepting it. There had been terrible rumours long afloat of the horrors perpetrated in the north by a band of warriors under a woman named Mantatee; the white man would fall a victim; he had better remain quietly at home.

Undeterred by these remonstrances, though pleased at this proof of his work not having been entirely in vain, Moffat started with a few native servants, and arrived three days later at Old Lattaku, where he found the people in terror of the approach of the Mantatees. At Nokaneng, twenty miles further north, it was reported that the Baralongs at Kunuana, about one hundred miles off, had been attacked, but still sceptical of the truth of all these sinister rumours, he pressed on, only to be obliged to turn back and flee for his life when he came within sight of the Bauangketsi outposts, convinced at last beyond a doubt that the invaders were close upon him.

Back again at Nokaneng, Moffat warned the inhabitants to prepare for the worst, and then, hurrying on to the station on the Kuruman, communicated his views to

Mateebe, who blessed him for returning in time. A council of war was at once called, at which Mateebe, after cutting a number of symbolic capers which greatly amused the white spectators, made a long harangue, the upshot being that help must be obtained, and that soon. "We cannot stand against the Mantatees," he said; "we must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand: the case is a great one. You have seen the interest the missionary has taken in your safety; if we exert ourselves as he has done, the Mantatees can come no further. You see the white people are our friends. You see Mr. Thompson (an Englishman who had arrived during Moffat's absence) has come to see us on horseback; he has not come to lurk behind our houses as a spy, but in confidence."

Finally, it was agreed to send to Griqua Town for assistance, and during the eleven days which ensued before an answer could be received, Moffat, a Griqua chief named Waterboer, and Mr. Melvill, a Government agent from Griqua Town, started on a reconnaissance, coming up with the enemy's advanced guard a little to the south of Lattaku. A second and more numerous body occupied the town itself, and it seemed impossible for the scouts from the Kuruman to approach nearer without danger. Moffat and Waterboer, however, rode up to a young woman gathering the pods of an acacia in one of the ravines, and asked her in the Bechuana language a few questions about the invaders. She merely replied that they came from a great distance, and was evidently too faint for want of food to be able to talk much. Moffat therefore gave her some provisions, and asked her to go and tell the Mantatees that he and his companions were not come to fight, but to speak to the leaders of the army. She went off but did not

return, and as the two were waiting for her, and noticing with pity and regret the devastation all around them, dead bodies lying here, there, and everywhere, they were suddenly discovered by a party of Mantatee spearmen, who advanced upon them with threatening gestures.

Moffat was about to dismount and advance to meet them alone, when the savages uttered a hideous yell, and some hundred men rushed towards him and Waterboer, throwing their weapons with such force and skill that they had scarcely time to turn their terrified steeds and gallop off. Retreating to a distant height, from which they could watch the movements of the enemy unmolested, they awaited the arrival of the party from Griqua Land with the greatest anxiety, and when the evening came and there was no sign of succour, Moffat rode back to confer with the chiefs, leaving Waterboer and a few native scouts to continue the necessary observations.

On his arrival at the station, our hero found all the Griqua chiefs assembled in council, and after he had given his report, it was agreed that the Griqua army should advance the next day, with Waterboer as its leader, Adam and Cornelius Kok and Berend promising faithfully to serve under him. The best horse was given to Moffat, it being urged that his life was more valuable than that of any native; and touched to the heart by this proof of the firm hold he had at last obtained over the affections of the people he had so long tried to serve, our hero determined to spare no effort to help them in the coming struggle.

Starting before daylight the ensuing day, the Griqua warriors, presenting quite an imposing appearance in their war-dress, and on their well-appointed steeds, advanced to

within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy, and endeavoured by signs to obtain a parley. But their appearance was greeted by unearthly yells and a discharge of clubs and javelins. Jet black and almost naked, the Mantatees, sturdy fellows much resembling the Bechuanas in face and figure, looked truly formidable antagonists, but Waterboer hoped to intimidate them in spite of his inferior force by the use of firearms. In vain! True, they seemed at first overwhelmed with astonishment at the fall of several of their chiefs by invisible means, but quickly recovering, they wrenched the weapons from the hands of their dying comrades, and sallied forth with increased rage in every gesture.

The Griquas were beginning to waver, to retreat, when the Bechuanas, encouraged by the arrival of succour, rallied, and began plying the enemy with poisoned arrows. This created, however, but a momentary diversion, as the Mantatees soon drove off their new assailants, and the day seemed lost, when, to the astonishment alike of Moffat and the Griquas, the enemy showed signs of giving way, and retiring westwards. To wheel round their horses and cut off their retreat was the work of a moment to the warriors from the south, and, entangled in a narrow ravine, the Mantatees fell an easy prey to the firearms of their assailants. An awful scene ensued, for in the *melée* and confusion friends fell upon friends, Mantatees pursued Mantatees, whilst with their war-cries were mingled the bellowing of terrified oxen, and the wailing of women and children.

Arrived at Lattaku, still garrisoned by their own forces, the Mantatees set fire to the town, and, their numbers now amounting to some forty thousand, continued their retreat

to the north. For about eight miles the little band of Griquas pursued, and then, riding quietly back to the battle-field, they joined the Bechuanas in plundering the dying and the dead, respecting neither age nor sex, till Moffat, horrified at the ferocity displayed, rode in amongst them, and prevailed upon them to spare the women and children.

Having done all he could for the amelioration of the sufferings of victors and vanquished alike, Moffat returned to the Kuruman river, to retire a little later with his family and Hamilton to Griqua Town, where they all remained until peace was restored by the final retreat of the Mantatees to the Bakone country and Basuto Land on the east. A year later, with Mateebe's consent and approbation, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat paid a visit to the Cape, accompanied by Prince Peclu, heir-apparent of the Matchappee kingdom, and Taisho, a chief of high rank. The trip was successful in every way; the Moffats, cheered by the sympathy of their fellow-countrymen, returned to their post with zeal and energy increased, and the natives, impressed with all they had seen, brought home glowing reports of the strength and skill of the white men.

Feeling that he might now safely venture on a long absence from his family, Moffat determined to carry out his long-deferred scheme of visiting chief Makaba, and on the 1st July, 1824, he started for the north, accompanied by some Griqua elephant hunters, arriving safely after an interesting journey of some weeks at Pitsan, the principal town of the Baralong country, covering a large extent of ground, and inhabited by a numerous division of the Bahurutsi and another of the Bauangketsi, who had congregated there on the Mantatee invasion. Here he was

very well received alike by chiefs and people, and was asked to remain amongst them "to protect them and make rain," but, unable to comply with this request, Moffat contented himself with promising to try and induce some other missionary to settle at Pitsan.

The favourable impression at first produced by the white man was somewhat compromised by his protest against their custom of selling their children as slaves. No open rupture ensued, however, and after a few days' rest, he parted on good terms with the chiefs, to press on for Makaba's outposts. Expecting a hearty welcome as an invited guest, he was a little disconcerted at the capture and slaughter of some of his oxen by subjects of his future host before his arrival at the capital; but whilst still smarting under the insult, Marocha or Maroga, one of Makaba's sons, rode out to meet him at the head of a body of men, and, presenting him with an ox, entreated him to forgive the injury which had been done him, declaring that the guilty men should be torn in pieces before his eyes on his entry into his father's capital. We need scarcely add that Moffat expressed himself satisfied without any such sanguinary vengeance, and late the same day he entered Makaba's capital in triumph, there to be welcomed with almost extravagant joy.

The natives of the numerous Bauangketsi villages dotting the country all around poured in to see the white man who had come from afar. Makaba declared himself ready to die of pleasure, and entreated Moffat to let his waggon pass right through the town. That the ponderous vehicles might knock down some of the frail huts or enclosures of the narrow streets did not trouble him, and to humour him Moffat gave orders to his men to drive them to the lower

end of the capital, where the oxen were unyoked in the presence of admiring crowds. Three chief men were then appointed to protect the visitor, Makaba sent his principal wife with a present of milk, and Moffat was allowed to retire to rest.

After a short time spent with Makaba, during which more than one alarm occurred of the intentions of the natives to murder their guests, Moffat returned to the station on the Kuruman river, to find the country again distracted by civil war, and to learn that his wife and little ones had been more than once in serious danger. The Batlaros, a Bechuana tribe, had attacked the Griquas; the latter had retaliated. Namaquas, Corannas, Bushmen, were all in arms, scouring the country in the hope of plunder, and murdering in cold blood all who came in their way.

Compelled to flee to Griqua Town, the Moffats were long doubtful whether it would not be well to return to the Cape, but things brightening a little later, they joined Hamilton at a new station on the Kuruman, where that indomitable hero was endeavouring to collect a little con-



LOCUST.

gregation about him. Then ensued a visitation of locusts, destroying everything in their small plantations, but

bringing relief to the starving natives, who consider these insects a luxury. The years 1826, 1827, and 1828 were one long struggle with difficulties, dangers, and want, but 1829 opened more brightly, and its close found the Moffats and their now numerous children living peaceably in their new settlement, with native huts clustering about their chapel, and a congregation including Bushmen, Corannas, Bechuanas, and even some few once wild warriors from the north.

In October, 1829, a visit was paid to the white men's settlement by two ambassadors from the renowned Mosilikatse, king of the Abaka or Matabele, a branch of the great Zulu family, dwelling on the north-west of the Bechuana country. Reports had reached the sable potentate of the wonders wrought by the missionaries, and of the strange objects in use amongst them; he too would fain share in the progressive movement set on foot by them; he prayed them to give his envoys full information; if possible, even to send back one of their number to his court.

Tall, sturdy, dignified fellows, who had never known the restraint of clothing, the two Matabele observed everything with the greatest astonishment, but preserved a quiet decorum rare amongst savages. At Moffat's request they adopted mantles of sheepskin during their visit, and showed a polite readiness to fall into the customs of their entertainers, which proved them to be nature's true noblemen. One of them seeing himself for the first time in a glass thought some inquisitive native was staring at him, and gently motioned him to be gone. Finding no result ensue, he turned the glass over, and seeing nothing behind it, returned it to Mrs. Moffat, with the remark that it was

not to be trusted. The houses, the walls of the fields and gardens, a water ditch conveying a large stream out of the bed of the river, the smith's forge, the chapel with its orderly congregation, all excited the most lively admiration. "Ye are men," said the visitors at last; "we are but children. . . Mosilikatse must be taught all these things."

Here was an opening not to be neglected, and Moffat determined to accompany his guests on their return at least part of the way, hoping for an invitation from Mosilikatse to enter his capital. Starting on the 9th November with a small escort of his own people, he arrived shortly afterwards with the envoys at Lattaku, where the whole party were kindly received. Then rapidly crossing the Baralong plains in waggons, and narrowly escaping death from two huge lions which surprised and killed one of their oxen, but were driven off and compelled to relinquish the carcass, the trio reached the Bahurutsi outposts at Mosega, where Moffat intended taking leave of the Matabele. To this the latter were firmly opposed, and begged him to go with them to see their king, that he might return the hospitality accorded to his subjects.

Delighted at this invitation, Moffat consented to go at least to the first Matabele settlement, and entering a district differing in every respect from any he had yet seen in Africa, and reminding him of the hills and dales of Scotland, he traversed five hundred miles in five days. The evening of the last found him at the first cattle outpost of the Matabele, and halting by a fine rivulet near a gigantic tree, he was astonished to find the latter inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. The conical points of little huts obtruded through the

dense foliage, and climbing to the topmost one, about thirty feet from the ground, our hero entered it to find it anything but an uncomfortable abode, though its only furniture was a spear, a bowl of locusts, and a spoon. No chairs, no tables, no beds, but hay spread upon the ground served for all three. The owner of the house gave her guest some food, and several other women came from the woods near, stepping daintily from branch to branch to stare at the white man, who was as great a curiosity to them as they were to him.

On enquiry, Moffat found that this singular style of architecture was adopted to avoid the lions abounding in the country, and that the families came down in the day to dress their food. When the houses seemed too heavy for the branches on which they were perched, upright sticks were driven into the ground beneath them to aid in supporting them.

Having now arrived at the outskirts of Mosilikatse's dominions, Moffat reminded his companions of his intention of returning south, but they would not hear of it, and some Matabele warriors arriving from the capital added their entreaties that he would go on with them. Having with some difficulty obtained the consent of his Bechuana companions to a change of plan, our hero again yielded, and about a week's march through a desolate country brought him and his escort to Mosilikatse's capital, entering which, and riding into the large central fold capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, he suddenly found himself surrounded by some eight hundred warriors, who made signs to him and his companions to dismount. They did so, and the natives at the gate immediately rushed in with hideous yells, and, leaping from the earth with a kind of

kilt around their bodies hanging like loose tails, joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they were accustomed to European tactics. Then from behind the lines marched out Mosilikatse himself, the great Pezoolu (Heaven), the Elephant, the Lion's Paw, and first shaking hands with all his visitors, having previously learned the proper mode of doing so for the occasion, he linked his arm in Moffat's, and said—

"The land is before you; you are come to your son; you must sleep where you please."

The "moving houses," as he called the waggons, which were the first he had seen, made the great warrior, whose name had spread terror throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, tremble with fear; he took a firmer grasp of Moffat's arm, and was careful not to relinquish his hold till reassured by the explanations of one of the envoys who had been to the Kuruman river.

Moffat remained some weeks as the guest of Mosilikatse, whom we shall meet again in our further narrative; and having, as he hoped, paved the way for the foundation of a mission amongst the Matabele, he returned to the Kuruman settlement, escorted for some little distance by his host. Finding the affairs of the mission prosperous, he ventured in the ensuing year again to leave his station, and pay a round of visits to the missionaries in Kaffraria. Of this journey he gives us no details in his account of his work, but contents himself with stating that his fellow-labourers were making satisfactory progress.

A journey in 1831 to the Bahurutsi tribe, a second visit to Mosilikatse in the same year, and a trip to the towns on the Yellow or Ky Gariep and Kolong rivers in 1836, were the chief of Moffat's excursions in the latter part of

his career as a missionary. In 1838 a new church was opened on the Kuruman, and in the following year our hero's persevering efforts were crowned by the conversion of Mateebe himself, who professed Christianity just before his death.

After between twenty and thirty years of unremitting work amongst the Bechuana and neighbouring tribes, Moffat left the Kuruman and returned to the Cape, but he long continued to aid other missionaries with his counsel and encouragement, sometimes, as in the case of Mackenzie, accompanying them to the stations to which they were sent, and paving the way for them with the chiefs, with whom he was acquainted. The name of Robert Moffat is still loved and honoured by the Namaquas, the Bushmen, the Corannas, the Bechuanas, the Baralongs, the Bauangketsi, and the Matabeles; and though he can scarcely be said to have contributed as much as many others to geographical science, he must ever be honoured as a hero of geographical discovery, for, but for his noble efforts amongst the heathen, the difficulties in the way of the explorations of his successors would have been more than doubled. He made the name of the white man synonymous with truth and honour, he taught the down-trodden natives to distinguish between the Christian creed and its faithless professors, and, not contenting himself with preaching the doctrine of a future life, he taught his pupils to avail themselves of the everyday comforts of civilisation, bringing them home to them by every means in his power. To this enlightened policy was due the permanent influence of his work, and we would recommend those of our readers who are discouraged by the difficulties, no matter of what nature, which beset their career, to turn for refreshment and

encouragement to the simple unvarnished account given by Moffat in his *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa,* of the gradual growth of the Kuruman community from the day when he and his wife arrived on the banks of the river, houseless and unprotected, to the final leave-taking of the schools and comfortable houses dotting the once desolate districts.





DR. LIVINGSTONE.



CHAPTER IV.

LIVINGSTONE'S EARLY DISCOVERIES.

Arrival at Cape Town—Preliminary Work in Bechuana Land—Settlement at Mabotsa—Troubles with Lions—Marriage and Arrival at Sochuane—Chief Sechele—Drought and Removal to Kolobeng—First Trip to the Kalihari Desert and Return to Kolobeng—Second Trip, and Discovery of Lake N'gami—Visit to Sebituane and the Death of that Chief—Return to England of Mrs. Livingstone and her Children—Journey from Cape Town to Linyanti—The Makololo and their chief Sekeletu—Journey from Linyanti to St. Paul de Loanda by way of the Barotse Valley, Balonda Land, the Leeba, and the Congo Valley—Return to Linyanti—Discovery of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi—Journey through the Batonga Country—Danger at M'bende's Kraal—Narrow Escape—Arrival at Tete—Voyage down the Zambesi—Arrival at Quilimane—Voyage to Mauritius and Suicide of Sekwebu—Return to England.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, charged by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to carry on and extend the work of Moffat, arrived in Cape Town in the summer of 1840, and, after a short rest, started for the interior by way of Algoa Bay. A journey of seven hundred miles, of which no detailed or personal record has been published, brought him to Lattaku, then the furthest inland missionary station of South Africa. Here he remained only long enough to

recruit his oxen before he pressed on northwards to that part of the country immediately above the 25th parallel of south latitude, and inhabited by the section of the Bechuana tribe known as the Bakwains. Having satisfied himself of the existence of a promising field for missionary effort, he returned to the Kuruman station, rested there for three months, and then took up his quarters in the Bakwain country itself, at the present Litubaruba, at that time known as Lepelole.

Determined to neglect nothing which could in any way promote his success with the natives, Livingstone now cut himself off from all intercourse with Europeans for six months, devoting himself to acquiring "an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bechuanas, and in laying the foundations of a settlement by making a canal for irrigation purposes from a river near by.

These preliminaries being well advanced, our hero paid a visit to the Bakaa, Bamangwato, and the Makalaka, living between 22° and 23° south latitude. The greater part of this trip was performed on foot, the draught oxen being ill, and some of the natives forming the escort observed in Livingstone's hearing, not knowing that he understood them—"He is not strong; he is quite slim, and only seems stout because he puts himself into those bags [trousers]; he will soon knock up." Stung by these derogatory remarks on his appearance, Livingstone revenged himself by keeping the whole party at highest speed for several days, and was rewarded later by hearing them speak more respectfully of his pedestrian powers.

Having, without knowing it, approached to within ten days' journey of Lake N'gami, afterwards discovered by

him, our hero went back to Kuruman to bring his luggage to the site of his proposed settlement, but before he could do so, came the disappointing news that the Bakwains, with whom he had become friendly, had been driven from Lepelole by the Baralongs, rendering it impossible for him to carry out his original plan. With the courage and energy which distinguished him from the first, Livingstone at once set about looking for some other site, and after a journey to Bamangwato, to restore to chief Sekomi several of his people who had come down with him to the Kuruman, and for whose safety he felt responsible, he selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, the home of the Makatla branch of the Bechuana tribe (S. lat. 25° 14′, E. long. 26° 30′), where he removed in 1843.

Here the chief difficulty to contend with at first was the number and ferocity of the lions, which not only leaped into the cattle pens of the village of Mabotsa at night, but sometimes attacked the herds in broad daylight. Expeditions sent out against the marauders returned without having achieved any success, and knowing that if but one of the troop of lions were killed the others would take alarm and leave the country, Livingstone determined himself to join a sortie against them.

On this occasion the lions were discovered on a little hill overgrown with trees, and a circle of men armed with guns was formed round it, who gradually approached each other as they ascended, hoping to surprise the enemy with a volley fired simultaneously. Livingstone and a native schoolmaster named Mebalwe, remained in the plain below, and presently both caught sight of a lion peaceably sitting on a rock within the circle of men. Mebalwe fired and missed, the ball striking the rock close to the animal,

which turned and bit at the spot for a moment, and then, breaking through the natives, got off unhurt.

The men, oppressed with a belief that some sorcerer had given them over to the power of the lions, allowed two others to escape in a similar manner without any attempt to spear them, and, disgusted at the turn affairs had taken, Livingstone was returning home when he saw another lion on a rock with a small bush in front. Being within range, our hero took good aim, and lodged the contents of both barrels of his gun in the huge brute's body. He saw the enraged creature's tail erect itself behind the bush, and was loading again as fast as possible, when a loud shout struck upon his ear. Starting and looking round, he just caught sight of the lion in the act of springing upon him, and the next moment was felled to the ground by a blow from his claw on the shoulder. Shaken "as a terrier dog would shake a rat," a sort of stupor came over the unhappy missionary, in which he tells us he felt no pain nor terror, though he was quite conscious of what was happening.

Turning himself with difficulty in the clutch of his adversary, who had one paw on the back of his head, Livingstone saw Mebalwe fire and *miss!* Then when all hope seemed gone, the lion suddenly left him to attack the schoolmaster, whom he bit in the thigh. A third man, who tried to spear him, again diverted his attention, but as he sprang upon this new enemy, tearing his shoulder, he fell down dead. The bone of Livingstone's arm was crunched into splinters, and he received besides eleven teeth wounds. Endued with an iron constitution, however, he quickly recovered, although he was subject until his death to occasional twinges in the injured limb.

The day after this narrow escape, a huge bonfire was made over the carcase of the lion, "to take the charm out of him," and from that time the land had rest from the ravages of his comrades, for, as Livingstone had anticipated, they all decamped to the desert.

Many months of earnest work amongst the Makatla were succeeded in 1844 by a visit to Cape Town, during which Livingstone was married to Moffat's eldest daughter, to whom he had long been engaged, and who now became the almost constant companion of his journeys. In 1845 we find the newly-married couple taking, or we should rather say *setting*, up their residence—for their house was the work of Livingstone's own hands—at Sochuane, then the head-quarters of the Bakwain chief Sechele, an intelligent, noble-hearted man, who proved himself from the first an earnest friend to Livingstone, a fact the more remarkable in that, as a rain-maker by profession, he belonged to a class of men who did more than any other, except perhaps the Boers, to retard the progress of missionary work in South Africa.

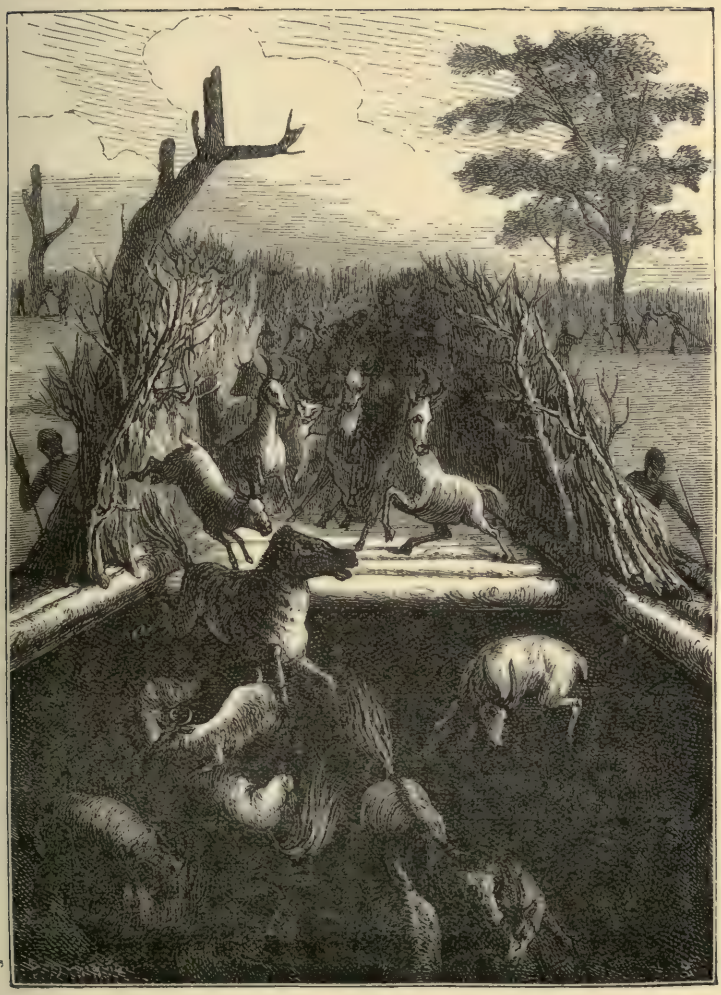
On Livingstone's holding his first service in Sochuane, Sechele begged to be allowed, as in native public meetings, to ask a few questions on the subject of the white man's belief. Only too glad to invite inquiry, our hero readily assented, and Sechele began by inquiring if his guest's forefathers believed in a future judgment. Answered in the affirmative, and with a quotation from the description of "the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it," Sechele exclaimed, "You startle me—these words make all my bones to shake—I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the same time as yours were, and how is it they did not send them word about these

terrible things sooner? They all passed into darkness without knowing whither they were going."

Livingstone explained the difficulty in the past of intercourse between the different countries of the world, and expressed his fervent hope that the Gospel would yet, as Christ had foretold, be known all over the world. Pointing to the great Kalahari desert, Sechele answered, "You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons"—a reply showing how limited was his conception of the "world."

Gradually convinced of the truth of Christianity himself, the Bakwain chief offered to assist Livingstone in bringing his subjects over to the same belief by thrashing them with whips of rhinoceros hide, declaring that they ought to be only too happy to be converted on any terms. To this proposal the missionary of course refused his consent, and found his own peaceable method of persuasion as sure if rather slower than Sechele's would have been.

The early efforts of Livingstone amongst the Bakwains were, however, greatly retarded by a drought which lasted no less than three years, and was supposed by the common people to be the result of the influence of the white man over their rain-maker and chief. Sechele had accepted baptism; he had sent all but one of his wives home to their parents, with a message that in parting with them he wished to follow the will of God; but he still clung to a belief in his power to influence the clouds. Not until he had had many conversations with the missionary was Livingstone able to persuade him that he must resort to physical means for watering his gardens, such as selecting



"HOPO," OR GAME-TRAP.

some good site near a permanent stream, and leading off the water for irrigation purposes by means of a canal.

Yielding at last, Sechele and his people removed to the Kolobeng, a stream some forty miles further south, and on its banks Livingstone, this time assisted by the now friendly natives, erected a third house for himself and his wife, and superintended the erection of a school. For one year the experiment succeeded, but in the second and third no rain fell on the little settlement, though refreshing showers could sometimes actually be seen on the hills in the distance. Truly the natives were not altogether without excuse in associating their sufferings with the presence of the white man. The behaviour of the people in this long trial was, however, admirable. The women sold their ornaments to buy corn from more fortunate tribes, the children scoured the country for roots, &c. The men were absent for days and weeks on hunting expeditions, often bringing home some sixty or seventy head of game in a few days.

Traps called *hopos*, consisting of two hedges in the form of a V, with a lane of tree-trunks between, sometimes a mile long, leading into a vast pit, were set near all watering places resorted to by the wild animals. The hunters then made a circle three or four miles round the country containing the trap, and, gradually narrowing their distance from each other, drove the frightened creatures to the opening of the hopo. At the narrow end of the trap men were hid, who threw their spears into the herds, terrifying them still more, till the pit was filled with a living palpitating mass of buffaloes, giraffes, zebras, hartebeests, gnus, &c., some few only escaping by running over the backs of the others.

The meat thus acquired was shared between rich and poor

alike, and after a successful hunt, though the want of salt caused a good deal of indigestion, the spirits of the people were cheered for a time, and Livingstone seized the opportunity of pressing his instructions, winning over many a convert by his ready tact and willingness to make allowances for the difficulties with which the poor natives had to contend. Not content with his work amongst the Makatli and Bakwains, he made more than one excursion into the Cashan or Magaliesberg mountains, some three hundred miles to the east, hoping to ameliorate the condition of the kindred Bechuana tribes there enslaved by the Boers.

Unfortunately, little could be done under existing circumstances. The Dutch held power of life and death over their so-called servants, and Livingstone again and again saw Boers ordering some twenty or thirty women to weed their gardens or carry heavy loads, giving them no recompense, but telling them that they must work out of consideration for living in *their* (the Dutchmen's) country unmolested. All our hero effected by his interference was the rousing of the hostility of the Boers against himself, and many efforts, fortunately unsuccessful, were made to get him expelled by the Bechuanas. Failing that, he was asked to act as a spy over the Bakwains, and report any circumstance which could serve as a handle against them, and justify their reduction to slavery. Needless to say that this latter proposal was indignantly declined.

We may here conveniently add that these Magaliesberg mountains were the original home of the great Zulu chieftain Mosilikatse, who was driven thence by the equally celebrated Kaffir Dingaan, in his turn expelled by the Boers. The last-named, arriving as they did with the pres-

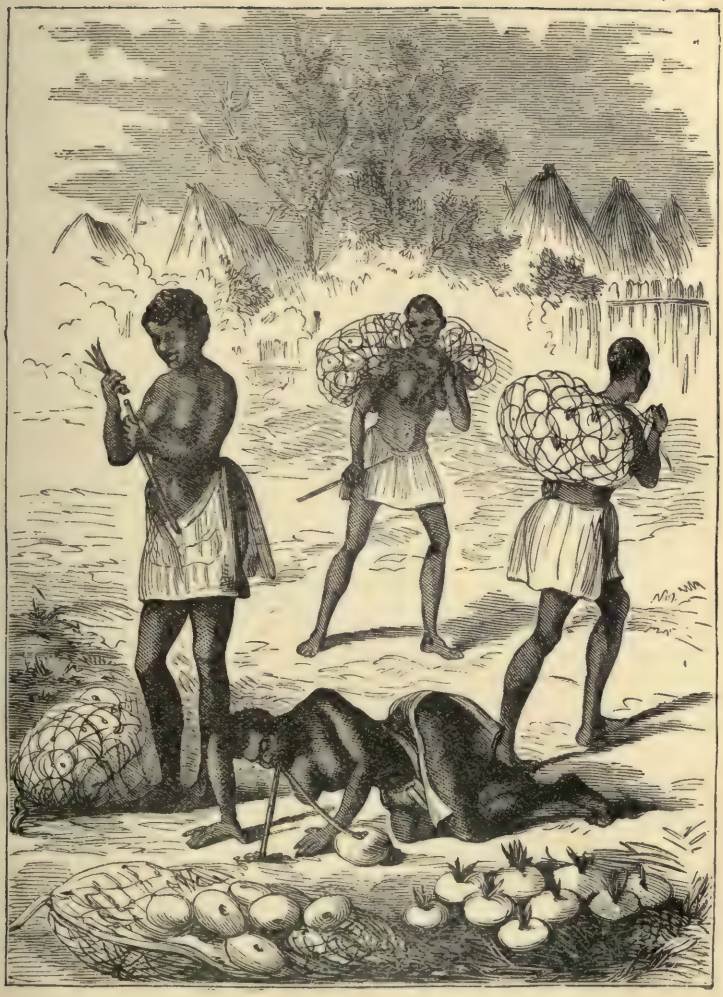
tige of white men and deliverers, were joyfully welcomed; but before long the poor Bechuanas discovered that their last state was worse than the first, for the native chiefs were cruel to their enemies, and kind to those they conquered; whilst the Boers destroyed their enemies, and made slaves of their friends.

Towards the close of 1848, the terrible drought being over at last, Livingstone conceived the idea of an important journey northwards, with a view to exploring the Kalahari desert, and ascertaining the exact position of Lake N'gami. To carry out this scheme, permission to traverse his territories had to be obtained from Sekomi, chief of the Bamangwato, and men were sent by Sechele to obtain the necessary passport. To Livingstone's surprise, it was refused on the ground that the Matabele, the mortal enemies of the Bechuanas, lived in the direction of the lake, and, should they kill the white man, the Bamangwatos would have to bear the blame.

Nothing daunted, Livingstone continued his preparations, employing the delay in obtaining information respecting the districts to be crossed. He ascertained that the so-called desert was by no means destitute of vegetation, but covered with grass and creeping plants; that the native Bushmen and Bakalahari (the latter a branch tribe of the Bechuana) subsisted on the rodentia and small species of the feline race which existed in countless numbers, and that the sufferings of the people from thirst were the result, not so much of the absence of water, as of their dread of the incursions of strange tribes leading them to choose their residences far from the springs and rivers. The Bakalahari women, he tells us, lay in large stores of water in peculiar vessels, consisting of ostrich egg-shells, with a hole, the

size of a human finger, in the end of each. A bunch of grass is tied to one end of a reed about two feet long, and inserted in a hole, dug as deep as the arm will reach, round which the wet sand is firmly rammed. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, the woman forms a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises into the mouth. An egg shell is placed on the ground alongside the reed, some inches below the mouth of the sucker. A straw guides the water into the hole of the vessel as the woman draws up mouthful after mouthful from below. Our illustration will serve to give some idea alike of this singular operation and of the dress and appearance of the Bakalahari women. The men, Livingstone adds, are thin, wiry fellows, trading in skins with the Bechuanas, and living on friendly terms with the nomad Bushmen, who dwell side by side with them, driven to the desert from the south by the advance northwards of the Dutch. The small cut opposite represents the making up into karosses of the skins from the desert, a chief industry of the Bakwains in the time of Livingstone, who saw some twenty or thirty thousand manufactured during his residence amongst them.

In May, 1848, Livingstone's faith and patience were rewarded by the arrival of a party of natives from Lake N'gami, who brought with them an invitation to visit him from their chief Lechutabele, and gave such glowing accounts of the ivory to be found in their land that the Bakwain guides became eager to start at once. At the end of the same month our hero was joined by two English gentlemen (Mr. Oswell and Mr. Murray), who proposed accompanying him on his journey, and the first of June found them at last *en route*.



BAKALAHARI WOMEN LAYING IN A STOCK OF WATER.

Turning due north, accompanied by a competent guide, the party quickly reached Livingstone's old home at Sochuane, and entered the high road to Bamangwato, running along the bed of a former river which once flowed from north to south through a flat but well-wooded grass-grown country. The next station, Boatlanama, a lovely spot, with deep wells for the cattle, was succeeded first by Lopepe and then by Mashwe, beyond which the Bamangwato road was



BAKWAINS MAKING KAROSSES.

left to strike across the desert for a Kalahari fountain called Serotli, through a sandy district, covered with leguminous trees and bushes. The fountain was all but dry, and although there was no hope of finding water elsewhere for another three days, it was not until after long digging that a sufficient supply was obtained for the eighty oxen, twenty horses, and some thirty men.

Whilst halting at Serotli, seventeen draught oxen,

frightened by the sudden appearance of a hyena, ran away, and were captured by Sekomi, the chief mentioned above, who had declined to aid the white man's enterprise. Cattle-stealing, such as is prevalent further south, was unknown in the desert in those days, and Sekomi sent them back to their owners, with a message begging the latter not to proceed, for they would be killed by the sun and thirst. An under chief, who headed the messengers, was horrified at finding that one of Sekomi's men, Ramotobi by name, was acting as guide to the foolhardy travellers; but although he expressed his dismay in no measured terms, he made no attempt to punish the culprit, or to dissuade him from the task he had undertaken.

Having at last succeeded in thoroughly watering their cattle, the three heroes broke up their camp at Serotli, and started for the north-west; but their progress with the oxen through the soft white sand was so slow, that Murray, fearing the horses would die of thirst, went on with them to the pool of Mathuluani, some sixty or seventy miles further west, but, missing his way, he gained little, and all the men and animals met at the much-longed-for water in a state bordering on prostration.

Another rest was followed by yet another weary tramp along the dry bed of a stream once known as the Mokoko, by the banks of which the first palmyra trees, some twenty-six in number, yet seen in Africa by Livingstone were passed. On leaving the Mokoko, Ramotobi seemed rather at a loss about the road, and Mr. Oswell, catching sight of a Bushwoman running away in a bent position to elude observation, galloped up to her to make inquiries. The poor creature thought herself captured as a slave, and began taking off her little ornaments to give them up to

her master; but on Livingstone's explaining that they only wanted water, she joyfully led the party to a spring called Nchokotsa, about eight miles distant.

Near by was a huge salt-pan, some twenty miles in circumference, surrounded by mopane trees, which Oswell at first sight took for the lake of which the explorers were in search. Throwing up his cap, he gave a loud huzza, making the natives think him mad; but Livingstone, who was a little behind, was also deceived, and, until he found out his mistake, owns to having been quite annoyed that his comrade should have been even an instant beforehand with him.

The mirage on this and many similar salinas or salt-pans is described by our hero as marvellous, presenting an exact picture of a vast sheet of water with dancing waves above, and the shadows of trees, &c., distinctly visible beneath the surface. Even the dogs, the horses, and the Hottentots, who had scarcely had enough to drink at the well, rushed down with eager haste; and a herd of zebras looked so like elephants in the mirage, that Oswell began saddling a horse to hunt them.

Getting over their disappointment as best they could, and little dreaming that they were still more than three hundred miles from Lake N'gami, the caravan pressed on, only to be again and again deceived in a similar manner, till the three explorers, riding forward on horseback, came, on the 4th July, to the true waters of the Zouga, running in a north-easterly direction, with a Bahurutsi village on the opposite bank, the natives of which, with their neighbours the Batletli, are supposed to belong to the great Hottentot tribe.

In attempting to cross the Zouga on horseback, Oswell's

steed sunk in a bog, but Livingstone and two Bakwains waded over without accident, and were kindly received by the Bahurutsi, who told them the river flowed from Lake N'gami, and that, by following it, they should come to the "broad water."

The next day, when, as Livingstone naïvely tells us, they were all cheered by this intelligence, and disposed to be friendly with everybody, their ardour was a little damped by the arrival of two Bamangwato, sent on by Sekomi to drive away the Bushmen and Bakalahari from the path of the explorers, and so put a stop to all help or assistance by the way. Sitting down by the white men's fire, the Bamangwato pretended to feel no enmity even to Ramotobi, but after a little talk they went on in advance, spreading a report all the way up the river that the object of the coming expedition was to plunder the tribes passed through. Fortunately, before reaching Lake N'gami the headman sickened of fever, turned back, and died. The natives attributed his tragic end to his machinations against the white men, and a little tact on the part of the leaders soon led to a friendly reception of the caravan wherever it halted.

After ascending the river for about ninety-six miles, it was decided to leave all but one small waggon at the village of N'gabisané, and push on rapidly for the lake. Messengers now arrived from Lechutabele, with orders to assist the white men in their advance, and, traversing the peaceful Bakoba district, the home of the "Quakers" of Africa, who have never been known to fight, they came to a large river called Tamunakle, said by the natives to flow from a country full of streams and large trees, a piece of intelligence which excited Livingstone so much, by the

prospects it opened of the future discovery of an inland water highway, as to render the actual arrival at Lake N'gami on the 1st August, 1849, just two months after leaving Kolobeng, an event of comparatively small importance.

As he stood with his two comrades at the broad end of the lake, however, and saw its waters, some twenty miles wide, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, our hero's thoughts returned to the present, and he was able to note that the direction was S.S.W. by compass, and the height above the sea-level 2500 feet, its depth and extent evidently varying with the rainfall of the country. No horizon could be seen in a south-south-westerly direction, and the waters were evidently shallow even when at their highest, as Livingstone saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of its north-east end. Subsequent observations have shown it to be some seventy miles long, and have proved its occasional connection by means of sluggish intermittent streams with the Zambesi.

Livingstone's chief object in going to Lake N'gami was to visit the great chief Sebituane, ruling the Makololo some two hundred miles further north, of whom he had heard much from his friend Sechele. He therefore applied to Lechutabele for guides the day after his arrival, but was at first firmly, though kindly, refused, as the two chiefs were not on friendly terms. The evident determination of his guests to start alone, however, presently moved Lechutabele's decision, but he again wavered when our heroes were actually starting, and instead of providing the promised guide, he imitated Sekomi's policy, and sent men northwards to warn the natives of the approach of the white men, urging them to throw all possible obstacles in

their way. This conduct to his invited guests surprised and disappointed Livingstone; and having tried in vain to build a raft with wood too worm-eaten to hold together, he accepted Oswell's generous proposal to go down to the Cape and bring up a boat.

There being nothing further to be done now, the three explorers returned to Kolobeng by way of the southern shores of the lake, which they found to be rich in large game, including a small variety of elephant, the straight-horned rhinoceros, and a beautiful new kind of water antelope called leché or lechivi, of a "light brownish-yellow colour, with horns rising from the head with a slight bend backwards, and then curving forwards at the points."

Livingstone remained at Kolobeng after his return until April, 1850, and then, accompanied by his wife, their three children, and the friendly chief Sechele, started again for the lake. At the ford of the Zouga, Sechele, who wished to visit Lechutabele, left the rest of the party, who pushed on along the densely-wooded northern bank with great difficulty.

From some natives living near the river, our hero learned that the terrible tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to oxen and horses, abounded on the banks of the Tamunakle near its junction with the Zouga; and dreading delay in the wilderness, cut off from all supplies for his wife and children, he was compelled to cross the latter river, to be met on the other side with the news that a number of English elephant-hunters were laid low by fever some sixty miles off.

Forgetting all their eagerness to advance, Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone at once turned out of their course, and hurried to the assistance of the sufferers. One, Mr. Alfred Ryder,

a young artist, had already died, but, thanks to the care of Mrs. Livingstone, the others recovered. Cheered by the success of their efforts, the enterprising couple again pressed on, and on their arrival at the lake were rewarded for their perseverance by finding that a promise had been won by Sechele from Sechutabele of guides for the Makololo country.

Lechutabele also agreed to allow Mrs. Livingstone, with her little ones, to remain in his dominions whilst her husband visited Sebituane on ox-back; but before this delightful plan could be carried out, fever attacked first the children, and then the native servants. Livingstone was therefore again most reluctantly compelled to return to Kolobeng, whither he was followed by numerous messages from Sebituane, urging him to make yet another attempt to visit him, and sending three detachments of his men with presents of cows to Lechutabele, Sekomi, and Sechele, to bribe them to assist the white man in his journey.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, with their children and Mr. Oswell, again started northwards late in the same year, and this time, avoiding the lake, made their way over a flat monotonous country, with a thin soil covering calcareous tufa, rich in wells, to the northern desert, where they obtained the services as guide of a Bushman named Shobo, who greatly amused the whole party by his comic vagaries. Constant coaxing alone could make him move, and in the midst of a most interesting march he would sit down and observe calmly, "No water; all country only. Shobo sleeps; he breaks down; country only."

On the morning of the fourth day, when the oxen were worn out and ready to drop from thirst and exhaustion, Shobo disappeared altogether, but, following his footprints,

our heroes came in sight, first of birds, then of a rhinoceros trail, and, lastly, of the river Mababe. The relief at this timely discovery, when there seemed danger of the children dying before the eyes of their parents, may be imagined; but the joy was a little damped by the loss of several oxen from the bite of the tsetse, the animals in their eagerness to drink having crossed a small patch of trees containing that insect, the pest of all travellers in South Africa.

Soon after the arrival of the party at the Mababe, Shobo appeared at the head of a party of Bayeiye, a tribe subject to Lechutabele, and, walking boldly up to the Englishman's cavalcade, commanded it to stop. His orders being obeyed, rather to his own surprise, he sat down and smoked his pipe, his masters looking on at the pantomime in amused silence.

Beyond the Mababe, a district inhabited by the Banajoa tribe, extending far away to the eastward, was entered, and, obtaining a new guide in the person of a jet black and very ugly negro called Moroa Majane, the party crossed the river Souta, and arrived on the banks of the Chobe, in Sebituane's country, in a couple of days. Here the ravages of the tsetse were terrible, forty-three fine oxen dying from its bite, though neither Livingstone nor Oswell ever saw many insects alight at a time on the unfortunate animals. Strange to say, men, wild animals generally, mules, asses, and goats enjoy complete immunity from the sting of the tsetse, whilst horses, dogs, and oxen fall victims if they do but enter an infected district, without even pausing to graze or drink.

The tsetse resembles in appearance and size the common house-fly, and is brown in colour, with four yellow stripes

across the lower part of its body. It pierces the skin of its victim with its proboscis, and sucks up large quantities of blood. No effect at first ensues, but a day or two afterwards the eyes and nose of the animal bitten begin to run, the jaw swells, the poor creature shivers as if with cold, struggles, and falls down dead. In some cases madness precedes the end, and in all the suffering is terrible to witness.

The Makololo met with on the Chobe were delighted at the arrival of the white men, and informed them that Sebituane had come down a hundred miles from his capital to receive them, and was awaiting them in a village in an island only twenty miles off. Livingstone and Oswell therefore started in canoes for the great chief's temporary residence, and found him, surrounded by his principal men, singing a solemn native melody expressive of welcome.

Landing on the island, our heroes were joyfully received, Sebituane observing, after the first interchange of greeting, "Your cattle are all bitten by the tsetse, and will certainly die; but never mind, I have oxen, and will give you as many as you need."

The courteous chief then presented his guests with an ox and a jar of honey, and charged Mahale, who had been the chief of the messengers sent to Kolobeng, to see to their comfort. Prepared oxen skins were given them as bed-covering, and long before daylight the next morning Sebituane was with them, telling them of his own adventures in crossing the desert when a young man.

Sebituane—the chief man of the country, and greater, according to Livingstone, than either Mosilikatse or Dingaan—was a native of the districts watered by the Likiva and Namagari rivers in the south, and had been one of the vast

horde which came down upon Lattaku in 1824, and were driven back, as we have seen in our previous chapters, by the Griquas. Fleeing northwards with a little band of warriors, Sebituane was attacked by the combined forces of the Bangwaketse, the Bakwains, Bakatla, and Bahurutsi, but he routed them all in one decisive struggle, and took possession of Litubaraba, the capital of Makabe, chief of the Bangwaketse.

In his turn attacked by the Matabele, he again and again lost all his cattle, but in each case regained more than was taken from him, so that, on Livingstone's arrival in his country, he had conquered all the black tribes within reach, and made even the great Mosilikatse fear him. The Zambesi, not yet visited by a white man, became the northern boundary of his dominions, and sturdy warriors were stationed along it as sentinels. Hearing of white men living on the west coast, and craving intercourse with them from some dim notion of the good they could bring to him and his people, Sebituane once made his way down to Damara Land, subsequently opened up by Galton and Andersson, but was compelled to return home without realising his wishes. Now at last he found himself face to face with the fair strangers from the unknown south, and, touched by the confidence shown in him, he could not do enough to prove his joy and gratitude. "The land was before Mrs. Livingstone and the children; let them choose where they would dwell, whilst Oswell and Livingstone went with their host to see his country."

But alas for poor Sebituane! he was taken ill before he could enjoy the intercourse with the white men for which he had pined so long. An old wound re-opened, the native doctors were powerless, and Livingstone, seeing that death

was inevitable, refrained from interfering, lest he should be blamed by the common people. Sebituane quietly breathed his last on the Sunday after the arrival of his guests. Livingstone visited him with his little son Robert just before the end, and tried to comfort him with a few words about a future after death, to which the dying chief replied, "Why do you speak of death? Sebituane will never die." A little later he raised himself from his recumbent position, and said to a servant, "Take Robert to Manuku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk."

These were Sebituane's last words. He was quietly buried a few days later, as the custom was, in the centre of his cattle-pen, and his daughter Ma-mochisane reigned in his stead. With her permission, Oswell and Livingstone travelled one hundred and thirty miles to the north-east to a place called Sesheke, and in the end of June, 1851, discovered the Zambesi, which ranks with the Nile and Congo as one of the three chief water-highways of Africa. Unable now to pursue its course, or make any scientific observations on its position, &c., Livingstone determined to hasten back with Mrs. Livingstone to Kolobeng, with a view to preparing for a new and thorough journey of discovery.

Finding, however, on his arrival at his old home, that it would scarcely be safe to leave his family so near the Boers of the Magaliesberg, whose hostility to his mission had increased, our hero determined to send his dear ones to England, and return alone. In pursuance of this resolution, he went down to the Cape, passing unmolested through the very heart of the Kaffir war; and having placed his wife and children in a homeward-bound vessel, he started for St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, in

the beginning of June, 1852, accompanied by two Christian Bechuanas from the Kuruman, two Bakwain men, and two young girls from Kolobeng, who had acted as nurses to his children on the journey down. On this new expedition Livingstone intended to cross the entire continent of Africa from west to east, to trace the course of the Zambesi, and to choose a suitable spot in the very heart of the as yet unknown interior as a nucleus of missionary effort and civilisation. How far this programme was carried out our story will show.

Pursuing a circuitous, or, to use his own expression, an oblique direction, Livingstone traversed the Cape Colony, crossed the Orange River to the south of the independent country of the Griquas and Bushmen, and arrived at Kuruman early in November to find the whole country in a state of panic, the Boers of the Magaliesberg mountains having fallen upon the unoffending Bakwains, murdering many of them in cold blood, and carrying off others into slavery.

Only with the greatest difficulty was Livingstone able to induce any one to accompany him to the north, but he at last found three servants to join him, and accompanied by a man of colour named George Fleming, who had procured a similar number, he left the Kuruman on the 20th November.

At Mobito, about forty miles off, the party met Sechele, on the way, as he himself said, to the Queen of England to invoke her aid for two of his children and a former wife who had been carried off by the Boers.

"Will not the Queen listen to me, supposing I should reach her?" inquired the unhappy chief; and on Livingstone's assuring him that she certainly would, but that the

difficulty would be to get to her, he pressed on for the south, only, as our hero afterwards learnt, to be obliged to turn back when he reached the Cape for want of funds. Later, Sechele himself became a missionary, and numbers of tribes formerly subject to the Boers took refuge under his government, so that he was shortly even more powerful than before—a striking instance of the political wisdom, even amongst savages, of the rule of love rather than of fear.

Reluctantly leaving Sechele to pursue what he knew to be a fruitless errand, Livingstone again turned towards the Kalahari desert, and now on its borders, now within it, he found it transformed from a wilderness into a garden of melons, an unusually large fall of rain in 1852 having produced a crop of extraordinary magnitude.

On the 31st December, 1852, after having been much cheered by meeting an Englishman named Macabe, who had crossed the desert and reached Lake N'gami by night, Livingstone entered the Bakwain town of Litubaraba, where he spent five days with its wretched inhabitants, who were vainly hoping for great results from their chief's journey to the Queen of England. Near this town was a cave called Lepelole, in which the deity worshipped was supposed to live. No one dared enter it, for none who had done so had ever returned. Anxious to see the god of the Bakwains, our hero resolved to brave the danger, and found it to be, after all, but an open cave, from which a river must formerly have gushed out. The only inhabitants it appeared ever to have had were baboons.

On the 15th January, 1853, Livingstone left this last Bakwain outpost, and on the 21st of the same month arrived at the wells of Boatlanama, to find them empty,

and, pushing on for Mashuë, halted for a while by its beautiful fountains before continuing his journey. Arrived a few days later at Bamangwato, he was well received by the once hostile chief Sekomi, who made all his people attend a religious service held by the white man.

Amongst the Kaffir tribes at Bamangwato and other villages south of the Zambesi, Livingstone found several very curious rites performed at intervals, but the details were most carefully concealed. Our hero, however, witnessed the dance called "koba," in which a row of naked boys of about fourteen, after answering several questions, such as "Will you herd the cattle well? will you guard the chief well?" were plied with blows from long, thin, and tough wands, wielded by full-grown men. Each blow brought blood, and the scars would remain for life. This was supposed to harden the youths, and render them fit for service as soldiers.

Another curious ceremony was the so-called "boyale," for drilling young girls for the duties of womanhood, in which the neophytes, clad in dresses of rope made of alternate pumpkin seeds and bits of reed, were made to carry large pots of water under the surveillance of an old hag, often after having bits of burning charcoal applied to the forearm, probably with a view to testing the poor creatures' power of bearing pain.

An exhausting journey in a north-westerly direction, during which the oxen suffered terribly from thirst, and a path had often to be cut through the dense bush, was succeeded by a pleasant rest at the Motlatsa wells, where our hero was kindly received by old friends amongst the Bakalahari there established. Leaving Motlatsa on the 8th February, the party emerged from a series of mono-

tonous plains early in March, when they were brought to a sudden standstill by an attack of fever, to which all except Livingstone himself and a Bakwain lad succumbed.

Thanks to Livingstone's untiring nursing, all the men recovered, but their weakness rendered their further progress very slow, and only with the help of some wandering Bushmen were they able to reach the Chobe. The so-called Sanshureh, a water-course filled by the inundations of the Chobe, long baffled their attempt to cross it, but at last Livingstone and one man got over in a pontoon, and, climbing a high tree, caught sight of the broadest part of the Chobe, which was, however, flanked on both sides by an impenetrable belt of reeds and a peculiar kind of serrated grass, only to be traversed by bending it down and creeping over it on hands and feet, suffering terribly in the process.

All difficulties bravely conquered, a Makololo village was entered, and the natives, gathering round our hero, exclaimed, "He has dropped among us from the clouds. . . . We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird."

Next day Livingstone returned to his party in a canoe across the flooded land, and was soon joined by some headmen from Linyanti, the capital of Makololo Land, who escorted the party over the river "in fine style, swimming and diving amongst the oxen more like alligators than men, and taking the waggons to pieces to carry them across on a number of canoes lashed together."

On the 23rd May, 1853, Livingstone entered Linyanti (S. lat. 18° 17′ 20″, E. long. 23° 30′ 9″), which he found to be but a very little distance from the furthest point

reached in his journey of 1851. The whole population of Linyanti, numbering between six and seven thousand, turned out to gaze at the stranger, and a messenger soon arrived from the reigning chief Sekeletu, son of Sebituane, in whose favour Ma-mochisane had resigned.

An interview with Sekeletu himself soon followed, in which the chief, a mere lad of eighteen, begged Livingstone to tell him what he wished him to do for him; and on the missionary explaining that his aim was to convert him and his people to Christianity, he replied he did not wish to read the Bible, for he was afraid it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele. He made no objection, however, to his people being taught, and Livingstone held several services, at which the Makololos who attended behaved with surprising decorum and reverence.

On the 30th of May a serious attack of fever put a stop to our hero's ministrations, and on his recovery at the end of about three weeks he made an excursion, with Sekeletu and some 160 attendants, to Nariele (S. lat, 15° 24′ 17″, E. long. 23° 5′ 54″), capital of the Marotse country, crossing a remarkably flat district, dotted with gigantic ant-hills, the work of the ingenious termites, and embarking on the Zambesi, also called the Leeambye, or the large river, the Luambejii, Luambesi, Ambezi, and Ojimbesi, near Sesheke (S. lat. 17° 31′ 38″, E. long. 25° 13′).

The fleet consisted of thirty-three canoes, of which Livingstone had the best, and Sekeletu the largest. The river, here and there more than a mile broad, dotted with beautiful islands, wound through a country exceeding in beauty any part of South Africa yet visited by a European. Date palms alternated with palmyras, and every variety of

large game native to the tropical forests of Africa came down to drink, showing no signs of fear at the sight of the canoes. The villages, which were numerous, and inhabited by a people called Banyete, sent out delegates with presents of food and skins for Sekeletu, and Livingstone was able to note at his ease the happy relations existing between the chief and his people.

Up to about lat. 16° 16′ the tsetse, which alighted even on the canoes, was constantly present, but beyond that it disappeared, and the lofty reedy banks were exchanged for densely-wooded ridges stretching away to the Barotse valley, dotted with villages built on mounds, and resembling in its general character the valley of the Nile. In the Barotse valley itself trees are scarce, though the soil is extremely fertile, supporting large herds of cattle, and is capable of being rendered ten times as productive by judicious cultivation.

Arrived at Nariele, a village built on an artificial mound close to the Zambesi, the course of which is here partially obstructed by a rocky barrier, the party were very heartily received by the Barotse, and great festivities, differing scarcely, if at all, from those so often described in the course of our narrative (see our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), were held in honour of the chief.

Before returning to Linyanti, Livingstone walked to the town of Katongo (S. lat. 15° 16′ 33″), on the ridge bounding the valley of the Barotse on the north, and found it surrounded by well cultivated gardens, in which large quantities of maize, millet, yams, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, &c., were raised. Our hero also ascended the Zambesi for some little further distance, reaching the junction first of the Loeti, and then of the Leeba with the Zambesi, the

Loeti flowing apparently from the west-north-west, and the Leeba from the north-north-west.

Back again in September, 1853, at Linyanti, after this preliminary trip, Livingstone now lost no time in preparing for his great journey to the west, and on the 11th November he started up the Chobe, escorted by twenty-seven men of different tribes charged by Sekeletu to protect him, and to open up free trade between the Makololo country and the white men of the coast. Ascending the Chobe, which above Linyanti takes the name of the Zabesa, and visiting each of the numerous Makololo villages on its banks, Livingstone entered the Zambesi above the island of Mparia, and reached Sesheke on the 19th November.

The 30th November found the party at the Gouye Falls, where the canoes were carried over the rapids slung on poles, and a few days later Nariele was again entered. Between it and Libonta, the next stopping-place, Livingstone was delighted by the sight of hundreds of birds, including some thirty different species, such as the speckled and blue and orange kingfishers, the religious ibis, the white pelican, the scissor-bills, the sand-martins, &c., &c. Large black geese too were seen stalking here and there on the banks, and in the river savage alligators abounded, at the sight of which Livingstone owns to being unable to repress a shudder, after having seen the narrow escape of one of his men who was dragged down under water by the thigh, but escaped by stabbing his scaly antagonist in the shoulder with a short javelin. The alligator, writhing with pain, left his victim, who swam back to the canoe with the blood gushing from his wounds.

Beyond Libonta, the last Makololo village, the country was at first almost entirely uninhabited, though rich in game of great variety. A Sunday was spent at the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi, south of which deep water stretches down to the far-famed Victoria Falls, not visited by Livingstone until after his return journey to Linyanti. Leaving the Zambesi on the 28th December, the party embarked on the Leeba, and ascended it for some distance, till the Balonda country, the first village of which was governed by a woman named Manenko, was entered, where our hero was rather coldly received, as he was supposed to have profited by the capture of some of the natives as slaves a short time previously. The fact that he brought with him two or three of the victims sent back by Sekeletu, however, produced something of a reaction in his favour, and Manenko promised to visit him, but kept him waiting so long for an interview that he lost patience, and went on without seeing her.

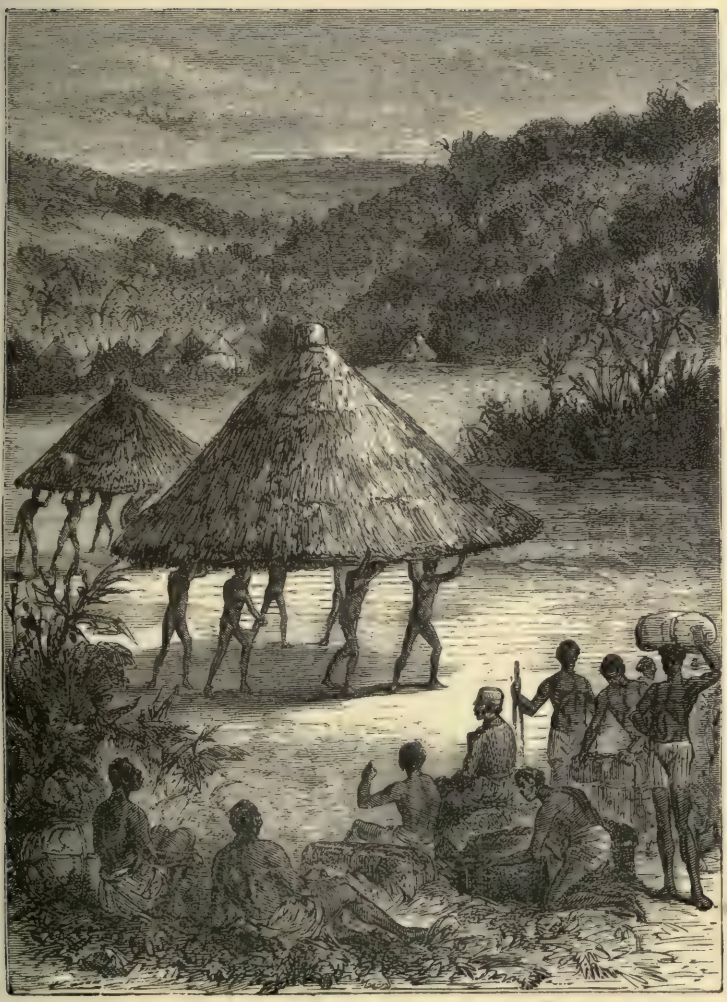
On the 6th January, however, just after the arrival of our party in the village of another female chief, named Nyamoana, Manenko made her appearance. A tall strapping woman about twenty, with her body smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ochre, and no clothing but a profusion of ornaments round her neck, her sable highness conducted herself in a very overbearing manner, and announced her intention of accompanying Livingstone to the residence of her uncle Shinté or Kabompo, the greatest Balonda of the country. This intention she carried out, and Livingstone gives a pathetic account of his sufferings in consequence. First she could not be induced to start, and when, after several days' delay, she trusted her precious

person on a canoe to cross a little stream, having first had some charms repeated over her by her doctor, she enlivened the journey with perpetual scoldings. Leaving the river, a tract of forest land was traversed beneath heavy rain, Manenko's escort keeping up an unceasing clatter with their weapons.

Disdaining to ride, Manenko trudged along on foot at a pace which few men could equal, and Livingstone, being on ox-back, rode leisurely beside her. Once, bending down to his lady leader, he ventured to enquire why she did not protect herself from the rain with a little clothing, and was answered that it would be effeminate for a chief to do so.

Again and again delayed at Balonda villages by the incessant rain or by Manenko's manœuvres, and as they advanced further north compelled to cut their way with an axe through the dense tropical forests here lining the banks of the Leeba, the party did not reach Shinté's village until the 17th January, but the cordial reception there met with did much to atone for the troubles of the journey.

Shinté declared himself greatly honoured by Livingstone's visit, and gave his guests a reception rivalling in barbaric magnificence any ceremony of the kind yet witnessed by our hero. The "kotla," or place of audience, about a hundred yards square, overlooked by numerous well-built conical-roofed houses, was lined with warriors, including many Mambari, or half-caste Portuguese slave-traders from the west. Two trees of the banyan species stood at one end, and beneath one of them sat Shinté wearing no clothing but some scanty drapery about the loins, and numerous bracelets on his arms and legs.



DR. LIVINGSTONE'S RECEPTION AT A VILLAGE NEAR KATEMA.

Opposite to him and beneath the second tree Livingstone seated himself on his own camp-stool, his attendants grouping themselves behind him. Filing before their host, Manenko's party saluted him by clapping their hands, and the headmen of Shinté's tribe answered by making obeisance and scattering ashes. Then the soldiers, all armed to the teeth, made a kind of dash at the strangers, which they bore unmoved, and the preliminaries were over.

Behind Shinté sat some hundred women, all gorgeous in red baize drapery, and in front was his chief wife, a Matabele woman, distinguished by a curious red cap on her head. All having made their salutations, a good deal of springing, dancing, and so-called music ensued, succeeded by speeches, between each of which the women sang a plaintive ditty. Nine orations were delivered with the greatest decorum, and then Shinté rose as a signal for the breaking up of the meeting. The soldiers discharged their guns, and the company dispersed.

Livingstone was detained some little time in Shinté's town by fever and his host's unwillingness to allow him to depart, but on the 26th February he managed to get off, his escort augmented by six Balonda men to help to carry his luggage. Crossing the southern part of Loanda, and halting at various villages—at one of which the inhabitants carried their hospitality so far as to hurry to meet him, carrying the roofs of huts for his accommodation on their heads—then fording the river Lotembwa, he entered the town of the great chief Katema (S. lat. 11° 35′ 49″, E. long. 22° 27′), one of the largest yet visited, on the 11th February.

Katema, on Livingstone's arrival, was giving audience, in

the presence of some three hundred men and thirty women, to a party of young men who had fled from the neighbouring chiefdom of Lobale, on account of its ruler selling their relations for slaves to the Portuguese, a fact significant of the approach to the western coast.

The history of the white man's journey and intentions in coming to the country having been duly stated by an interpreter, Katema bade him welcome, and presented him with sixteen baskets of meat. He also promptly provided three guides to conduct his visitor to the coast, and proved himself in every respect most courteous and friendly. On Livingstone asking him what he would like from Loanda, Katema replied—

"Everything of the white people would be acceptable, and he would receive anything thankfully, but the coat he had on was old, and he would like another."

Thus far Livingstone had followed a north-westerly direction, through districts rendered fertile by the overflowing of the Leeba and its countless tributary streams, but whose inhabitants lived in perpetual dread of the visits of the Mambari or slave-traders from the coast. Now, however, acting on the advice of Katema, he turned due west to avoid the track of the dealers in human flesh, and a little beyond Katema's village came to Lake Dilolo, from which flows the Leeba from the highest point of the watershed dividing the rivers running up to the Atlantic from those running down to the Indian Ocean. The origin of Lake Dilolo is thus explained by tradition. The people of a native village refused to supply a certain female chief with food when she asked for it. Threatening to show what she could do as a punishment, the angry suppliant sang a song ending in her own name, Monenga-woo, and

as the last note rung out, "village, people, fowls, and dogs" sank to reappear no more. Kasimate, the headman of the luckless town, was absent at the time, but on his return home he flung himself into the lake in despair. Dilolo is derived from a word meaning the loss of all hope.

Entering the unflooded lands beyond the plains on the 24th February, our hero descended into the first deep valley since leaving Kolobeng, and found himself in scenery differing considerably from that hitherto traversed. At Katende, the first village entered, Katema's guides returned home, and Livingstone went on with his original party, picking up a fresh guide for his next stage at every village. Crossing a number of streams flowing northwards, he came to the outskirts of the territory inhabited by the Chiboque negroes on the 4th March, and narrowly escaped massacre at Njambi, where his people became embroiled with the warlike natives, who tried to capture some of their visitors as slaves. This turned out to be a common practise amongst the Chiboque and other tribes living near the Portuguese settlements, and to avoid similar difficulties, Livingstone refrained, whenever possible, from halting in villages.

Beyond Chiboque the course was again north-west, and after crossing the Loajuna, the Chikapa, the Luva, the Pezo, and other streams watering fruitful undulating valleys, the Mosamba mountain ridge, in which the Congo was long supposed to rise, was sighted. On the 30th May the summit of the high lands was attained, and Livingstone was able at last to look down into the valley of the Kwango, which he describes as "about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark green forests, except where the light green grass covers the meadows," the river itself, now

known to belong to the Congo system, wending its way to the north. Though ignorant of the fact, Livingstone was now very near the discovery of the truth with regard to the systems of the Congo and Zambesi; but he was at this time far more bent on missionary effort than on geographical discovery, and it was reserved to Cameron, Stanley, and others (see Chaps. X., XI., and XII.) to clear up the long mystery of the head-waters of these two great waterways.

Descending a steep rocky pass, the party entered the valley itself, and, pressing on, arrived on the second of April on the banks of a small stream.

The Chinje or Bashinje, as the natives of the most easterly portion of the valley were called, made a demand to which Livingstone had now become accustomed, of a man, an ox, or an elephant's tusk for right of passage through their country; and on our hero's assuring their host that his supplies were exhausted, they were anxious that he and his attendants should be killed and his property seized. A personal interview with the chief, Sansawe by name, fortunately somewhat changed the aspect of affairs. Livingstone shewed him his hair—always a cause of astonishment to the negroes—his watch, and his compass, and Sansawe went off without exacting the tribute asked for. A little later he sent a message to say that the white man must either give him some pounds of meat and copper rings or return by the way he had come. To this our hero replied simply that he should go on the next day, and his interpreter added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" which meant, "You have never killed any white man, and you will find ours difficult to manage."

Expecting from this interchange of courtesies to have to cut his way through the Bashinje, Livingstone broke up his camp before daylight the next morning, but he was allowed to depart unmolested. His men, who could scarcely believe their good fortune, said again and again, "We are children of Jesus," and pressed on cheerfully beneath a heavy downpour of rain, till they were brought to a stand near the Congo (S. lat. 9° 53′, E. long. 18° 37′), here 150 yards wide and very deep, with discoloured waters, a peculiarity never noticed in any river of Makololo or Loanda.

Anxious to cross the river as quickly as possible, Livingstone endeavoured to obtain canoes from the natives on its banks, but their chief forbade them to lend any without the payment "of a man, an ox, or a gun." Our hero's blanket was the only article he had left which he could possibly spare, but he was ready to sacrifice it rather than waste any time so near the first Portuguese settlement, where his difficulties would probably end. Doubting alike the honesty and power of the river chief, however, he tried to persuade his men to seize the canoes before he gave up the blanket, but they were afraid of being attacked by the natives. Meanwhile the chief repeated his demands, and Livingstone's men were stripping off their own copper rings in the hopes of satisfying him, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, named Cypriano di Abreu, came up and urged our hero to move on to the bank in spite of chief and people, for he could get the ferryman to take them over the river.

Delighted at this unexpected arrival of succour, Livingstone ordered his men to move on, and under a blaze of ammunition from the natives, which did no execution

whatever, the party hastened down to the river. Cypriano made a satisfactory arrangement with the ferryman, and Livingstone saved his blanket. As soon as the opposite bank was reached, Negroland may be said to have been left behind, for our hero was in the territory of the Bangala, who are subjects of the Portuguese.

Cypriano, who lived near the Congo, invited the whole party to rest at his quarters, and most hospitably entertained them for the next few days, stripping his garden in their service, and slaughtering a whole ox for their table. Neither Cypriano nor any of his companions knew what the Bible was, but they had a few tracts about the saints, and wore relics round their necks in cases of German silver.

Livingstone was detained at Cypriano's by the rains and by his wish to ascertain his geographical position until April 10th, and starting again on that date he came, after three days' hard marching through long grass, to Cassange, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa, where he was most courteously received by the commandant and the white traders. From Cassange our hero traversed the remainder of the fruitful valley to the foot of the Tala Mungongo range, and from thence pressed on through Basongo, the western boundary of Angola, to the wild mountain district of Golungo Alto (S. lat. 9° 8′ 30″, E. long. 15° 2′), of which he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration.

Here he rested for a few days, as the guest of the commandant, in a romantic residence, shut in amongst green hills, many of them cultivated up their very summits with manioc, coffee, cotton, bananas, pine apples, guavas, custard apples, &c., with high mountains towering above them, crowned with waving palms.

Leaving Golungo Alto on the 24th of May, our hero rapidly descended the mountains, and, traversing the low unhealthy mosquito-haunted coast districts as quickly as his now exhausted condition would permit, he arrived on the 31st at St. Paul de Loanda, after an almost continuous journey of seven months.

The first sight of the sea astonished the Makololo and other servants from the interior beyond all bounds. Awe-struck, they whispered to each other that the ancients who said the world had no end were wrong after all, for here was the end of the world; it was finished; there was no more of it. Should they be kidnapped and carried off by the Portuguese, or perhaps by those mermen of which faint rumours had reached them on their journey down? One man asked Livingstone if they could watch each other at Loanda: "Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?" Reassuring the poor fellows as best he could, and promising them that they should incur no danger he did not share, Livingstone prevailed on them to remain in Loanda till he should return with them to Linyanti, and when he had recovered a little from his fatigue he took them all with him to see the Bishop of Angola.

His Reverence received the whole party with the greatest kindness, and in a few days the natives felt so much at home that they ventured on board some English vessels at anchor in the harbour, when Livingstone, pointing to the sailors, said, "Now these are my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those that buy and sell black men." Replying, "Truly they are just like you!" the simple blacks at once took heart, and the blue-coats completed the conquest by offering them a share of their bread and beef.

Having, in spite of much suffering from fever, fulfilled the main objects of his visit by opening commercial relations between the interior and the Portuguese settlements, Livingstone started on the return journey for Linyanti, laden with presents for Sekeletu and the chiefs who had aided him on the westward trip. The gift for the ruler of Makololo Land was a complete colonel's uniform and a fine horse, to which the merchants of Loanda added handsome specimens of all their articles of trade.

Following a slightly different route from that described above, our hero got to Linyanti about the middle of August, 1855, where he found everything he had left there in November, 1853, in perfect safety. A grand meeting of all the people was held to welcome him back, and wonderful indeed were the stories related at it by his servants of their adventures by the way. They had gone to the end of the world, and only turned back when there was no more land! No, they had not seen Ma-Robert (Mrs. Livingstone), for she lived a little beyond the world, but they had seen mountains (two-storied houses), with several caves in them, inhabited by white men, and so on and so on.

Sekeletu was charmed with his uniform, and when he appeared in it in church the following Sunday it drew off all attention from service or sermon. Offers to accompany Livingstone on his journey to the east coast poured in upon him, and our hero found himself almost too popular. Determined, however, not to lose this favourable opportunity for extending his missionary work, he remained patiently at Linyanti until the 3rd November, 1855, when he started for the east, accompanied by Sekeletu and about 200 of his followers.

Sesheke was reached in the thick of a fearful thunder-

storm, one of the worst yet encountered by Livingstone, but he tells us that Sekeletu, now his devoted friend, covered him with his own blanket, and before leaving the town presented him with twelve oxen, with some hoes, beads, &c., for the purchase of a canoe for the voyage down the Zambesi.

Embarking on the river at Sesheke, the whole party descended it as far as the island of Kalai (S. lat. 17° 51′, E. long. 25° 41′), where it makes a sudden bend to the north-east above the world-famous Victoria Falls, called by the natives Mosiatunya, or "Smoke sounds there," a name eminently descriptive of the simultaneous effect produced on ear and eye by the never-ceasing roar of the descending cataract and the smoke-like masses of ever-ascending foam.

Leaving Sekeletu at Kalai, Livingstone sailed down an arm of the Zambesi, and in about twenty minutes came in sight of the first spray columns, bending in the direction of the wind, "white below, higher up dark, and the tops seeming to mingle with the clouds." The banks and islands here dotting the river are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; the ferns assuming the proportions of trees, the "burly baobab" alternating with graceful palms, silvery mohononos, cypress-like matsouris, rich in scarlet fruit, many of them draped with gigantic creepers, the stems as thick as ship's cables. The Falls themselves "are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees."

About half-a-mile from the Falls our hero left the canoe by which he had come thus far, and embarking in a smaller one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, he

passed down the "centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks," and came to an island in the "middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. . . . Creeping with awe to the verge of this island, he peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards." The result of this transition from a broad to a narrow bed is to convert the gleaming masses of water into a surging, heaving, foaming chaos, only to be seen in its grand entirety when the wind rends asunder the spectre-like spray clouds produced by the constant escaping of compressed air charged with drops of water, which, after mounting upwards some 200 or 300 feet, falls in showers, and wets the spectator to the skin.

Beyond the actual Falls the Zambesi rolls on with many windings between perpendicular rocks five or six hundred feet high, accessible to none but baboons, and in a bed so narrow that its depth must be very great to accommodate so large a body of water. Looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, Livingstone saw two bright rainbows on the dense white cloud of spray, the result of the sun being then in the meridian. Near these bows, which are of course of constant recurrence, our hero was told the native chiefs formerly offered up prayers and sacrifices to the spirits called Barimos, who are supposed to be appeased by drum-beating and blood offerings, and are always invoked to give success in hunting.

Having long feasted his eyes on the beautiful Victoria Falls, said by many noted travellers to be second only in

grandeur to those of Niagara, Livingstone returned to Kalai, and made final preparations for his return home. On the 20th November Sekeletu and the greater number of his men took their leave, and our hero, with a company of 114 servants, proceeded northwards to the Lekone, a tributary of the Zambesi, and rapidly traversing the Batoka country, formerly densely populated by a pastoral people, whose numbers have been greatly reduced by war, he reached the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi on the 14th January, 1856.

The Batokas, Livingstone tells us, indulge in numerous strange customs, including the extraction of all the upper front teeth, both of males and females, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, producing a great protuberance of the under lip, owing to the length to which the lower teeth grow unchecked by contact with the upper. According to the Makololos this custom originated in the punishment of a woman for the murder of her husband, whilst the Batokas themselves explain it by a wish to resemble the zebra, an animal greatly admired by them. At every Batoka village our hero was eagerly received, and the people of the neighbourhood congregated to stare at and examine the first white man who had ever visited their country. Guides were readily supplied, and the journey was more like a triumphal progress than an exploration of an unknown land.

As the Bazunga village of Zumbo (S. lat. 15° 32′, E. long. 30° 32′), close to the junction of the Loangwa and Zambesi, was approached, however, this pleasant state of things changed. The scene of the war between the Kaffirs and the Portuguese was then not far distant, and the primitive trust and confidence in the white man as a white man was

gone. With his usual tact, however, Livingstone, though often in danger of an attack, managed to avoid an open rupture with the natives, and was pressing on above the northern bank of the Zambesi, when he met a negro wearing a hat and jacket, who warned him to avoid the territories of a native chief named M'pende, who had sworn that he would allow no white man to pass him unmolested.

Nothing daunted by this threat, Livingstone continued his journey, and arrived at M'pende's village the next day. The chief at first took no notice of the party beyond sending a message to enquire who they were, but on the morning of the 23rd some of his people approached the encampment uttering strange cries, and waving some bright red substance before them. This was intended to render the white man powerless, and was preliminary to the assembling of the whole army for the massacre of him and his followers. Quietly making preparations for defence when the attack should commence, Livingstone tried to avert it by sending the leg of an ox to M'pende by the hands of two spies sent by the native chief to reconnoitre, and to his surprise the peace-offering was accepted. Two old natives came to ask who the traveller was, and on his replying, "I am an Englishman," they said, "We do not know that tribe; we thought you were a Mozunga."

Not knowing that this was the native name for a Portuguese, but thinking it meant a half-caste, Livingstone pointed to his hair and skin, asking if Mozungas were like him. "No," answered his interlocuters; "we never saw skin so white as that." Then after a pause one of them exclaimed, "Ah, you must be one of that tribe that loves the black men!"

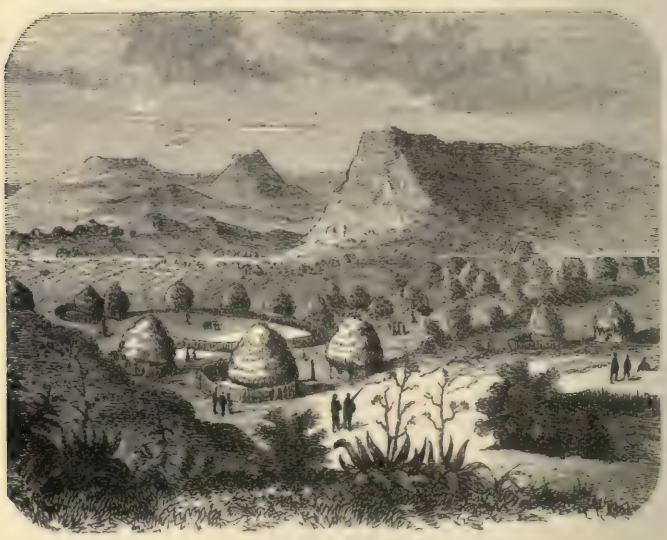
Gladly responding in the affirmative, Livingstone saw a

change pass over the men's faces. They hurried back to M'pende with their report, and the next day the chief, now completely won over, sent two of his principal men to escort his guest over the river. This was the more fortunate, as in this part of the country, indeed everywhere in South Africa, the headmen of the various tribes took their tone from each other, all refusing passage if one did.

Following the southern bank of the Zambesi, Livingstone now traversed the Banyai country, inhabited by a peaceful "light coffee-and-milk-complexioned race," chiefly ruled over by females, and rich in large game, though so near to the Portuguese settlements. On the 3rd March, Tete (S. lat. 16° 9′ 3″, E. long. 33° 28′), then the furthest inland European station, was reached, and our hero, as may be supposed, was eagerly welcomed by the commandant and foreign residents.

After a short rest at Tete, which at the time of his visit contained only about 30 Portuguese houses and 1200 native huts, Livingstone embarked on the Zambesi and descended to the point at which it is joined by the Quilimane; then, following the course of the latter river, he arrived at the Portuguese village of the same name on the shores of the Indian Ocean on the 2nd May, 1856, having traversed the entire South African continent from west to east, and travelled altogether over 11,000 miles of country. On the 12th June the successful explorer embarked in H. M. brig "Frolic," accompanied by a native named Sekwebu, after an affecting parting with his men, who were all desirous to accompany him to his own land. On his arrival off Mauritius in the ensuing month, Livingstone was saddened by the sudden insanity of poor Sekwebu, who could not stand the perpetual strain on his untutored

mind, and, when his master proposed taking him on shore, jumped overboard and drowned himself. At Mauritius our hero was delayed by a fresh access of fever, but at the beginning of November he was able to resume his homeward voyage, and on the 12th December, 1856, he landed in England after an absence of sixteen years. The welcome accorded him exceeded in enthusiasm that ever before given to an explorer, and was the result not only of the importance of his discoveries, but of his simple unaffected and manly bearing. In 1858 he was appointed British consul at Quilimane; but before we give an account of his further career, we must turn to the "heroes" who supplemented his early discoveries by their work in the south-west and north-east of the lower half of the great African continent.



VILLAGE IN BASUTO LAND.



CHAPTER V.

GALTON AND ANDERSSON IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

Arrival in Walfisch Bay—The Hill-Damaras—Horrors of Raid on Damara Land — Ascent of Erongo — Across Damara Land — Meeting with Ovampos—Compelled to turn back—Through Ovampo—Ondonga and King Nangoro—Back to Walfisch Bay—To Lake N'gami from the West—Green and Chapman—Discovery of the Okavango River—Andersson Wounded—His Last Journey, Discovery of the Cunene River, and Death.

ANXIOUS to supplement the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone related above, the heroes of our present chapter determined to explore Damara and Ovampo, the unknown districts between Namaqua Land and Benguela, and if possible reach Lake N'gami from the west. Finding it impossible, owing to the unsettled state of the country, to go north by the usual route, they chartered a small steamer at Cape Town, and, ascending the coast of the Cape Colony and Namaqua Land, arrived in Walfisch Bay (S. lat. 22° 40′, E. long. 14° 45′) early in August, 1850, accompanied by Timbo, a liberated negro; John St. Helena, a waggon-driver; John Williams, "a right useful servant;" and Gabriel, "a young scamp," who had attached himself uninvited to Galton in Cape Town.

Bringing the schooner as close in-shore as possible, and

startling thousands of flamingoes, geese, ducks, sandpipers, &c., the exploring party, together with the captain and a missionary about to settle in Namaqua, landed the morning after their arrival, and were soon met by seven natives with Hottentot features, and wearing hybrid costumes, consisting of trousers and coats of skins, who readily conducted them to the missionary station of Sheppmannsdorf, on an island in the dry bed of the Kuisip river, which is



FLAMINGO.

only full once in four or five years. Here Mr. Bam, the resident missionary, gave his visitors a hearty welcome, and whilst Andersson superintended the landing of the stores, &c., Galton and his host made several interesting excursions in the neighbourhood.

On the 12th September the start for the north was made, and after four hours' march the broken country bordering

the Swakop, "the artery of half Damara and Namaqua Land," was entered, beyond which stretched the unknown districts to be explored. Oosop, on the lower part of the river, appeared to be uninhabited, except by a few straggling Ghou Damup or Hill-Damara negroes, who lived "like jackdaws up in the hills, and spoke no language but Hottentot."

Keeping parallel with the Swakop, our travellers came to the gorge of Davieep on the 21st September, where the mules strayed during the night, and were recovered with difficulty, one having been killed by a lion before they were found. On the 25th four Ghou Damup or Hill-Damara negroes joined the party, and acted as guides to the missionary station of Otjimbingué, where the white men were shocked to hear of a recent attack by Namaqua Hottentots on the Damara village of Schelmen's Hope, in which the natives were all either murdered or mutilated, and the resident missionary compelled to flee for his life.

The effect of this raid was to make all the Damara who had anything to lose retreat into the interior of their country, and to render them suspicious of all visitors. Galton therefore determined to make a trip on ox-back to Barmen, then the head-quarters of Namaqua and Damara intelligence, some miles further east, and, leaving Andersson in charge of his camp, he started without delay, accompanied by two settlers named Hans and Stewardson A ride of a few days over broken ground, with here and there a terrible proof of the horrors lately enacted in the shape of dead bodies half devoured by hyenas, brought the trio to Barmen, then crowded with Damara fugitives, who had collected there with their herds of cattle on their way to their mountain fastnesses. Amongst others were two

poor women who had had their feet cut off at the ankle-joints by the Namaquas, and had crawled some twenty miles, stopping the blood by poking the bleeding stumps into the sand.

Horrified at what he witnessed, Galton remained but one whole day at Barmen, and then returned to the camp at Otjimbingué, where he found everything in admirable order under Andersson's supervision, and learnt that all had gone well in his absence except for several alarms of lions. After consultation with his English comrade, Galton now decided to return himself to Barmen, and endeavour to open communications with the Damara chieftains, whilst Andersson and Hans, who had permanently joined the party, remained behind to hunt, train oxen for the further journey, &c.

This programme was carried out, and early in December Galton made an excursion to Erongo, a curiously-shaped mountain forming the stronghold of the Hill-Damaras, accompanied by Hans, who had already visited it, and a few other servants. Crossing the broad valley of the Swakop, the party arrived at the first Damara village on the ensuing day, and Galton owns to feeling a little nervous when first surrounded by a party of armed and ferocious-looking savages, whom he describes, however, as tall, cleanly made, and perfectly upright, with well-set heads, beautifully-chiselled features, and luxuriant hair. Smeared with grease and red paint, they were innocent of clothing, but really looked as well, says our hero, "as we Europeans in our dirty shirts and clothing."

Thanks to the protection of Hans, who had already won the esteem of this wild and untutored race, no actual violence was offered to the visitors, though the vagaries of

"that young scamp" Gabriel nearly got his master into trouble; and after buying five oxen and a few sheep, the journey to Erongo was resumed. The mountain was reached at nightfall, and the camp set up beneath "large overhanging slabs of limestone." The morning light revealed Erongo in all its curious beauty, consisting of masses of smooth white rock, with few fissures, set down in a plain strewn with huge round gleaming boulders.

Guides were obtained without much difficulty, and after a day's hunting at the base of the mountain, the ascent was commenced on foot. Galton, Hans, and the Damara guides climbed for two hours over smooth slabs, mostly barefooted for fear of slipping, the path here and there lying along sloping fissures, where a single false step would have been certain death. The summit of Erongo proved to be a "succession of ravines clothed with thorn coppice," set down amongst which was the chief's "werft," or village, consisting of a collection of well-built one-roomed huts, shaped like snail shells, clustering round the similar but larger residence of the headman, who received his visitors courteously, though he refused to sell them oxen or sheep.

Returning as he came, Galton got back to his camp without accident, and soon afterwards the whole party crossed country to Schelmen's Hope, a little to the north-east of Barmen, whence they started in a north-easterly direction on their actual exploring expedition on the 3rd March, 1851, arriving on the 12th of the same month at a lovely sheet of water called Kotjiamkombe, where the Damara chief Kahikene awaited them with an escort of forty of his subjects. The only Damara who had shown kindness to the few missionaries who had attempted to settle on the north of Namaqua Land, Kahikene now undertook to

protect the white men to the best of his ability, though, as he sadly told them, his power was broken, and he should be unable to take them further than to his own kraal. He was at war with all his neighbours, and he strongly urged the explorers to turn back at once; or if they would not do that, at least to avoid the neighbourhood of the bloody chief Omagundé, who would only massacre all who came in his way.

With the combined pluck and caution of true Britons, Galton and Andersson decided to ignore the former, but follow the latter part of this advice, and finding on their arrival a little later at Kahikene's village that it might be possible to turn the flank of the dreaded Omagundé, they pressed on due north, determined to reach Ovampo Land or die in the attempt.

Crossing the central table-land of Damara, rising to a height of 6000 feet above the sea-level, and keeping their native attendants, who were in momentary dread of an attack, in good humour by combined coaxing and threatening, they rounded the lofty mountain cones of Omatako on the 18th March, crossed the dry bed of a little river the next day, and encamped between two mountains called Omuvereoom and Ja Kabaca, said to be the strongholds of the Bushmen and Ghou Damup. Emboldened by the absence of any molestation, except from the dense thorny underwood, Galton and Andersson ascended Omuvereoom, obtaining an extensive view of a bushy, boggy country from the summit, and started again for the north on the 28th March. The guides unfortunately now became sulky, water was difficult to obtain, and the sufferings alike of men and oxen was very great. On the 30th March, however, some Bushmen and women were surprised amongst

the thorn trees. Two of these, a tall sturdy fellow and his wife, were captured, and forced to tell the white men the way to the next water.

"It is as broad as the heavens!" said the man; "it is perfectly dry," said the woman; but as both agreed there were hippopotami in it, our heroes took heart, knowing that the presence of those animals was sure to imply the existence of plenty of water. Pressing on, therefore, in the direction pointed out by their prisoners, they came, after a weary tramp along the dry bed of a stream, to ox-tracks on the 2nd April, and, following a path, entered a Damara village on the 2nd April. The people fled at their approach, but some women, whose heavy copper anklets prevented their running fast, were overtaken and brought back. Conciliated with presents of tobacco, they aided in inducing their lords and masters to return, and the blacks and their white visitors soon became capital friends. Here the first definite information respecting the Ovampo, of whom every one spoke well, was obtained, and a tall Damara, no less than six feet seven inches in height, offered to act as guide to a large lake called Omanbondé, three days' journey north.

Escorted by their new comrade, and with spirits cheered by the improved aspect of affairs, the party went on the next day, only to find on reaching it that Omabondé was dry. The men who had come thus far wanted to turn, and even the discovery of some wells of excellent water near Omabondé failed to alter their resolution. Determined not to give in now, when the furthest point ever seen even by the Namaqua Hottentots was at last reached after so many delays and difficulties, Galton bribed his Damaras with the present of a new assagai or spear each, and they reluctantly

consented to go on, but it soon leaked out that they were trying to lead the caravan wrong. Only after much unnecessary wandering did our heroes reach the village of Okambuti, then the head-quarters of Chapupa, the greatest chief of North Damara.

Asked to supply a guide to Ovampo, Chapupa flatly refused, but the white men learned that a stretch of country inhabited by Bushmen lay between them and their goal, and on the 25th April a man offered to lead them through it. Eagerly seizing this opportunity, they started on the 26th, and passing numerous hopos, such as those already described, reached a fine well called Otjikango on the 28th. The next day, alas, they found their self-elected guide altogether astray about the road to follow, and were compelled to spend the next few days in vain attempts to discover their bearings.

On the 2nd May some Bushmen with whom Andersson had made friends were induced to take up the task of guidance, and a little beyond Otjikango some natives came up, whom the Damaras at once recognised as natives of Ovampo.

Tall, robust, ugly fellows, with closely-shaven crowns and one front tooth chipped out, they announced themselves as members of a travelling caravan sent by their leader to fetch the white men to their camp. Remonstrance being useless, Galton and Andersson followed them, to find the leader in question an intelligent young fellow, and the appointments of his encampment vastly superior to those of any Damaras yet met with. The two parties soon fraternised, but the Ovampos insisted on our heroes returning with them to Chapupa's village, promising, however, if they would do so peaceably, themselves to escort

them to the capital of their king Nangoro when their bartering with the Damaras was concluded.

As it appeared that the Bushmen on the north were really very lawless and ferocious, and to go on against the will of the Ovampos would have been, if not impossible, at least highly impolitic, the explorers resigned themselves to their fate, and towards the end of May were rewarded for their complaisance by starting for the long-desired district with a strong and friendly escort, headed by the young captain already mentioned, whose name was Chikorongoon Kompé, which Galton and Andersson shortened into Chik.

The combined caravans on this final stage of the journey included Galton and Andersson's original party and some one hundred and fifty Damaras and Ovampos. There were also fifteen riding and pack oxen, eight for slaughter, two cows, one calf, thirty sheep, and three goats. Beyond Otjikango messengers were sent on to announce the approach of the white men to the great chief Nangoro, and about ten days' journey through a dense bush brought the party to the borders of the corn country of Ovampo, which Galton tells us burst suddenly upon him on emerging from amongst the thorn trees, looking like a land of Goshen in the wilderness. Homesteads enclosed in palisades were dotted here and there, and riding up to one of them, Chik introduced his white guests to his family, encamped their servants beneath a magnificent tree near by, and took charge of the cattle. "We are now in Ondonga" (corn country), he said, "and another day's journey through similar scenery as that before you will bring you to Nangoro's town."

Enchanted with the novelty of all they saw after their dreary wanderings in the wilderness, our heroes travelled on by slow stages through this favoured district, and on

the 5th June, by Chik's advice, halted under a fine clump of trees a little to the south of Nangoro's capital. Here they were left in suspense as to their reception, and without food for twenty-four hours, and even on the morrow only a little corn was sent to them. The oxen were looking dreadfully thin, and their masters were beginning to get uneasy, when about midday on the seventh their old friend Chik came rushing into the camp to say that Nangoro was approaching. Almost before Galton could "smarten up" the place for his reception, he arrived, and turned out to be an "amazingly fat old fellow," almost naked, who waddled in, surrounded by a crowd of blacks, looking mere skeletons beside him.

Galton made his royal visitor a graceful bow, of which no notice was taken, and then, scarcely knowing what to do, sat down and went on writing. In about five minutes Nangoro got up, gave a grunt of approbation, poked his sceptre into his host's ribs in a friendly manner, and sat down again. Conversation then began, Chik acting as interpreter. The presents Galton had provided, which he tells us were really not all the right thing for the occasion, were offered and rather sulkily received. Nangoro wanted a cow; he didn't care for gilt finery. On the cow being produced the brow of his portly highness cleared, he looked at the guns, asked to have them fired, and finally departed, saying that the white men were free to trade with his people.

As soon as Nangoro was gone, crowds of Ovampo poured into the camp, laughing at everything, but taking care to touch nothing. They were a merry set, all very clean and wearing plenty of ornaments, though scarcely anything else. Evidently of an affectionate disposition, the women

stood in groups with their arms wound about each other's necks, often forming really pretty pictures. During the ensuing days a brisk trade was carried on by Timbo and the other servants with the Ovampo women, who appear to have done the greater part of the work of the country, and proved themselves first-rate bargainers. The evenings were spent at "balls," given in Nangoro's "palace," in which Ovampos, Damaras, and Bushmen displayed very great agility; and Galton and Andersson hoped, by accustoming the natives to their constant presence, to obtain permission to extend their explorations to the north and to the west.

We must here explain that many years before the visit of our heroes to Ovampo Land, Captain Messume, of a French frigate, discovered or thought he discovered the mouth of a magnificent river called Cunene, on the west coast, between the 17th and 18th parallels of south latitude. To confirm this discovery was now the chief desire of our explorers, but, to their dismay, Galton received a message from Nangoro on the 13th June to the effect that to-day he might buy and sell, the next day he must go and take leave, and the day after that he must go back to Damara Land. All those weary evenings in the close palace had been thrown away; all the waiting, all the delays and sufferings on the road, had accomplished next to nothing; and Andersson and Galton must return without having traced the course of a single river, or determined the position of a single landmark!

To this disappointment Galton seems to have resigned himself more readily than Andersson. Together they made their way back across Damara, together they stood once

more on the shores of Walfisch Bay, but, arrived there, Andersson felt such an intense longing to go on with the work thus suddenly interrupted, that, as he tells us, he *could not* leave Africa. He must at least attempt, as originally proposed, to penetrate to Lake N'gami from the west, and perhaps—for who knew what might turn up—he should yet discover the source of some great river flowing to the west, which should turn out to be the mythical Cunene!

Embued with this idea, Andersson, after wandering about for some time in Namaqua Land, returned to the Cape, and thence made his way in a north-easterly direction, *via* Barmen, over vast sandy plains, richly covered with fine grass and brushwood, with occasional clusters of kameel-thorn trees, to the now well-known Elephant Kloof or ravine, beyond which the Tunobois river was crossed. A halt at the Bushman village of Ghanzé, another at Kobis, and the first aim of our hero was already near accomplishment, for outside the latter he was met by a party of Bechuanas sent by our old acquaintance Lechutabele to escort him to the lake, on the borders of which he arrived in May, 1853.

After navigating the lake near its shores, and spending a short time at Lechutabele's town of Batoana, Andersson made a trip, in a canoe provided by the chief, up the river Teoge, flowing from the north, but he was compelled to turn back a little above the 20th parallel of S. lat., owing to the untrustworthy nature of his craft, and the impossibility of obtaining a substitute. On his arrival at his camp near the lake, he ascertained that this result had been all along intended by his crafty host, who, it will be remembered, had done all in his power to prevent Livingstone from proceeding northwards.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE BAKALAHARI DESERT GOING TO FETCH WATER.

Finding it impossible to prosecute his researches further, Andersson was now reluctantly compelled to retrace his steps. Skirting along the western borders of the desert, meeting now a party of travelling Bayeye, Bushmen, or Bechuanas, now a group of women and children on their way to the carefully concealed springs, or sucking-places, to fetch water, he was back in Namaqua Land before the end of the year, having done little more than prove the practicability of the shorter and more direct route from the west to Lake N'gami. We may add that in 1855 the celebrated sportsman, F. Green, accompanied by a Mr. Wilson and the Swedish Dr. Wahlberg, ascended the river Tonga, flowing into the north-west angle of Lake N'gami, as far as the town of Lebebe, in S. lat. 18° 11′, and that the lake has been entirely circumnavigated by the equally well-known hunter, Chapman, who also made several trips between it and Walfisch Bay, and contributed much to our knowledge of the districts visited by him.

The general result of the observations of these and other travellers, however, is to prove Lake N'gami to be after all of little importance to the physical geography of South Africa. The principal characteristics of the neighbourhood are sluggish rivers, vast salt-pans, and extensive tracts of arid sand, frequented by elephants and other large game. Little is yet known of the central part of the Kalihari desert, but its general level has been ascertained to be 3000 feet above the sea, and it is bounded, or we might rather say slopes gradually up on the west to the buttresses of Owaherero (8530 feet), and on the east to the mountains of Matoppo (7217 feet), Lake N'gami being situated in the hollow between these two ranges.

In 1859 Andersson made a third excursion from the

south-west coast of Africa, the discovery of the Cunene being still the main object of his researches. Making for the north-east of Damara Land, he crossed rivers, cut his way through bush and forest, enduring the greatest privations from want of water, and arrived at last on the shores of a broad river, called by the natives the Okavango, which he *hoped* might prove to be a branch of the Cunene, but



AFRICAN PRIMEVAL FOREST.

feared would turn out to be merely an arm of the already-known Teoge. To ascertain the truth, Andersson went down the stream for a considerable distance, and came to the village of Ischikongo, the residence of the chief of the Ovaquangari. Here he was kindly received, though the natives were at first terrified by his appearance, but an attack of fever laid him low and kept him prostrate till the

setting in of the hot season compelled him to return to the Cape. On the way he narrowly escaped death from thirst, and was lying near a watering-place in the desert in a state of absolute prostration, when he was rescued by the Mr. Green already mentioned, to whom he managed to send a message. The Okavango has since been ascertained to be connected with the Zambesi basin.

Not even yet cured of his roving propensities, we find Andersson, soon after his recovery, building a hunting lodge for himself and Green in Ovampo Land, and, a little later, actually joining in a war between the Damaras and Namaquas! Again rescued from death by Green, who found him lying wounded in the path of the enemy, he tossed about for months in agony in his Ovampo home, to rise at last a cripple for life, and start in an ox-cart on a last journey of discovery.

Accompanied by a Swede named Ericson, the maimed and battered hero crept northwards till he came to the banks of the Ovakuambe river, where the chief, Naguma, gave him a boat and thirty men to take him to the Cunene. The natives, however, thinking him to be dying, and considering it unlucky to witness death, soon went off, leaving him and his comrade to press on alone. This they did, and after many a halt and many a detour, arrived, guided only by the compass, on the banks of the long-sought Cunene, which turned out after all to be all but unnavigable.

Too weak to embark upon the river which had for so many years haunted his sleeping and waking dreams, yet now content to die, Andersson turned back, and after a journey of six days arrived again on the banks of the Ovakuambe, where he soon afterwards expired (July 5th,

1867). Ericson, although himself stricken with fever, remained to pay the last honours to his friend, whose grave is still preserved inviolate by the natives, and is distinguished by a hedge of thorn bushes enclosing it on every side.

The identity of the river discovered by Andersson with the Cunene, which debouches in the Portuguese possessions on the west coast, has now been proved; but though it has since been examined by the Hungarian Magyar, the German Hahn, and others, it is of but little importance either from a geographical or political point of view.



SPRING OR SUCKING-PLACE (p. 137).

CHAPTER VI.

BURTON, SPEKE, GRANT, AND VON DER DECKEN, AND THE DISCOVERY OF LAKES TANGANYIKA AND ALBERT N'YANZA.

Krapf and Rebmann's Discovery of Kilimandjaro and Kenia—Arrival of Burton and Speke at Zanzibar—Preliminary Excursions—Start for the West—Over the Mountains to Ujiji—Reception at Tura Nullah—The Land of the Moon and its People—Serious Illness of both Explorers—At the Lake at last—Speke's Blindness—Voyage up the Coast of Tanganyika—Difficulties at Ujiji—Trip to the North of the Lake—Disappointment and Return to Ujiji—Back again in the Land of the Moon—Speke's Journey in search of a Second Lake—Interview with a Female Ruler—Discovery of the Victoria N'yanza—Return Home—Arrival of Speke and Grant at Cape Town—Voyage to Zanzibar—Across Country to Uzinga—Entry of Karagwe—Cordial Reception and Pleasant Stay there—Grant's Illness and Detention—Speke in Uganda—Discovery of a Source of the Nile—Kamrasi and Ungoro—Return Home by way of Gondokoro—Von der Decken's Ascent of Kilimandjaro—Murder of Von der Decken in Galla Land—Recent Discoveries of Snow-capped Volcanoes.

IN the east as in the south of Africa missionaries were the pioneers of geographical research, and the discovery, by Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann, of two snow-capped mountains nearly under the line, in the north-west of Zanzibar, believed by them to be the ancient mountains of the moon, gave an extraordinary impulse to European enterprise, suggesting as it did the possibility of the rise amongst them of the main stream of the Nile, and

affording a glimpse of a new route southwards to the valley of that great river. It is perhaps not too much to say that the accounts sent home by Krapf and Rebmann of their own experiences in their various trips north, south, and west of Zanzibar, when taken in connection with the native reports transmitted by them of the existence of a vast inland sea on the south-west, and of the numerous travellers who had explored the course of the White Nile from the north, may be looked upon as having inaugurated the great movement of which the meeting of the Brussels Conference was the first phase, and the complete partition of Africa by the European Powers the last.

It was on the 11th May, 1848, that Rebmann saw for the first time the snowy peak of Mount Kilimanjaro (S. lat. 3′ 5″, E. long. 37′ 22″), called by the natives Ndsharo, and in later journeys to Jagga, in which province it is situated, it became one of the most familiar objects of the landscape. On the 10th November, 1849, it was seen by Krapf from the coast province of Ukambani, near Mount Mamugu, thirty-six leagues from the well-known port of Mombasa, and in 1851 Rebmann slept at its base, and conversed with the natives about the white matter on its dome-like summit. "That silver stuff," said the simple blacks, "turns out to be nothing but water when it is brought down in bottles," and those who had fetched it, they added, had come home in a dreadful state, the result, they supposed, of the influence of malignant spirits, though Rebmann was of course aware that the suffering was merely from intense cold.

The second snow-capped mountain (S. lat. 1° 6′, E. long. 38° 15′), which bears numerous names, but is now



VIEW OF MOMBASA.

generally known as Mount Kenia or N'dur Kenia, signifying the White Mountain, was first seen by Krapf on the 3rd December, 1849, and again by the same gentleman in 1851. That the snow on both mountains was no mere exceptional phenomenon, but of perennial existence, was proved by the multitude of rivers flowing from it. Indeed Rebmann counted more than twenty having their rise in Kilimanjaro, and Krapf no less than fifteen running from the west and north of Kenia. According to the natives these rivers were connected with a vast inland sea on the south-west, upwards of eight hundred miles long by three hundred broad! On these combined data, namely, his own and Krapf's personal observations, with the accounts of the natives, Rebmann, assisted by another missionary, named Erhardt, constructed a large diagram comprising the section of East Africa extending from the equator to the 14th degree of south latitude, and from Zanzibar sixteen degrees inland.

This map was sent to the Royal Geographical Society of London, and was at first looked upon as a monstrous figment of the imagination; but, thanks to the exertions of Admiral Sir George Back, one of the Fellows, it was determined to send out an expedition to test its accuracy, and to seek for the great lakes of Central Africa. Our old friends, Captains Burton* and Speke (see *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), were chosen as leaders of this great enterprise, and on the 21st December, 1856, they landed on the island of Zanzibar, where they were eagerly welcomed by the English consul, Colonel Hamerton, who had acquired great influence in the country.

The island of Zanzibar, containing the capital of the

* Burton was knighted for his services in 1886.

same name, is now the most important part of the territories of the Imperial British East African Company, and is situated about thirty miles from the mainland. The town of Zanzibar is now the chief trading station of East Africa, its exports exceeding one and a-half million pounds in value; the steamers of the British India Steam Navigation Company and of the Messageries Maritimes touch at it, and from it have started most of the great exploring expeditions of the last twenty years. The power of the Sultan is now purely nominal, the army and the police being alike under British officers.

It turned out that our heroes had arrived in Zanzibar at the very worst time of year for commencing a long inland journey. It was the "height of the dry season, when water is scarce in the desert tracts of the interior; and it was just before the commencement of the vernal monsoon, or greater rainy season, when everything would be deluged."

It was therefore decided to turn the unavoidable delay to account by inspecting various places on the coast, and paying a visit to Mr. Rebmann, then at his mission station at Rabbai, on a high hill at the back of Mombasa, one of two large garrison towns on the main shore of the Sultan's dominions. With this end in view, a small *beden*, or half-decked Arab vessel, was chartered by the month, and on the 5th January, 1857, our heroes, accompanied by a half-caste Arab Sheikh named Said, to act as guide and interpreter, set sail to steer northwards, first along the shores of the island of Zanzibar, and then within sight of the beautiful Pemba, the Emerald Isle of the Arabs, where they touched at Chak Chak, the principal place. Another



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three days' sail brought them to Mombasa, and, leaving their little vessel at anchor in the harbour, they ascended the hill of Rabbai, in the country of the negro tribe of the Wanyika, and arrived at the close of the day at Mr. Rebmann's house.

The missionary and his wife gave their visitors a hearty welcome, but their accounts of the state of the country were far from encouraging. There was a drought in the land, and consequently a famine; the negroes were literally compelled to sell some members of their families to save the rest from starvation, and a raid was threatening from the Masai, a pastoral tribe on the north. Nothing daunted by all they heard, our heroes offered to remain and protect Mr. and Mrs. Rebmann, but finding that unnecessary, owing to the arrival of succour against the Masai from the coast, they returned to Mombasa, and, sailing southwards, touched at the villages of Gazi, Wazin, and Tonga, the coast-line between presenting one continuous scene of tropical beauty. The mouth of the Pangani river (S. lat. 5° 17′) was entered on the 3rd February, and landing, the English officers, after being entertained by all the grandees of the place, wandered about the neighbourhood, now hunting, now collecting information as to the inland routes, &c., till the approach of the rains and an attack of fever, which prostrated them both, compelled them to return to the island of Zanzibar, where they remained until the commencement of the next dry season.

The end of May, 1857, found all ready for the great expedition to the west, and early in June our heroes left Zanzibar to land on the opposite coast at Kaole. The party consisted of Burton and Speke, the Sheikh Said already mentioned, who acted as leader of the caravan;

two half-caste boys from Goa, a couple of negro gun carriers, and eight men as general helpers and protectors.

At Kaole a long and wearisome delay occurred before baggage animals, &c., could be obtained, but on the 27th June, thirty donkeys having been bought, the start was at last made, and, turning their faces west, our heroes entered a country presenting in "its general appearance a mingling of bush and forest, inhabited in its maritime parts by the Wazaramo and the Wak'hutu, with a large sub-tribe called the Waziraha. The first, the most powerful and wealthy, were chiefly noticeable for their coarse features, their wild expression, and their mode of dressing the hair, which they wore clotted together with a mixture of clay and the juice of a plant, and pulled out into long wiry spiral twists. They lived in well-built though small houses, grouped together within strong palisades, and wore nothing but a waist-cloth and quantities of copper, shell, and other ornaments. The Wak'hutu were in every respect inferior to the Wazaramo, and lived in miserable filthy huts, scarcely recognisable as human habitations; and the Waziraha were distinguished by their long beards, a peculiarity of extremely rare occurrence in South Africa.

Slavery in its worst forms was then prevalent in all the coast districts, and the petty chiefs, independent as they were of the Sultan of Zanzibar, were held in the greatest dread by the natives, for they possessed irresponsible control over the lives and property of all who come in their way. The servants of Burton and Speke were in continual fear of being kidnapped, and it was a relief to both our heroes to reach Zungomero, on the western boundary of the maritime region, beyond which sandy plains smoking with hot springs were traversed, and perils from human agency

were exchanged for the dangers of fever. Towards the close of August, however, the east coast range of mountains was approached, and the spirits of the explorers rose, only to sink again as they passed the skeletons of native porters, who had fallen here and there upon the road in former expeditions. Some of their own men from Zungomero died, but they themselves escaped, though Burton's sufferings were very great. In the actual transit of the mountains several men struck for food, as they were disappointed at the goats being spared for future contingencies when they were hungry, a difficulty which Speke settled by ordering a march, and going on without the malcontents, who had relied on his finding them indispensable. Not approving of being left behind to shift for themselves, they sulkily followed the caravan, and on their voluntarily aiding Burton, who fell down by the wayside in a fresh paroxysm of fever, they were forgiven, and allowed to march on with their comrades.

This incident produced a good result, and pressing on with fresh courage, in spite of Burton's terrible condition of health, they came on the 23rd August to a village in the mountains, where they hoped to obtain provisions and help. But alas! on entering it they found it deserted, and the huts burned down. It had evidently quite recently been the scene of an outrage by slave-traders, but our heroes' men were so little touched by what they saw that they spent the night in singing, dancing, and ransacking the ruins.

At Rumuma, a well-known resting-place for caravans, plenty of provisions were obtained, and, crossing a well-cultivated plain, the third range of Usagara mountains was reached on the 3rd September. Before ascending the so-

called Windy Pass, a long halt was made in a cheerful ravine, but the rest failed to do much to restore either of the exhausted travellers. It was now Speke's turn to suffer most, and he made the ascent, which occupied six hours, in a state of semi-unconsciousness, supported by two or three natives. To make matters worse, when they were about half-way up, and the animals were stumbling at every step, scarcely able to proceed, the native war-cry suddenly rang out, and from every hill-top near poured down archers and spearmen on their way to the villages below. The presence of the white man's caravan had protected the inhabitants for a time, but now it was leaving, and a foraging raid was at once sent down.

Fortunately no attempt was made to stop the explorers, and they arrived in safety at Ugogo (S. lat. 6° 28′, E. long. 33° 3′), on the west flank of the third and last range of mountains to be traversed, though in a state of absolute prostration. Men and animals were alike incapable of further exertion, but, luckily for all concerned, a number of natives were waiting at Ugogo to return to their homes in Unyamwezi, or the Land of the Moon, on the east of Lake Tanganyika, and gladly joined our heroes' party.

Cheered by the hope of crossing the intervening plateau of Ugogo and reaching Kazeh, the great emporium of Arab traffic in the lake regions, without much further difficulty, Burton and Speke soon recovered their strength and spirits, but their troubles were not yet over. The mountains, it is true, were left behind, and there were no more war parties to be encountered, but at every village the unfortunate travellers were delayed to be plundered by chief and people, force being used if the exorbitant tribute demanded was not readily paid. This state of things reached its

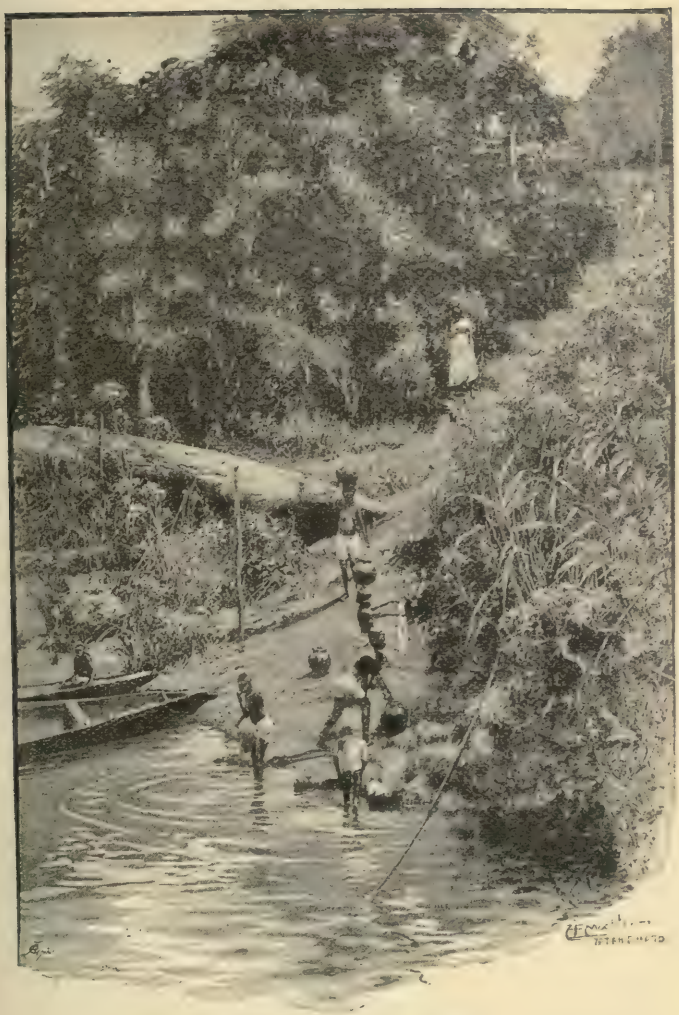
climax at a place called N'yika, or the wilderness, the home of the most powerful chief of Ugogo, who kept our heroes prisoners for five days, but finally let them go on payment of a smaller sum than that originally demanded.

The plains of Ugogo safely traversed at last, an important settlement called Tura Nullah, on the borders of the Land of the Moon, was reached, where an enthusiastic reception was given to the travellers. To quote from Burton's account of this journey:—"We had reached a large expanse of pillared stones, where the van had halted in order that the caravan might make its first appearance with dignity. Ensued a clearing, studded with large stockaded villages, peering over tall hedges of dark green milk-bush, fields of maize and millet, manioc, gourds and water-melons, and showing numerous flocks and herds clustering around the shallow pits. The people swarmed from their abodes, young and old hustling one another for a better stare; the man forsook his loom and the girl her hoe, and for the remainder of the march we were escorted by a tail of screaming boys and shouting adults; the males almost nude, the women bare to the waist, and clothed only knee-deep in kilts, accompanied us, puffing pipes the while, striking their hoes with stones, crying, "Beads, beads!" and ejaculating their wonder in strident expressions of "Hi, hi!" and "Hin! ih!" and "Ha! a! a!"

Taking immediate possession of one of the largest villages, the porters unloaded the caravan, &c., and our two heroes were escorted to a separate hut, if a roof supported on posts without walls can be so called, where they were allowed to rest unmolested, though the whole population of the neighbourhood collected to stare at them, and make their comments on their appearance, gestures, &c.

Beyond Ugogo, and the desert known as M'gunda Makali, skirting its western borders, the last and most interesting stage of this important journey began, for the now famous Land of the Moon was entered, the "Garden of Central Intertropical Africa," consisting of a hilly table-land, extending from the desert mentioned above in E. long. 33° 57′ to the eastern banks of the Malagarazi River in E. long. 31° 10′, thus including in its breadth 155 geographical miles. Bounded on the north by the Victoria N'yanza, afterwards discovered by Speke, and on the west by Lake Tanganyika, it has now been traversed from end to end by modern explorers, and the origin of its name, its former history, &c., have alike been eagerly studied and discussed. It is enough for us to state that its general character is "rolling ground, intersected with low and conical hills, whose lines ramify in every direction. The reclaimed tracts and clearings were divided from one another by strips of primeval jungle varying from two to twelve miles in length," and, as in so many parts of East Africa, "the country is dotted with 'fairy mounts,' dwarf mounds, the ancient sites of trees now crumbled to dust, and the *débris* of insect architecture." Villages rose at intervals "above their impervious walls of milk-bush, with its coral-shaped arms, and in rich pasture-lands grazed extensive herds of plump high-humped cattle." Lions, leopards, and wild cats still haunt the forests; the giraffe, the rhinoceros, the Cape buffalo, the zebra, and the koodoo still roam the plains; and hippopotami and crocodiles abound in every large pool.

The two chief races inhabiting this favoured district are the Wakimbu and the Wanyamwezi, the former an immi-



RIVER-SIDE SCENE AT ASABA

(From Photo. by Capt. Mockler-Ferryman).

grant tribe from the south, the latter the original proprietors of the soil, and a typical race of this part of Africa, its industry and commercial activity having given it a superiority over kindred tribes. Tall and stout, with a dark sepia complexion and crisp curly hair, but with features less strongly marked than is usual with negroes, the Wanyamwezi distinguish themselves from other clans by removing the eyelashes, enlarging the lobe of the ear, and branding a double line of little cuts from the eyes to the middle of the cheek. Sometimes a third line or band of three small lines is drawn from the forehead to the bridge of the nose. The women extract the lower central teeth, and the men chip away the inner corners of the front upper incisors like the Damaras. The long tobe or loose mantle so often mentioned in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa* is the favourite garment of both sexes, and beads and copper ornaments are worn in great profusion.

Entering the Land of the Moon about the end of September, and rapidly traversing its undulating plains, our heroes arrived on the 7th November at Kazeh, then the great centre of the commerce of Eastern Africa, thronged with Arab merchants, who vied with each other in doing honour to their white guests. Situated in the plain of Unyanyembe, the central province of the Land of the Moon, with roads running from it to the north, south, and west, Kazeh occupies an exceptionally favourable position, and with its large houses belonging to the Arab merchants and clusters of native huts, to the eyes of travellers fresh from the arid plains of Ugogo, presented an almost European appearance of comfort.

At Kazeh our travellers were delayed three weeks by illness and over-fatigue, but the 14th of December found

them again *en route*, and at the close of the year 1857 they entered Msene, occupying the same position in Western Unyamwezi. Beyond Msene great difficulties were experienced with the porters, who behaved in a very insubordinate manner, and at the village of Solala, between it and the lake, a conspiracy to prevent the expedition from reaching the shores of the latter was discovered. This necessitated the dismissing of a number of slaves as a precautionary measure, and with greatly diminished forces the caravan pressed on, only to halt again a little further west, owing to the serious illness of Captain Burton, who, struck down by palsy, lay for ten days between life and death.

Recovered from his own dangerous attack, though still weak from its effects, Burton had in his turn to nurse poor Speke, who was taken ill with ophthalmia, but declined to rest, and, though half blind, struggled on till the Malagarazi River, dividing the Land of the Moon from the lake districts, was discovered. Crossing the Malagarazi in a bark canoe at the M'peté ferry after a long fight with the extortionate ferryman, our heroes made their way through what Burton calls the usual sequence of jungle and stony neats' tongues, divided by deep and grassy swamps, and on the 13th February, 1858, a date ever memorable in geographical annals, began to ascend the eastern horn of a "large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of the long-sought lake."

Arrived at the summit of a steep and stony hill, Burton, turning to one of his men, asked, "What is that streak of light which lies below?" and was answered, "I am of opinion that that is *the* water." "I gazed in dismay," adds Burton; "the remains of my blindness, the veil of trees, and a broad ray of sunshine illuminating but one

reach of the lake, had shrunk its fair proportions. Somewhat prematurely, I began to curse my folly in having risked life and lost health for so poor a prize, and to propose an immediate return. . . . Advancing, however, a few yards, the whole scene burst upon my view, filling me with admiration, wonder, and delight. . . . Nothing in sooth could be more picturesque than this first view of Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains in the gorgeous tropical sunshine, . . . its breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and its clear waters gleaming against a background of steel-coloured mountains."

Whilst Burton was thus gloating over the beauty spread at his feet, even admiring the country, now idealised by distance, in which he had suffered so much, poor Speke stood near him muttering "at the mist and glare before his eyes," the only one of the party unable to see the "lovely Tanganyika Lake in all its glory." It must have been, after all, but a wretched consolation to feel, as he assures us he did, that he was standing upon the great Mountains of the Moon, regarding which so many and various guesses had been made, and we cannot sufficiently admire the heroism which led the exhausted hero to pursue his journey with the more fortunate Burton the next day, and coast along the eastern shore of the lake, towards the Kawele district, in the land of Ujiji.

Led by the Arabs of the Land of the Moon to expect a considerable town, the explorers were disappointed, after a day's voyage along banks dotted with miserable hovels, at being brought to a halt opposite a thick welting of coarse reedy grass and flaggy aquatic plants, through which their canoe was poled to a level landing-place of flat shingle—

"the disembarkation quay of the great Ujiji!"—around which clustered a few bee-shaped huts.

Advancing through a din of shouts and screams, tom-toms and trumpets, and mobbed by a swarm of blacks, whose eyes seemed about to start from their heads with surprise, the white men were conducted to a ruined house, once the home of an Arab merchant, about half-a-mile from the little village of Kawele, where, after paying a heavy tribute for the protection of the chief Kannina, they were allowed to remain in peace.

On the ensuing day the chief called upon our heroes, who, eager to supplement their great discovery by examining the shores of the lake, and ascertaining the truth of native reports of a great river flowing from it on the north, at once begged for canoes. But, alas! Kannina turned out to be anything but friendly to their enterprise. One difficulty after another was put forward. Wild tribes dwelt on the north, who would kill any stranger venturing to approach them; the white men must stay where they were, and they must submit to daily extortions for the privilege of doing so unmolested. The burly sturdy Wajiji, the less warlike Wakaranga, the miserable sub-tribe of Wavinza, the terrible robber tribe of Watuta, whose settlements succeeded each other along the lake, though living in a state of perpetual feud with their neighbours, would agree in harassing and mulcting the white explorers at every turn, who, therefore, if they wished to live to record what they had already accomplished, must practise superhuman caution in their further researches.

Having tried in vain to touch the heart of Kannina, and obtain a vessel, Burton agreed to wait at Kawele whilst Speke, with a crew of twenty men, went to Ukaranga, on

the western shore, to try and hire a dhow or sailing boat from an Arab merchant there resident; but the latter returned unsuccessful, after an absence of twenty-seven days, having done nothing beyond obtaining some little further information respecting the size and shape of the lake, and the general character of the natives living near or on it.

This disappointment, discouraging as it was, did but increase the eagerness of our heroes to navigate the northern end of the lake, and at last, by offering an exorbitant sum, which reduced their resources almost to *nil*, they succeeded in obtaining the loan of two common canoes, very unsafe craft for a voyage such as they proposed making, but still better than nothing.

On the 10th April they embarked, accompanied by a party of wild and disorderly natives, and after fifteen days' cruise in a northerly direction, varied by many a narrow escape from drowning, owing to the clumsiness of the sailors in managing the boats, they arrived at the village of Uvira (S. lat. 3° 32′, E. long. 29° 29′), on the north-east shores of the lake, where their appearance caused the greatest excitement amonsgt the natives. Landing on a strip of dirty sand, backed by the plain of Uvira, our heroes were invited to the residence of a chief dwelling on a neighbouring eminence, but in the shattered condition of their fortunes they dared not risk further extortions, and pitched their camp on the beach.

The northernmost station to which Arab merchants are admitted had now been reached, and what next was the question which each hero put to the other. Where is the river we have come so far to see? Are we, after all, as ignorant of the source of the Nile as ever?

Speke, who at Kazeh had heard rumours of the existence of another N'yanza or lake on the north-east of Tanganyika, which he was longing to explore, was less crestfallen at the apparent failure of the present expedition than Burton; and whilst the latter was eagerly questioning the sons of the chief, the ivory-traders, the boatmen, and every one else as to the mysterious river, the former was already looking forward to the time when he should have done with Tanganyika, and be free to start for the N'yanza. When convinced from all he heard that no river was to be found on this excursion, Burton still clung to a hope of being able at least to lay down the extreme limits of the lake northwards, but he was obliged to content himself with ascertaining its shape to be that of a leech tapering upwards, and the 6th May found him reluctantly on his way back to Ujiji with Speke, where the two arrived on the 13th of the same month.

As our explorers were preparing, after this rather unsatisfactory voyage, to return to Kazeh, they were met by an old Arab friend bringing them fresh supplies of provisions, &c., enabling them to accomplish the journey back to the emporium of Eastern Unyamwezi without difficulty, and greatly facilitating the fulfilment of Speke's long-cherished dream of a fresh expedition to the north.

His sight now almost restored, Speke lost not a moment after his arrival at Kazeh in organising a new caravan, and on the 10th July he started in the supposed direction of the new lake with a good escort, and provisions for six weeks, leaving Burton at Kazeh to rest and arrange his notes for his now well-known book on the lake regions of Central Africa.

Leaving Unyanyembe on the 11th July, Speke crossed

a broad valley with a gentle declination, full of tall and slender forest trees, and lined on either side by low hills, and entered the Unyambewa district, ruled over by a sultana named Ungugu, on whom every traveller was obliged to call, but who, as usual with African potentates, detained our hero several days before she granted him an interview. On the 14th July, however, a messenger came to fetch the white man to the royal abode, and he was conducted to a palisaded house set down in a wave-like valley, one of many undulations characteristic of Unyambewa. Arrived in a yard full of cows, serving as an anteroom, a number of negroes welcomed him with a salute of drum-beating, and in ten minutes a "body of slaves came rushing in and hastily desired him to follow them."

Obeying orders, as in duty bound, Speke and his servants were led down one passage and up another into the centre of the sultana's establishment, a small court full of mush-room huts. Seated on a wooden stool set upon an outspread ox-hide, and with his suite squatting round him on the floor, the white man now awaited the arrival of his hostess, who, however, sent her "lady's-maid" first, just to make sure of the harmlessness of the visitor. Being very hungry, Speke's first request was for food, and this the "lady's-maid," an ugly, dirty, but kindly negress, at once supplied. Then, having watched the eggs and milk provided disappear with extraordinary rapidity, and convinced that the white man would not hurt her mistress, the maid disappeared, to return almost immediately and usher in her mistress.

The sultana was a stumpy old dame, "with a short, squat, flabby nose," and an everlasting smile, dressed in a dirty Arab costume, with a profusion of brass, horn, and

ivory ornaments. Squatting by Speke's side, she first shook hands, and then felt her visitor's boots, trousers, coat, and waistcoat all over. What a beautiful coat he wore, to be sure—could he not give it to her? No. What nice soft fingers and hands he had—they were like a child's, and what hair—like a lion's mane. Where was this wonderful hero going? "To the lake, to barter his cloth for large hippopotami teeth," answered a dozen voices; and, satisfied with this reply, her highness took her leave, followed by Speke's slave laden with the inevitable present, and charged to obtain permission for his master to depart.

Of course the present was voted poor, and not what the sultana would have expected from so distinguished a guest. She herself would give *him* a bullock, but that bullock was out grazing, it could not at once be caught; Speke must wait. The old story told in so many different ways on every journey in Africa—the explorer must never be in a hurry. Only after much persuasion would the sultana allow our hero to proceed without the bullock, which he did not want, and when on the 15th July he at last got away, he had to leave three porters behind him to drive the animal after him. But he was off again on his way to the lake, and traversing a rich and picturesque country, lying, as he expresses it, in long waves, as rapidly as possible, with many a wearisome delay, owing to the vagaries of the natives, he arrived within a few days' journey of the lake on the 20th, to be met, however, with the news of war on its southern borders, which necessitated a long detour.

On the 30th July, however, he discovered a sheet of water on the left, which ultimately turned out to be a creek, and the most southern point of the great N'yanza, or, as

the Arabs of Kazeh had called it, the Ukerewe Sea. Crossing a grassy and jungly depression, he arrived at a deep dirty watercourse, the fording of which delayed him several hours, and following its right bank the whole of the next day, he came to another and yet another jungle, ever, as he knew, close to the lake, but still unable to see it, until at last, on the 3rd August, 1858, he ascended a long but gradually inclined hill, from the summit of which "the vast expanse of the pale blue waters of the N'yanza burst suddenly upon his gaze." "It was early morning," he adds, "the distant sea-line of the north horizon was defined in the calm atmosphere between the north and north-west points of the compass; but even this did not afford me any idea of the breadth of the lake, as an archipelago of islands, each consisting of a single hill, rising to a height of 200 or 300 feet above the water, intersected the line of vision to the left, while on the right the western horn of the Ukerewe island cut off any farther view of its distant waters to the eastward or north. A sheet of water—an elbow of the sea—however, at the base of the low range on which I stood, extended far away to the eastward, to where, in the dim distance, a hummock-like elevation of the mainland marked what I understood to be the south and east angle of the lake."

Thus took place the discovery of the second of the great Central African lakes, and, convinced that he had found the true and long-sought source of the Nile, Speke at once conceived the idea of undertaking a new expedition which should place the fact beyond a doubt. His resources were exhausted now; he could do no more than form a general notion of the character and extent of the lake, which he found to be about 220 miles, both in length and breadth,

though of no great depth. Fleets of canoes dotted its surface, its shores were clothed with luxuriant vegetation and dotted with villages, but our hero could not linger to make acquaintance with their inhabitants, he must hasten back at once to Kazeh. Having named the lake Victoria N'yanza, and the hill from which he saw it Somerset, and ascertained its southern point to be in S. lat. 2° 44′, and E. long. 33°, he returned to the Land of the Moon by forced marches, and rejoined Burton at Kazeh on the 28th August.

The down march to the coast was rich in incident and excitement, but we must content ourselves with adding that the expedition got back to Zanzibar in good health and spirits in March, 1859, and, embarking there for England, arrived in London in May of the same year, where they were eagerly welcomed, not only by the society in whose service they had done and suffered so much, but by all interested in the great problems of African geography. Of Captain Burton we hear no more in East Africa, but Speke, full of his scheme for a new journey, called on Sir Roderick Murchison, then President of the Royal Geographical Society, the very day after his arrival in London, exhibited his map, explained his theory of the rise of the Nile in the Victoria N'yanza, and obtained a promise that he should be sent out again.

A council of the Geographical Society was at once convened to decide on the organisation and plan of action of a new expedition, and nine months later our hero started for the Cape, accompanied by the now famous Grant, his old friend and brother sportsman in India, intending to make his way from Cape Town to Zanzibar, and thence to the lake regions by his former route.



VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.

Speke and Grant arrived at Cape Town on the 4th July, 1860, and were cheered immediately on landing by the eager co-operation of the governor, Sir George Grey, who induced the Cape Colony to advance them the sum of £300 to buy baggage mules, and persuaded the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Colony to detach ten volunteers from the Cape Mounted Rifles to accompany them.

Thus encouraged, our heroes set sail for Zanzibar on the 16th July, and, after touching at East London, cast anchor in Delagoa Bay, where they made acquaintance with the Zulu or Amzulu Kaffirs—sturdy, tall, well-made, naked savages, belonging to a tribe forming a kind of transition between the true negro of the regions north of the Zambesi, and the Kaffirs of Natal and Kaffraria. Between Delagoa Bay and Mozambique no incident worthy of note occurred, but a little beyond the latter port a slaver was sighted, run down, and taken. Going on board of her after her crew had been disarmed and her captain made prisoner, Speke found a number of poor old negro women and children who had been captured in the late civil wars in Africa, and sold to Arabs, who brought them to the coast and kept them half starved till the slaver arrived, when they were sent on board of her, and kept almost without food for a week, till good bargains had been struck with the captain of their floating prison. Many of the unhappy creatures were dying when our hero saw them, and others were "pulling up the hatches and tearing at the salt fish they found below like dogs in a kennel."

The slave-ship was sent under British escort to Mauritius, and on the 17th August Speke and Grant landed at Zanzibar. Here Colonel Rigby, the English consul, gave

them a hearty welcome, but somewhat damped their ardour by telling them of the melancholy death of Dr. Roscher, a young German explorer, who had made a successful trip from Zanzibar to the Nyassa, or Star Lake, discovered two months previously by Dr. Livingstone, but was soon afterwards treacherously murdered by the natives.

Dr. Roscher, who had suffered greatly from fever and the infidelity of his servants on the journey south, arrived on the shores of the lake in a state of such absolute prostration that a long rest was absolutely indispensable before he could prosecute his researches. After much wandering to and fro he found a healthy spot near the lake, where he was allowed the use of a house, and enjoyed the protection of a chief named Likumbo. Here he hoped to remain in peace till the close of the rainy season, when he was to be joined by his fellow-countryman, Von der Decken, but, tempted by a rumour of the presence of white men near the salt lake, Shirwa, on the south-east of the Nyassa, he made a trip in that direction, accompanied by a few native servants, in the hopes of meeting with Europeans. Arrived after three days' journey at the little village of Hisonguny, he was invited by its chief, Makokota, to visit him in his home. Suspecting no evil, Roscher gladly availed himself of Makokota's hospitality, and having supped with his host lay down to sleep, to be woke in the night by a servant, who told him that the chief had sent for warriors from the next village, and that he believed an attack to be imminent. The young German pooh-poohed the faithful black's fears, and sent him to fetch some water from the river. Returning as quickly as possible from his errand, the servant found the hut surrounded by armed natives struggling with Roscher's escort,

and the next moment the explorer himself appeared in the doorway.

One arrow in the heart and another in the throat struck him down at once, and the witness, escaping with difficulty from the hands of his master's murderers, fled back to the Nyassa with the terrible news. A chief who had been on friendly terms with Roscher immediately despatched fifty warriors to execute vengeance, and the culprits were captured and sent for judgment to Zanzibar, where they were still awaiting sentence on the arrival of Speke and Grant. No further details of Roscher's great journey have ever come to hand, as a few pencil notes found on his dead body were all the memoranda he had preserved, but news was received in England of the execution of his murderers.

Soon after landing in Zanzibar our heroes called on the Sultan, who received them very courteously, and promised to aid their expedition by every means in his power. Though advised by his highness to follow the direct route to the Victoria N'yanza by way of Masai and Usoga, Speke and Grant thought it best to pursue a more circuitous road with a view to visiting the western shores, and accompanied by several of the former's old servants, including a man named Bombay, who proved of great service, a large body of Wanguana or freed men to act as porters, and the ten Hottentots already mentioned, the party started in a south-westerly direction at the end of September.

The first district traversed was Uzaramo, a flat uninteresting country inhabited by an agricultural people, who combine the cultivation of the soil with slave-hunting, and are chiefly remarkable for wearing more clothing than

any of their neighbours. The earliest stage of the journey was enlivened by the running away of ten out of the hundred negro porters, but the rest of the mixed caravan behaved well, except for an occasional strike, readily nipped in the bud by prompt measures on the part of the leaders.

Beyond Uzaramo came the hilly Usagara, and the 23rd October found our heroes at Speke's old resting-place of Zungomero (S. lat. 7° 26′ 53″, E. long. 37° 36′ 45″). Then going down into the plains as in the journey related above, the caravan crossed Ugogo, the desert of M'gunda Makali, and Umyamwezi, to enter on the 10th June, 1861, the as yet unknown province of Uzinga, on the south-west of Lake Victoria Nyassa.

In the latter part of the transit of the Land of the Moon the porters mutinied for an increase of daily rations, and were only with great difficulty reduced to submission. This was, however, nothing compared to the troubles in Uzinga, where the natives, accustomed to perpetual raids from slave-hunters, were suspicious of all strangers. Finding rapid progress impossible, the explorers made the fatal mistake of separating, with a view to supplementing each other's observations—a policy which resulted merely in the exaction of double tribute everywhere, Grant often having to pay, after Speke had, as he thought, settled all possible demands. Finally Grant was robbed of nearly all he possessed, and once more joining forces, the two heroes made their way as best they could through unfriendly Uzinga and the more northerly Usui, where the natives, men and women alike, seemed to be in a state of perpetual drunkenness, and on the 17th November, 1861, entered Karagwe, on the west of Lake Victoria N'yanza, and south-west of the now well-known Uganda.

Worn out by all they had undergone in Uzinga, and expecting the usual programme of delays and extortions, our heroes were nerving themselves to meet all troubles with fresh courage, when they were agreeably surprised, soon after entering Karagwe, by receiving a message of welcome from its king, Rumanika, who, it turned out, had instructed all the chiefs tributary to him to do honour to his guests. Food was to be supplied to them at the royal expense in every village; no taxes were gathered from strangers in Karagwe. These promises turned out to be no idle words, but were fulfilled to the letter. The people of the villages turned out to be a very superior negro race, kept in good order by their sovereign. The hilly picturesque country around, and the valley in which Karagwe is situated, are alike wild and fruitful, patches of rich vegetation alternating with thick bush, haunted by black and white rhinoceroses, herds of hartebeests, &c. In a word, Speke and Grant felt as if they had entered some fabulous happy valley, and when, having crossed the hill spur known as Weranhanje, the grassy tops of which rose some 5500 feet above the sea-level, they suddenly came upon a small sheet of water "lying snugly in the floods of the hills," their enthusiasm knew no bounds. This lake, which Speke christened the Little Windermere, because it reminded Grant of the English piece of water of that name, was but one of many others which, itself draining the moisture of the hills, is in its turn drained by the Victoria N'yanza. The goal of the journey was near. Soon, very soon now, the explorers might hope to stand upon the banks of the Nile!

On the 25th November, 1861, the palace of King Rumanika was approached, and the huge pot of pombé, or

native beer, with some "royal tobacco," was sent to the white men, with the message that there was plenty more for their people, but that this was for their exclusive use, for there was nothing so good as what came from the palace.

"To do royal honours to the king of this charming land," says Speke, "I ordered my men to put down their loads and fire a volley. This was no sooner done, than, as we went to the palace gate, we received an invitation to come in at once, for the king wished to see us before attending to anything else. Now leaving our traps outside, both Grant and myself, attended by Bombay and a few of the seniors of my Wanguana (porters), entered the vestibule, and, walking through extensive enclosures, studded with huts of kingly dimensions, were escorted to a pent-roofed baraza, which the Arabs had built as a sort of Government office, where the king might conduct his state affairs."

His majesty was found seated on the ground with his legs crossed, his brother Nuanaji beside him, and the chief men of the court around him. The king wore a plain Arab costume, stockings made of richly-coloured bead, and copper bracelets. Nuanaji, "being a doctor of high pretensions, was covered with charms, in addition to a check cloth wound about his person." The greeting received by the white men was alike warm, courteous, and dignified. "In an instant," exclaims Speke, "we both felt and saw we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia."

"Having shaken hands in true English style," which is the peculiar custom of the men of this country, Rumanika begged his guests to be seated opposite to him, and then

enquired what they thought of Karagwe, adding that in his opinion his mountains were the finest in the world. And the lake—did they not admire it?

Next followed questions about the white man's journey from the coast, but it turned out that Rumanika was already well-informed on its incidents. He knew of the extortions to which his friends had been subjected by his neighbours, and he regretted them; he agreed with Speke that similar treatment of other travellers must be checked, lest the interests of trade should be compromised, and so on. Then came a long talk about the world in general, and the proportions of land and water, the power of ships, &c., in particular, Rumanika asking most intelligent questions, and fully understanding that his guests lived in the *north*, though they had reached him from the *south*. Why had they done so? "Because," answered Speke, "they had heard that he (Rumanika) could give them the road on through Uganda."

Thus in all the intoxication of the moment did the leader of the expedition ever keep before him the main object of his visit to Karagwe, namely, to advance northwards, to traverse Uganda, to come to the main stream of the Nile, which he believed to bound that kingdom on the north. But patience, patience yet! Rumanika had not the power, though he had the will, at once to give the white men the necessary permission to enter his neighbour's country; they must first send an embassy announcing their approach, and then wait for an invitation, which, however, would be sure to come soon. Meanwhile the land was before them; let them choose a place for their residence in or out of his palace; they were free to pitch their camp where they would.

Fixing on a spot without the gates of the royal residence and commanding a fine view of the lake, our heroes soon established themselves comfortably, and attended by the king's sons, who had orders to see that they wanted for nothing, proceeded to unpack their heavy goods, and make themselves at home. An iron chair which Speke unfolded and sat down upon excited the very greatest astonishment, and one of the young princes rushed off to tell his father that the white man had a throne—he was sitting upon it; he must be very great indeed.

"This," says Speke, "set all the royals in the palace in a high state of wonder, and ended by my getting a summons to show off the white man sitting on his throne." He was dragged into court, chair and all, sat down, was looked at from every point of view, criticised, questioned, and finally allowed to retire, Rumanika laughing heartily, shaking his head, with the words, "Oh these Wazungu! these Wazungu! they know and do everything!"

Speke remained in Karagwe for a month, but Grant was detained there by serious illness until the spring of 1862, when, as we shall see, he rejoined his comrade in Uganda. During their stay with Rumanika, neither of the explorers saw cause to change the first opinion they had formed of that chieftain's personal character, but more intimate intercourse with him showed that he held many strange and superstitious beliefs, and indulged in practices the reverse of civilised. One of the latter, which appears to have struck Speke most unpleasantly, was the fattening of the women of the court to such an extent that they could not stand upright.

Scarcely able to credit the reports he heard of this peculiarity in the royal females, the English leader

obtained an interview with the king's eldest brother and his wife. On entering the hut, he found "the old man and his chief wife sitting side by side on a bench of earth strewed over with grass, and partitioned like stalls for sleeping apartments. . . . The wife could not rise, and so large were her arms that between the joints the flesh hung down like large loose-stuffed puddings. This result the husband triumphantly informed his guests had been obtained by milk, and milk alone. 'From early youth upwards,' he said, pointing to rows of milk bowls on the ground, 'we keep these pots to our women's mouths.'" Readers of our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa* will remember that wife-fattening is also practised in the north-west of Africa, where obesity is considered the chief beauty in a woman.

Another revolting custom in Karagwe was the mode of burial of members of the royal family. Speke relates that the body of Rumanika's predecessor, after floating about in a boat on the lake until decomposition set in, had been shut up in a hut with five living maidens and fifty cows, so enclosed that the whole of them subsequently died of starvation.

Early in January, 1862, messengers arrived from Mtesa, king of Uganda, inviting Speke and Grant to visit him, and reluctantly leaving the latter under the charge of Rumanika, the former started, on the 10th of the same month, with a party of Arab traders. Rapidly traversing the fertile northern districts of Karagwe, Speke entered Uganda on the 7th February, and on the 19th came in sight of the king's kibuga or palace in the province of Bandawagoro (N. lat. 21′ 19″, E. long. 32° 44′ 30″), which he described as a magnificent sight—a whole hill being

covered with gigantic huts, such as he had never seen in Africa before.

Eager at once to open relations with the owner of this handsome residence, our hero was advancing towards it, when he was stopped by some officers of the court, who told him that to enter unannounced would be considered indecent in Uganda; the men must be drawn up, the guns must be fired to let the king know of the arrival, then a house would be assigned to the visitor, and to-morrow he would be sent for.

Disappointed at this check, Speke ordered his men to fire, and was then shown some miserable huts for the accommodation of himself and his suite. Indignant at what he thought the disrespect of this welcome, Speke declared that the palace was the place for him, and if he could not go there at once he would return without seeing the king; but a native named N'yamgundu, who had acted as messenger to Mtesa, persuaded him to have patience, or the consequence might be terrible—no stranger was ever allowed to enter the palace; the white man must conform to the customs of the country; when the king had seen him, doubtless he would make an exception in his favour, and so forth.

Giving way to the man's appeal, which was evidently well meant, Speke entered the hut assigned to him, and was almost immediately mollified by a message brought by the king's pages that a levée would be held in his honour the next day, which levée, the first of many since witnessed in the Palace of Uganda by white men, duly came off.

"Dressed in his best," in which, however, he tells us he fears he cut but a sorry figure, Speke, accompanied by his

travelling escort, decked out in gorgeous array, started for the palace in high spirits, the courtiers lining the way shouting as he passed, "Irungi! Irungi!" (beautiful! beautiful!). The Union Jack, carried by a guide, led the way, followed by twelve men as a guard of honour, dressed in red flannel cloaks, and carrying their arms sloped with fixed bayonets, whilst in their rear were the rest of our hero's men, each carrying some article as a present. Winding up the sides of the hill, the procession entered the palace, and passing first the enclosure, in which the lesser female celebrities of the court reside, Speke was met beyond it by the high officers of the king, who stepped forth and greeted him with courteous dignity. "Men, women, bulls, dogs, and goats," he tells us, "were being led about by strings; cocks and hens were carried in men's arms; and little pages, with rope turbans, rushed about conveying messages, as if their lives depended on their swiftness, every one holding his skin-cloak tightly round him, lest his naked legs might by accident be shown," for it was against Uganda etiquette that anything should be uncovered in or near the royal presence. In fact, but for Speke's interference, all his presents would have been wrapped in chintz, the prohibition extending even to inanimate objects!

In the ante-reception court our hero was requested by the chief officers in waiting to sit on the ground in the sun with his servants, but he had determined beforehand neither to do that nor to make any obeisance but such as is customary in England. An English gentleman, he determined on being treated as such, and the event proved him to have been wise, for this rather vigorous standing up for his dignity gave the natives an impression of

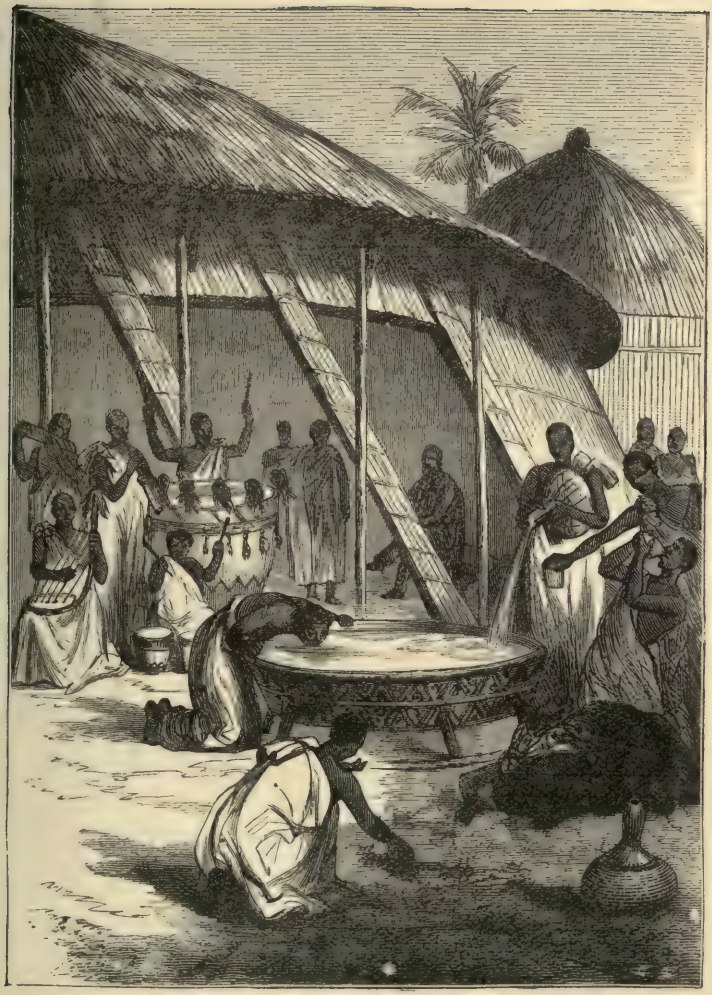
reserved power. Surely, they thought, this white man must be possessed of resources of which we know nothing, or he would never thus brave our master in his very stronghold.

On the reiterated but hesitating request of the officers that he would be seated, Speke declared that he gave them five minutes' grace, and if a proper reception were not then accorded him, he would walk away without seeing the king. There was a hut close by; why should he not enter and wait there?

The five minutes passed in anxious suspense. Speke's servants trembled for his fate and their own. The officers looked at each other in despair. Finally our hero turned on his heel, ordered Bombay to leave the present he held on the ground and follow him, and "walked straight away home."

Intelligence of the white man's behaviour at once reached the king, who seems at first to have thought of leaving his toilet-room, where he was donning all his finery, and run after his guest himself, but his second impulse was to send messengers entreating him to return; he would not himself taste food until his guest was with him. All in vain; Speke merely shook his head; and at last came a humble message that if he would only return he might bring his own chair with him, and sit upon that, though an artificial seat was exclusively the attribute of the king in Uganda.

The point was gained, and having refreshed himself with coffee and a pipe, our hero returned to the palace, bearing his iron chair with him. The officers were now all obsequious ceremony; would their visitor sit down—would he hear some music? A band of performers, wearing long-haired goat-skins down their backs, then passed before



INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF UGANDA.

him, dancing as they went along like bears in a fair, and playing on reed instruments worked over with beads in various patterns; drums were vigorously beaten by other attendants; and these preliminaries over, the white man was ushered into the presence of his majesty, who turned out to be a good-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, wearing a loose flowing garment fastened on the shoulder, and a quantity of really pretty ornaments made of beads, brass, and copper. His hair was cut short, except at the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge. Staff-officers on one side, a group of female sorcerers on the other, and numerous wives behind him, made up the court, who were one and all squatting on the ground in tailor fashion.

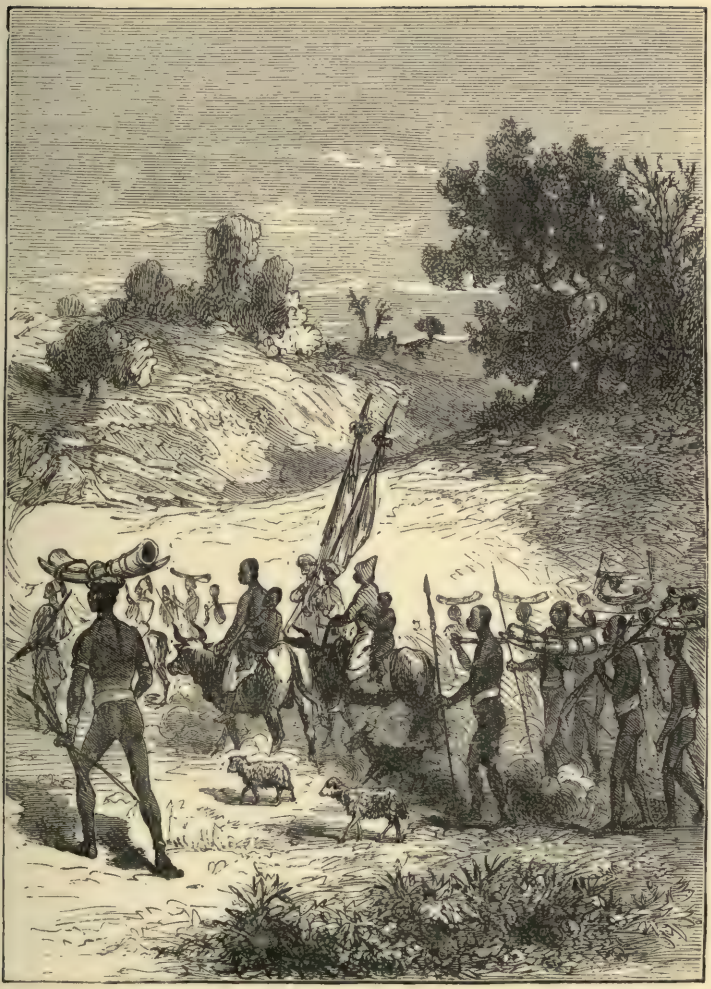
Invited to enter the magic circle, Speke stood for some moments the observed of all observers, unable to speak, for he knew not the language, and no one offered to interpret for him. At the end of about an hour, however, Mtesa retired to get some food, and on his return opened the conversation through an interpreter, by asking what messages Rumanika had sent him, and being satisfied with what he heard, he went to another hut, asking Speke to follow him, and when there inquired if he had seen him (Mtesa). On this Speke repeated all the reports he had heard of his power, &c., and presented him with a gold ring, which he deigned to accept.

A little chat about the object of the white men in coming to these parts closed the first interview, and those which succeeded it were but repetitions of the same kind of thing. A few days after his arrival, however, Speke was admitted to an interview with the queen-mother (see our illustration), in which he was entertained with music,

and allowed to remain seated. Her majesty, fat, fair, and forty-five, greatly amused her guest by running away several times to change her clothes, with a view to impressing him with her wealth and importance. All the vagaries of the court were in short very amusing; and Speke, fêted everywhere, had nothing to desire except permission to send an escort for Grant, and with him proceed on his journey. But here, as everywhere else in Africa, the king would fain have kept his white man with him for ever. As in Karagwe, further acquaintance with the natives revealed many terrible practices, the worst of which was perhaps the daily offering of a human sacrifice for the good of the state, though Speke seems to have been more impressed by the occasional sudden execution of one or another of the king's wives for some trifling offence. The belief in magic, and many absurd superstitions connected with that belief, also prevailed throughout Uganda, but neither king nor people were as bigoted as either the coast or southern tribes of Africa.

Mtesa knew of the navigation of the Nile by white men; he had heard of Gondokoro, and was anxious to open commercial relations with its merchants; and it was perhaps to this last circumstance that Speke owed first the relief and journey of Grant to Uganda, under an escort of Mtesa's men; and secondly, release from what was really his own imprisonment in the capital.

The meeting between the two long-separated heroes will be better imagined than described; suffice it to say that, after Grant had gone through all the ceremonies of present-giving, &c., to which Speke had already submitted, a preliminary excursion was made on the lake itself, with Mtesa as escort, in which Speke's previous opinion as to its size,



TRANSPORT OF IVORY TO THE COAST.

&c., was confirmed, whilst the start for the journey to the north was fixed for the first week in July. An attempt was made, it is true, to keep Grant in Uganda as a kind of hostage, but Speke, by the exercise of great tact, managed to evade this embarrassing condition. Together the two took leave of Mtesa, and together they resumed their long-interrupted march, bearing with them, or rather causing their porters to bear, large quantities of ivory to trade with by the way. As they approached the northern shores of the lake, however, an access of illness compelled Grant to go direct to Ungoro, the next kingdom to be traversed, leaving Speke to complete his great discovery alone.

On the 19th July, Grant turned to the west, and Speke to the right, the former to advance by slow stages to Ungoro, the latter to press on as rapidly as possible for the head of Lake Victoria N'yanza, from which he believed the Nile to issue. On the morning of the 21st Speke at last stood upon the brink of the mighty river, not yet in sight of its starting-point for its journey to the north, but near enough to have no further doubt that the successful completion of his task was assured. "The scene," he exclaims, "was most beautiful! Nothing could surpass it! It was the very perfection of the kind of effect aimed at in a highly-kept park, with a magnificent stream from 600 to 700 yards wide, dotted with islets and rocks—the former occupied by fishermen's huts, the latter by sterns and crocodiles basking in the sun—flowing between fine high grassy banks, with rich trees and plantains in the background, where herds of hartebeests could be seen grazing, while the hippopotami were snorting in the water, and florikan and guinea-fowl rising at our feet."

Having tried in vain to obtain boats, Speke marched up

the left bank of the Nile at a considerable distance from the water to the Isamba rapids, passing through rich jungle and plantain grass. The water near the rapids—which are extremely beautiful, but very confined—ran deep between high banks covered with fine grass, soft cloudy acacias, and festoons of lilac convolvuli, whilst here and there, where the land had slipped above the rapids, bared places of red earth could be seen like that of Devonshire.

After a long struggling march, a district was entered on the 27th July, to which Speke gives the name of "Church Estate," for it was dedicated in some mysterious way to Lubari, or the Almighty, and the authority exercised over it by its human king was little more than nominal, many of its subjects having a sacred and inviolable character, whilst the land itself was inalienable. Only with great difficulty was board and lodging obtained for Speke's escort in this mystic land, for the smallest pilfering on their part would, so our hero was assured, bring down the vengeance of unseen agencies. Wizards and witches, with other uncanny professors of magic, abounded ready to note every infringement of real and imaginary laws; but, fortunately for Speke, his men were well under his control, and on his declaring himself responsible for their good behaviour, they were allowed to halt and refresh themselves.

As was natural, one day more than sufficed for any of the party in a place where such very good behaviour was necessary, and on the 28th the caravan was again *en route*. Crossing hills and threading huge grass plains and plantations lately devastated by elephants, who had eaten all that was edible, and destroyed with their trunks all that was not, the expedition reached on the same day the goal of the long and arduous journey, the centre of the northern coast

of the Victoria N'yanza, *from which,* says Speke, *issues the parent stream of the Nile.*

Flowing over rocks of an igneous character, and forming falls twelve feet high and 150 yards in breadth, the Nile as it here begins its course presents a beautiful and fascinating picture; but Speke confesses to have been a little disappointed, as the surface of the lake was shut out from view by a spur of hill, and the falls were broken by the impediments in their way into a series of small cascades. Still he felt that he had accomplished his task; that he had proved the truth of his supposition; and his only real regret was that so much time had been lost in delays by the way. He could not now go to the north-east corner of the lake, nor could he test the accuracy of native reports as to the existence of a sheet of salt water from which another river flowed to the north. The carrying on of his work must be left to his successors, and for the next chapter in the history of the Nile sources, of which the Victoria N'yanza has after all turned out to be but one, we must refer our readers to our account of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa.*

Having named the "stones," as the natives called the cascade, the Ripon Falls, after a former president of the Royal Geographical Society, and the area of water from which the Nile issued Napoleon Channel, after the last Emperor of the French, Speke prepared to ascend the Nile to Unyoro, an important kingdom ruled over by the now well-known Kamrasi.

To us who know how soon his work was to be supplemented and his fame overshadowed by Baker, there is something pathetic in the exulting manner in which our hero dwells on the exact position of the Ripon Falls just

above the line of the equator, and every minute detail of the neighbourhood. He is reluctant to turn his back on his discovery; he would fain linger by the waterfall to sketch it under every possible phase, and all the time he is unconscious of the existence, no long journey off, of the great Albert N'yanza, and beyond that again of the new-found Alexandra Lake! To us, who know the sequel of the story, the voyage up the Nile has almost lost its interest, but to make our account complete we must ascend with Speke and his escort, "in five boats of fine planks, each tied together and caulked with rags," from a point a little above the Ripon Falls to Kamrasi's capital.

As the party, leaving Uganda behind them, advanced along the shores of Unyoro and approached the capital, lines of armed men were seen looking down upon their canoes, and presently a canoe full of sable warriors dashed out from the rushes behind them, whilst another was paddled across the stream in front. Here was an unexpected dilemma. Speke's approach had been duly announced to Kamrasi; it was impossible to understand the meaning of so evidently hostile a demonstration. Rising in his boat, hat in hand, Speke shouted that he was the Englishman on his way to visit the king of the country, but his action was only the signal for attack. The war-drum beat, the savages shouted and brandished their weapons. There was nothing for it but retreat. "Keep close together," cried Speke, as he gave the word for the turning back of his little fleet; but the escort became nervous—it was getting dark—spears were flying here, there, and everywhere. One boat hugged the shore, another tried to go up stream, a third was caught by the grappling-hooks of the enemy. It would soon be over

now. But no; the men in the captured boat plucked up courage. A volley of shot struck down three of the aggressors. A panic ensued; the natives in their turn retreated; and Speke was able to land his men unmolested.

A night of suspense followed, and the next day it turned out that Grant was close at hand, on his way from Kamrasi's, that monarch having taken alarm at the entry into his countries of two parties, each headed by a white man. The mystery was explained now; this was the meaning of the strange reception of the previous day; and, joining Grant, Speke lost no time in sending messages of conciliation to the angry monarch. Fortunately they so far mollified his majesty that no further molestation was offered to the explorers, but they were long compelled to wander about, and wait in jungles, &c., now here, now there, before they were allowed to enter the capital.

On the 14th September, 1862, however, came the long-hoped-for invitation. Kamrasi allowed his guests to enter his "palace," consisting of one large hut surrounded by several smaller ones, and having kept them waiting another three or four days, admitted them to his august presence. King Kamrasi received our heroes much as Mtesa had done before him, trying bravado first and condescension afterwards. He wanted a double-bladed knife belonging to Grant, and then a chronometer worth £50. Both of course had to be given to him; but after these concessions Speke stood firm, met threats by threats, and finally so alarmed the "harsh, suspicious, pitiless creature" as to what would happen to him if harm befell a white man, that permission to depart was obtained. A message was sent by Bombay to the well-known ivory trader Petherick, announcing the advance northwards of the expedition, and

on the 9th November, some four months after the entrance into Unyoro, the Nile journey was resumed.

Dropping down the Kafu, a small tributary of the Nile, in a canoe, our heroes almost immediately entered what they at first took to be a long lake, but soon discovered to be the parent stream. Now paddling between reeds and rushes, now crossing long stretches of jungle on foot, the homeward explorers came, on the 19th November, to the Karuma Falls (N. lat. 2° 15′, E. long. 32° 30′), beyond which the march was through the now well-known district of Madi. On the 15th February, 1863, Gondokoro was entered, and the meeting described in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa* took place between Speke and Grant and Baker.

We already know with what noble generosity the weary travellers supplied Baker with all the information in their power, telling him of the reports of other lakes near *their* N'yanza, of bends in the Nile which they had been unable themselves to follow, &c., &c. We need, therefore, only add that, after an interesting interview with Petherick, then on his way to look for them on the eastern bank of the Nile, Speke and Grant returned to England by way of Khartoum and Alexandria, arriving safely in London, after a tour extending over twenty-eight months.

As our readers will doubtless have noticed, neither Burton, Speke, nor Grant approached in any of their journeys the snow-capped mountains, the discovery of which led to the sending out of the two expeditions whose fortunes we have been following. This omission, the result of the necessity of making for the lakes with as little delay as possible, was atoned for in 1861 by the German Baron Von der Decken, who, after several unsuccessful attempts

to reach the scene of Roscher's death, turned his attention northwards, and twice tried to reach the summit of Kilimanjaro.

On the first occasion Von der Decken was accompanied by the English geologist Thornton, and together the two made the ascent, through dense forest and over rocky *débris*, to a height of 8000 feet. Here they were deserted by their guide, who did not like the uncanny appearance of the snow then approached, and though every effort was made to get on without him, the explorers were compelled to turn back. After many a narrow escape, they reached Mombaz in safety, and a little later Von der Decken returned to Kilimanjaro, this time with Dr. Kersten as his companion.

A long *detour*, on account of the raging of the cattle plague in the districts east of the mountain, was succeeded by an arduous climb from the west, but again the attempt to reach the summit had to be abandoned, for at a height of 14,000 feet a violent snowstorm overtook the party, the terrified natives took to their heels, and the Germans were reluctantly obliged to follow them, lingering, however, long enough by the way to determine the volcanic character of the mountain, and to ascertain its total height to be about 20,000 feet above the sea-level.

Convinced of the uselessness of any further efforts in the same direction, Von der Decken now returned to Europe; and having himself superintended the building of a steamboat for river navigation, made his way to the east coast of Africa, with the intention of exploring the Gallas country, of which very little is as yet known. Starting from Zanzibar, he reached the mouth of the Juba or Jubb river (S. lat. 0° 8′, E. long. 42° 33′) in safety, and ascended it as

far as the village of Bardera (N. lat. 0° 52′, E. long. 42° 28′), the natives fleeing in terror at the approach of the awful sea-monster, which they imagined the steamer to be.

Beyond Bardera the navigation of the river became dangerous, and the vessel presently struck upon a rock concealed beneath some rapids. All efforts to get her off proved unavailing. Von der Decken and his crew were compelled to land and enter Bardera, where they were received with evident suspicion by the chief. No white men had ever before been seen in the land, and there was no knowing what their intentions might be; but they could mean no good, stealing into the country up the river as they had done. It would be best to be on the safe side, and put them out of the way. So reasoned the ignorant blacks, and the natives forming Von der Decken's escort, seeing how things were likely to turn out, deserted their master, first stealing his weapons. It is believed that the whole party of Europeans were murdered and their bodies thrown into the river, but no details of their tragic fate have ever come to hand.

Kilimanjaro was ascended by the English missionary New as far as the snow-line in 1871, and his account of what he saw fully confirmed the descriptions given by Von der Decken, Thornton, and Kersten. New astonished his native companions, who could not be induced to go with him on the last stage of his journey, by bringing back a large piece of snow as hard as a stone in his hand. On his return journey to the coast, New discovered the crater-lake of Jala on the south-east of the great mountain, and two years later he returned to the same neighbourhood; but he was received with hostility by the natives, and died of exhaustion in his attempt to leave the country. Ten

years later, Mr. Joseph Thomson (see Chap. XII.) visited Kilimanjaro, and a little later Mr. H. H. Johnston ascended it to a considerable distance. It was reserved, however, to Dr. Meyer, in October, 1889, to climb to the summit of Kibo, and nearly to the top of Ki-Mawensi.

CHAPTER VII.

LIVINGSTONE'S SECOND JOURNEY, AND THE WORK OF KARL MAUCH.

Arrival at the Mouth of the Zambesi—The Ma-Robert—War between the Half-castes and the Portuguese—At Sena with Senhor Ferrâo—Livingstone's old Makololo Servants—Their Sufferings in his Absence—Excursion to Kebrabasa—First Visit to Manganja Land—Chief Chibisa—On Foot to Lake Shirwa—Bad Behaviour of the Ma-Robert—Up the Shire again, and Discovery of Lake Nyassa—Back to Tete, and down to the Kongone with the Ma-Robert—Journey to Makololo Land—Rescue of Baldwin at the Victoria Falls—News of Sekeletu's Leprosy, and the Misery of his People—Arrival at Sesheke—Interview with Sekeletu—His Lady-Doctor superseded by Kirk and Livingstone—A Month at Sesheke—News of the Sufferings of Missionaries—Over the Rapids, and Narrow Escapes—On Foot to Tete—The Last of the Ma-Robert—Arrival of Pioneer and of Bishop Mackenzie—Trip up the Rovuma—Return to the Shire, and up that River with the Mission Party—Horrors of Slave-trade, and Rescue of Slaves—A Struggle with Ajawa—Farewell to Bishop Mackenzie—Fugitives in the Papyrus on a Lake—Arrival of Mrs. Livingstone and other Ladies—Sad Death of Bishop Mackenzie—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—The Lady Nyassa—Her Launch—Her Trip up the Shire—Sudden Recall of Expedition—Return to Mouth of the Zambesi—Home *via* Mozambique, Zanzibar, and Bombay—Mauch and his Discovery of Gold Fields and Mines near Sofala—Mohr and Baines.

THE cordial reception he had almost everywhere met with on his great journey from sea to sea, and the apparent eagerness of the natives of the inland districts to trade with the settlers on the coast, led Livingstone to hope

that in the new venture now to be undertaken he would be able, without any great difficulty, to open permanent commercial relations between African chiefs and Europe. With this end in view, he proposed thoroughly surveying the Zambesi, with its mouths and tributaries, for, from what he had already seen of that great river, he believed it to be the best and most natural "highway for commerce and Christianity to pass into the vast interior of Africa."

The new expedition consisted of Dr. Livingstone as leader; his brother, Mr. Charles Livingstone; Dr. Kirk, a well-known botanist; Mr. Thornton, the young geologist who was Von der Decken's companion in his first ascent of Kilimanjaro, and numerous others of lesser note. Provided with a boat for river navigation—which was sent from England in pieces, and put together at the mouth of the Zambesi—and all other requisites of success, the party arrived off the east coast, in her Majesty's colonial steamer Pearl, in May, 1858, and having carefully examined the four mouths of the Zambesi, known as the Milambe, the Luabo, the Timbwe, and the Kongone, decided on the last-named as the best for their purpose.

The Pearl proceeded rapidly up the Kongone, towing the Ma-Robert, as the steam launch was called, that being the native name for Mrs. Livingstone, signifying mother of Robert, her eldest son; and after a pleasant voyage between banks lined with huge ferns, palm bushes, wild date, screw and other palms, &c., cast anchor near the island of Simbo, where the Doto stream branches off on the right and the Chinde on the left.

Here the members of the expedition landed, and the Pearl returned to the coast. Leaving a few of their assistants on the island to guard the heavy luggage, the

country being then in a state of war, the two Livingstones, Kirk, and Thornton ascended the river as far as Mazaro, at the mouth of a narrow creek communicating with the Quilimane river, where they had their first foretaste of the horrors of the conflict going on between the Portuguese and a certain Mariano or Matakenya, a half-caste slave-hunter, who had long been in the habit of "sending out armed parties on slave-hunting forays among the helpless tribes on the north-east, and carrying down his kidnapped victims in chains to Quilimane," where they were sold by a brother-in-law there resident, and shipped for Bourbon.

Whilst Matakenya—whose name means "trembling," and expresses the native horror of his doings—restricted himself to the oppression of poor natives at a distance, no particular notice was taken of him; but when, emboldened by impunity, his men began to molest the tribes subject to the Portuguese, the latter interfered, and sent an armed force against him.

A gentleman of high standing at Mazaro told Livingstone that Matakenya was in the habit of spearing his victims with his own hands, that it was no uncommon event for a meal to be broken in upon by a slave rushing into the dining-room with one of the oppressor's men behind him, spear in hand, to murder him, and that Matakenya had once killed forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. Our hero was at first unable to credit these statements, but, as we shall see, the awful scenes subsequently witnessed by himself convinced him that no ferocity, no bloodthirstiness, can be exceeded by that of a slave-hunter by profession, and that human chattels are treated by their owners with a reckless cruelty to which no other animals of value are ever subjected.

On the 15th June, Livingstone and his comrades were within hearing of a fight between the Portuguese and the "rebels," and on landing opposite to Shapunga to greet some old friends, the doctor found himself in the midst of mutilated bodies, and surrounded by all the horrible sights and sounds connected with recent carnage. The few survivors of the people he had known under circumstances so different gathered about him, glad to welcome him again, and he was requested to take the Portuguese governor, who was very ill of fever, across to Shapunga.

No sooner had he given his consent than the battle recommenced, and with balls whistling about his ears he "dragged his Excellency," a very tall and heavy man, down to the ship. Once on board, and under skilful treatment, the poor man quickly recovered his health, and was able to return to Quilimane, but it is said that he never forgave the colonel in attendance for the strong remedies which were administered to him. He was a pupil of Raspail, and felt it a crime to get well by any other method than his. We quote this anecdote as one out of many examples of the absurd prejudices against medicine prevalent alike amongst Portuguese settlers, half-castes, and natives in this part of Africa, prejudices which again and again prevented Livingstone from saving life.

Leaving Shapunga on the 17th August, 1858, our party started up stream for Tete, finding the navigation very difficult, owing partly to the number of islands to be avoided, and partly to the vagaries of their black pilot John Scissors, who sometimes took the wrong channel, running the Ma-Robert aground. "Nothing abashed," says Livingstone, "by these little accidents, he would exclaim in an aggrieved tone, 'This is not the path; it is

back yonder.' 'Then why didn't you go yonder at first?' growled the Kroomen, who had been engaged as sailors, and had the work of getting the vessel off; at which demonstration of displeasure poor Scissors would begin to tremble, and cry, 'These men scold me so, I am ready to run away.'"

From the first the Ma-Robert behaved so badly, owing to various faults in her construction, that Livingstone ironically re-christened her the "Asthmatic." The heavily-laden country canoes could almost keep up with her, the little ones shot by her, and with regret our hero was compelled to acknowledge that steam was to him "no labour-saving power, and boats, or even canoes, would have done for the expedition all that *it* did, with half the toil and expense."

Landing to wood at Shamoara, just below the confluence of the Shire (about S. lat. 17° 31′, E. long. 35° 3′), an important tributary of the Zambesi, with which we shall presently become well acquainted, the Englishmen were visited by Bonga, brother of Matakenya, and some of his principal followers, who were all perfectly friendly, though aware of the service done by the explorers to their enemies in the person of the governor of Mazaro. Bonga, when told of the object of the expedition, declared that no hindrance should be suffered from his people in so good a work, and proved that these were no idle words by sending down a present of rice, two sheep, and a quantity of firewood. The Portuguese, on the other hand, showed themselves suspicious of the intruders, and cross-questioned their pilot as to whether they had sold any powder to the enemy; but in spite of all difficulties our hero managed to remain on good terms with both parties.

Unable to take the Ma-Robert up the shoal-channel on which Sena, the next halting-place, stands, anchor was cast at a small native hamlet called Nyaruka, and the Englishmen walked across country in Indian file along a narrow winding footpath, through gardens and patches of wood, meeting many natives on the road, the men armed with spears, bows and arrows, or old Tower muskets; the women carrying short-handled hoes, with which they were going to work in the gardens.

Arrived at Sena, a tumble-down Portuguese settlement, "surrounded by a stockade of living trees to protect its inhabitants from their troublesome and rebellious neighbours," the party were most hospitably received by the now celebrated Senhor Ferrâo, who has won the love of the natives by his noble generosity, feeding them in famine, ministering to them in sickness, and exercising no further right over his slaves than that of a kind of patriarchal chief, on whom they lean as on a father.

Cheered by their halt in what we may call this oasis of Christian love in the very heart of the slave district, our heroes pressed on up stream with fresh energy, and cast anchor off Tete on the 8th September, 1858. Dr. Livingstone at once went on shore in a boat, for it was here he had left many of his old Makololo servants on his former journey. No sooner did the poor fellows recognise him than they rushed to the water's edge, manifesting the greatest joy at seeing him again. "Some," to quote from his own narrative, "were hastening to embrace him, but others cried out, 'Don't touch him; you will spoil his new clothes.'"

The headmen went on board, and silently listened to the narrative of Sekwebu's death, who, it will be remembered,

committed suicide off Mauritius. "Men die in any country," they remarked when every detail had been told; they themselves had lost thirty of their comrades from small-pox; the people of Tete had envied them because in the first year none of their party had died, and in their jealous hate they had bewitched them. That was how the thirty had come by their deaths. Six others were gone into the great silence too. They had become tired of cutting firewood at Tete, tired of waiting for their master, 'their dear Livingstone,' to come back, so they had set out to dance before some of the neighbouring chiefs, and one of those chiefs had murdered them. Our hearts are sore for them," added their survivors; "we would be glad if vengeance could be taken for them." That of course was impossible, but Livingstone comforted them as best he could, and promised to see them safely back in their own country.

This he subsequently did at the cost of much valuable time and money, but his first care on his arrival at Tete was to make an excursion to the Kebrabasa rapids, formed by the passing of the Zambesi through a lofty range of mountains of that name. "A narrow, rough, and rocky dell of about a quarter of a mile in breadth, over which large masses of rock are huddled together in indescribable confusion," is the only channel for the whole volume of the water, and the result is a scene second only in beauty to the Victoria Falls.

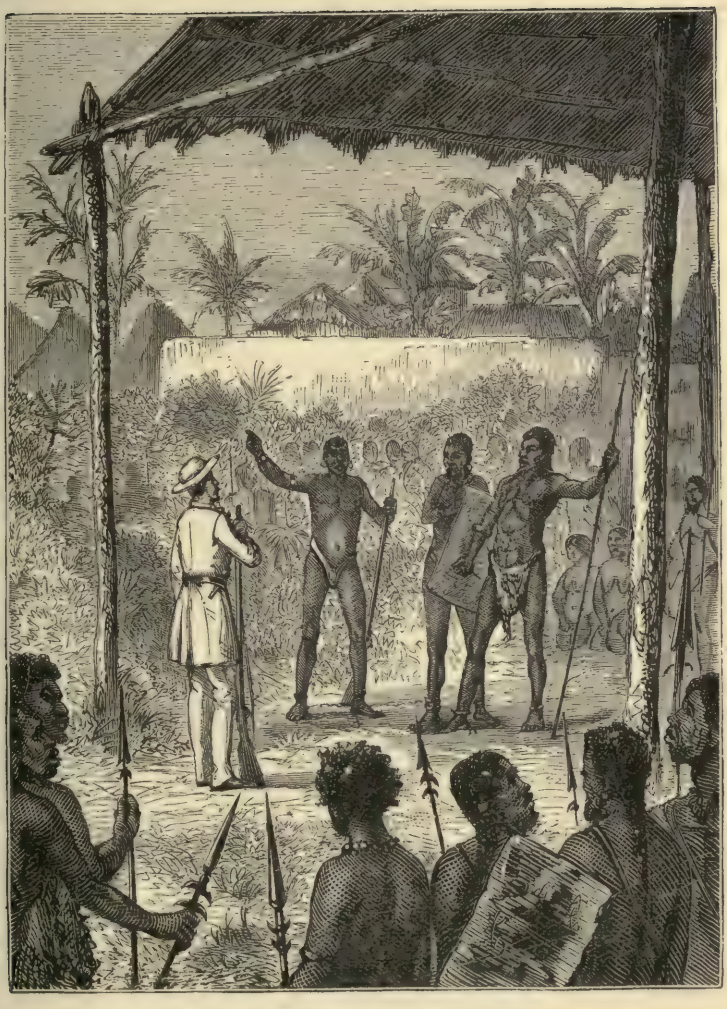
On his later visit to Kebrabasa, with Dr. Kirk as his companion, Livingstone discovered a beautiful cataract, known as Morumbwe, at the cost of a climb up an almost perpendicular mountain under a burning sun, the faithful Makololo who had constituted themselves his escort mur-

muring that they had always thought their master had a heart, but now they believed he had none. Finding him immovable in his determination to proceed, they turned to Dr. Kirk and begged him to make his companion go back, for it was evident he was gone mad, else why did he attempt to go where no living foot could tread ?

To this appeal Dr. Kirk, who understood not a word, made no reply, and Livingstone naïvely informs us that he, who *did* understand, took care not to enlighten him. The discovery made, he adds, was more than sufficient reward for the labour undergone, and having slept for the night at a well in a rock on the north-west side of the mountain called Chipereziwa, rising perpendicularly above the Zambesi, the hardy explorers returned to Tete, and after some few interesting but unimportant excursions in its neighbourhood, the whole party started on a first trip up the Shire.

It was now early in January, 1859, and considerable quantities of duckweed floated down the river for the first twenty-five miles, though not enough seriously to impede navigation. Entering the Manganja country, peopled, according to the Portuguese of Tete, by bloodthirsty savages, a sharp look-out was kept on either side of the little vessel, and as the first villages were approached the natives collected in large numbers, armed with bows and poisoned arrows. No actual hostilities were offered, however, until the village of a chief named Tingane was reached, when a party of five hundred savages collected on the river banks, and ordered the Ma-Robert to stop.

Dr. Livingstone landed at once, and in an interview with Tingane, of which we give an illustration, explained that he and his companions were English, that they had



INTERVIEW WITH A MANGANJA CHIEF.

come neither to take slaves nor to fight, but only to open a path by which their countrymen might follow to purchase cotton, or whatever else they might have to sell, except slaves.

To our hero's surprise, Tingane responded to this speech in a friendly manner. The chief, long notorious as being a barrier to all intercourse between the Portuguese and natives further inland, allowing none to pass him either way, gave the expedition permission to proceed, and appeared fully to recognise the advantages which its success would bring to his country. Probably the presence of the steamer, a machine with unknown powers of good and evil, contributed to this result, but however that may be, Livingstone lost no time in profiting by Tingane's friendliness, and pushing up stream, the river becoming narrower as he advanced, he came, one hundred miles further, in S. lat. 15° 55′, to a magnificent cataract, which he named the Murchison Falls, after his friend Sir Roderick.

Here the progress of the steamer was stopped, and it was decided to return to Tete, first paving the way for a new expedition by sending presents and messages to two Manganja chiefs. The progress down stream was rapid. The hippopotami, with which the Shire abounded, says Livingstone, "never made a mistake, but got out of our way. The crocodiles, not so wise, sometimes rushed with great velocity at us, thinking we were some huge animal swimming. They kept about a foot from the surface, but made three well-defined ripples from the feet and body; . . . raising the head out of the water when only a few yards from the expected feast, down they went to the bottom without touching the boat."

In the middle of March of the same year (1859) a second

trip was made up the Shire, this time resulting in the discovery of Lake Shirwa (S. lat. 15°, E. long. 35° 40′). Friendly relations were opened, to begin with, with Chibisa, chief of a village ten miles below the cataracts, and, leaving their vessel under his care, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, attended by a number of Makololo, started on foot in the direction of the lake.

The people of the districts traversed were anything but friendly, and some of the guides tried to mislead them. Masakasa, a Makololo headman, overheard certain remarks betraying their plots, and fixing upon one man, who it afterwards turned out was innocent of everything but ignorance, said to Dr. Livingstone, "That fellow is bad; he is taking us into mischief. My spear is sharp; . . . shall I cast him into the long grass?"

Of course our hero declined to sanction assassination, but presently agreed with Kirk to dispense with guides altogether, and push on alone. In carrying out this determination they received assistance from a very unexpected quarter, none other than the madmen of the different villages entered. The poor fellows, evidently imagining the explorers to belong to their own unhappy condition, sympathised with them, and guided them faithfully from place to place as no sane men would have done.

On the 18th April the lake was reached, and turned out to be a large mass of bitter water, abounding in hippopotami, crocodiles, leeches, and fish. Lake Shirwa is of oval shape, tapering to the north, and is estimated to be about sixty miles long, and to vary in breadth from ten to twenty-three miles. It is 1800 feet above the sea-level, is surrounded by rising ground, and has several small rivers flowing into it on the south and west. Near the eastern

shore rises a lofty mountain range called Milanje, and on the west stands Mount Zomba, 7000 feet high.

Satisfied with having verified native statements as to the existence of Lake Shirwa, or Tamandua, as it is sometimes called, the explorers now returned to Tete, and took the steamer down to Mazaro for the repairs she sadly needed. About the middle of August, however, we find them again on their way up the Shire, this time intending to make a long journey on foot to the north of Lake Shirwa, with a view to the fixing the position of Lake Nyassa.

On this trip the continual leaking of the Ma-Robert gave our heroes much trouble and anxiety, and a little beyond the village of Mboma (S. lat. 16° 56′ 30″) the danger became really serious. The cabin floor was always wet; the water had to be mopped up again and again every day, sanctioning the native idea that Englishmen are amphibious, and live in or out of the water just as the humour takes them. Fortunately no accident of importance happened to the crazy craft. Tingane's village was passed in safety, and in the so-called Elephant Marsh beyond it a fine young elephant was caught alive as he was scudding up the river bank after his retreating mother.

When seized, the poor beast gave a terrible scream, and to avoid an attack from his enraged parent, his captors steamed off, dragging him through the water by his trunk. Presently, to Livingstone's great regret, Monga, a Makololo elephant-hunter, suddenly rushed forward and drew his knife across the extended proboscis, "in a sort of frenzy peculiar to the chase." The wound was at once skilfully sewn up, and the young animal soon became quite tame,

but unfortunately his breathing prevented the cut from healing, and he died a few days afterwards from loss of blood. Had he survived to be brought home, he would have been the first African elephant seen in England.

On the 25th August anchor was cast opposite Chibisa's village, and in the absence of the chief, who had gone with the greater part of his people to live near the Zambesi, the headman showed the party every civility, promising guides, provisions, &c. On the 28th it was decided to leave the vessel for the discovery of Lake Nyassa, and, escorted by thirty-six Makololo and two Manganja guides, our heroes started in a north-easterly direction.

The Manganja valley, rich in cotton and palm trees, and haunted by thousands of birds, including red and yellow weavers, black and white spur geese, kites, vultures, &c., &c., was first traversed, and beyond it the ascent of the hills was begun, the vegetation gradually becoming less dense, bamboos and euphorbia being the principal trees.

The upper terrace of the Manganja highlands, some 3000 feet above the sea-level, was reached after an arduous climb, and a week's journey across a rocky plateau in a northerly direction was succeeded by the descent into the Upper Shire valley, a wonderfully fertile district, supporting a large population, and lying 1200 feet above the sea-level. Part of this favoured valley was under the rule of a female chief named Nyango, and in her dominions, says Livingstone, women ranked higher and received more respectful treatment than their sisters on the hills.

As an instance of this difference, he tells us how, when one of the hill chiefs, Mongazi by name, called his wife to take charge of a present brought for him by the white man, "she dropped on her knees, clapping her hands in

reverence both before and after receiving the present from his lordly hands;" whereas in Nyango's country the husbands consulted their wives before concluding a bargain, and seemed to respect their opinions. On entering a Manganja village, the explorers always proceeded, as is the custom for strangers, to the Baolo or spreading-place, generally an open space of some twenty or thirty yards in extent, beneath a banyan tree. Mats of split reeds or bamboo were spread for their accommodation, and, sitting down, the white men left the guides to explain to the villagers whence they came, whither they were going, &c.

This information was then carried to the chief, who, "if a sensible man, came at once to receive his guests; and if he happened to be timid and suspicious, waited till he had used divination, and his warriors had time to come in from the outlying hamlets." On the arrival of the chief, the people begin to clap their hands, and continue to do so till he sits down opposite his visitors. The guides then squat themselves between the two parties, facing the chief, who stares fixedly at them, and they at him. A single word is at last uttered by the chief, such as Ambuiatu (our Father) or Moio (life), and all again clap their hands. A second word is followed by two claps, a third by three, after which "all rise, lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, till the last dies away or is brought to an end by a smart loud clap from the chief."

The guides then repeat the information already given to the people to the chief, conversation is opened with the white men by means of interpreters, presents are ceremoniously exchanged, and at last food, such as meal, maize, fowls, &c., is brought for sale.

Beyond the cataracts already mentioned, the banks of the Shire, now dwindled into a rivulet, were followed, and on arriving at the village of a chief named Muana-Moesi, really only a day's march from the Lake Nyassa, the explorers were told that no sheet of water existed anywhere near, but that the river Shire stretched on for "two months" more, and then came out between perpendicular rocks which towered almost up to the skies.

The Makololo looked very blank at this news, and cried, "Let us go back to the ship; it is no use trying to find the lake." "No, no," answered Dr. Livingstone; "we shall go and see these wonderful rocks at any rate." "And when you see them, you will just want to see something else," was the rejoinder; an answer showing how well his men had learnt to know the great explorer's indomitable energies. Further inquiries in this instance resulted in an admission that there was a lake not many miles off, and it was determined to start for it early next day.

Preparations for the night were already begun, and the four Englishmen were congratulating themselves on the near approach to success, when a "wild sad cry arose from the river, followed by the shrieking of women." The chief's principal wife had been carried off by a crocodile when bathing. The Makololo rushed to the bank to try and rescue her, but it was too late; she was gone. This terrible accident was associated with the visit of the white men; they were looked upon with awe; all the males fled at their approach, and the women gazed at them in awe-struck silence, their dusky cheeks blanched with fear.

The start for the lake the next morning was made under gloomy auspices, and it was with something of foreboding that the party left Muana's village behind them, uncheered

by any good wishes from their host, and with nothing to guide them in their search but their own instinct.

All went well, however, and a little before noon on the 10th September, 1859, our heroes stood at last upon the shores of the southern extremity of Lake Nyassa, two months before Dr. Roscher reached its northern end, when, as we have seen, he heard that rumour of white men in the south which enticed him to his death.

The term Nyassa, like that of N'yanza, in use further north, turned out to be synonymous with lake, but it has been retained on our maps instead of its more distinctive name of Nyinyesi, or stars, probably given to it by the natives in consequence of its ray-like southern arms. Dr. Livingstone describes it as having something of the boot-shape of Italy, and estimates its length at 210 and its breadth at 26 miles. The land round it is mostly low and marshy, but at about eight or ten miles distance on the east rise several ranges of wooded granite hills. Its waters abound in fish, villages dot its shores, and their inhabitants are a hardy, industrious set of people.

The Shire issues from Lake Nyassa in S. lat. 14° 28′, and joins the Zambesi after a course of 370 miles, of which thirty-five are too much obstructed by cataracts for even canoe-navigation to be practicable. This picturesque river flows through the Shire Highlands, long the scene of good work by members of the Church of Scotland and English Universities Missions. Of late years its basin has been included in the sphere of action of the African Lakes Company, and was annexed by England in 1889.

The chief of the village near the source of the Shire, an old man named Mosanka, hearing that the four white men were sitting under a tree, came and invited them into

his domain, and, taking them to a splendid banyan tree, urged them to make themselves at home beneath it. He then sent them a goat and a basket of meal, "to comfort their hearts," and when they had refreshed themselves, he informed them that a large party of slave-hunters, led by Arabs, was encamped close by. They had been up to Cazembe's country on the north the previous year, and were now returning south with a good supply of slaves, ivory, and malachite.

A little later some of the leaders came over to call on the visitors, who found them a "villainous-looking lot," Livingstone adding in his journal, "but probably they thought the same of us, for they offered us several young children for sale." When told that the white men were English, they seemed both annoyed and frightened, and made off as quickly as they could. We are glad to be able to add that some of these very men were subsequently caught by Her Majesty's ship Lynx, when escaping with their prey on a dhow.

Mosanka's village is set down in one of the great slave paths from the interior, and Livingstone would gladly have released some of the many unhappy victims he saw being led along in the so-called slave-sticks, long poles with two arms at one end, between which the head of the captive is fixed. Indeed our hero's Makololo, who never hold slaves, several times reproached him for his inhumanity. "Ah, you call us bad," they said; "but are we yellow-hearted, like these fellows? Why won't you let us choke them?"

"To liberate and leave them," adds Livingstone, "would, however, have done little good, and to take them on and feed them, in addition to his own men, was impossible.

Later, as we shall see, he could no longer resist interference, but now he was compelled to shut his eyes and ears to much that was painful. The Manganja chiefs, it seemed, sold their own people, though they were rather ashamed of the fact being known, volunteering the statement, "We do not sell many, only those who have committed crimes." In many villages trade was impossible to the explorers, for there was *nothing but human flesh with which the natives could pay for foreign goods.*

After a somewhat disheartening land journey, occupying forty-five days, the explorers returned to the ship, and whilst the two Livingstones steamed down the Shire, Dr. Kirk and Mr. Rae, the engineer, returned to Tete overland, accomplishing the journey without difficulty. A little later the Ma-Robert was taken down to the Kongone for further repairs, &c., and in May we find Dr. Livingstone preparing for a journey to the Makololo country, to take his faithful servants home.

The start was made on the 15th, and, following the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa rapids already mentioned, the party emerged from the hills of the same name in the Chicova plains on the 7th of June. Here the Zambesi suddenly expands and becomes as wide as at Tete, so that navigation is impeded but for a short distance.

The plains of Chicova were haunted at night by so many lions that great precautions were necessary to ensure the safety of the camp. The white men were always placed in the centre, and the natives arranged themselves in picturesque style all round, forming a kind of body-guard, whilst a huge circle of fire enclosed the whole body of travellers.

The chief of the plain, Chitora by name, who had never

before seen white men, rejoiced that he had been spared to do so, and sent them presents of food and drink, because he said "he did not wish them to sleep hungry; he had heard of the doctor when he passed down, and had a great desire to see and converse with him, but he was a child then, and could not speak in the presence of great men."

The people of the villages, however, were less eager in their attentions, and Livingstone remarks that there must be something frightfully repulsive in the appearance of Europeans to the unsophisticated blacks, for many of those who had never before seen any but their own countrymen would take to their heels at the approach of himself or his companions in an agony of terror. This terror is even sometimes communicated to the brute creation, "dogs turning tail and scouring off in dismay, and hens abandoning their chickens, flying screaming to the tops of the houses." A little familiarity with the English was, however, always enough to convert this dread into affectionate regard.

Crossing the rivulet Nyamatarara, our heroes left the Chicova plains behind them, and on the 20th June encamped on the spot where Dr. Livingstone was menaced by the chief M'pende on his journey from the west to the east coast of Africa. On the present occasion the reception was everything that could be wished. First came three of the chief's counsellors, and then the chief himself, the latter bringing a goat, a basket of maize, and one of vetches, "as presents for his friends;" whilst the headman, Chilonda of Nyamnesa, living a little further on, sent a message to the effect that "he regretted not having lent the white man canoes on his former visit. He had

been absent, and his children were to blame for not telling him when the doctor passed; *he* did not refuse the canoes."

Beyond M'pende's village Livingstone's journey led him chiefly over old ground, and all went well until the Mburama or Mohango Pass was reached, where Dr. Kirk was taken seriously ill, and a delay of two days ensued. The botanist had long been suffering from intermittent fever, and in halting by the water he suddenly became blind, and unable to stand from faintness. "The men with great alacrity prepared a grassy bed," and on it the patient was laid, his three white comrades "watching him with the sad forebodings only those who have tended the sick in a wild country can realise;" but on the third day he surprised them by sitting up and declaring himself ready to proceed. He was assisted on to a donkey, and on the sixth day he could march as well as any of the party.

Pressing on along the Zambesi, and with "zigzags" of fire, the result of grass-burning on the hills, running parallel with their course, the explorers had a narrow escape on the 6th June, when traversing a dense thorn jungle. In cutting their path step by step they became separated from each other, and "a rhinoceros with angry snort dashed at Dr. Livingstone as he stooped to pick up a specimen of the wild fruit morala;" but, strange to say, she "stopped stock-still when less than her own length distant, and gave him time to escape." As he was running off, however, a branch of a tree caught his watch chain and dragged out his watch. Turning half round to secure it, he saw the rhinoceros, with a young one beside her, standing stock-still, "as if arrested in the middle of her charge by an unseen hand." When about fifty yards off, Livingstone shouted to his comrades, whom he knew to be

within hearing, though out of sight, "Look out there!" and his enemy, snorting loudly, rushed off in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, Charles Livingstone had surprised a troop of wild dogs wrangling over the remains of a buffalo they had dragged down and nearly devoured, and only escaped sharing its fate by beating a retreat, whilst Dr. Kirk brought down a fine eland later in the day. The jungle safely traversed, and the open country entered, the villages of old friends were reached one after another, and on the 9th August, 1860, we find Dr. Livingstone again at the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, now sharing with his fellow-countrymen his delight in the glorious scene they present.

At the village of chief Mashotlane, near the Falls, the travellers found an Englishman named Baldwin held a kind of prisoner at large, and, rescuing him from his captivity enabled him to regain his waggon two days' distance off. Baldwin, having heard of Livingstone's discovery of the marvellous cataract, had managed to reach it from Natal, guided by his pocket compass alone. "He had called on Mashotlane to ferry him over to the north side of the river, and when nearly over he took a bath by jumping in and swimming ashore," thus greatly incensing the native chief, who said, "If he had been devoured by one of the crocodiles which abound here, the English would have blamed us for his death. He nearly inflicted a great injury upon us; therefore he must pay a fine." As poor Baldwin had nothing with him to meet this demand, he would probably long have languished in exile but for the timely arrival of our heroes.

Marching up the river, the Lekone was crossed at its junction with the Zambesi, and on the 13th a party was

met, sent by our old acquaintance Sekeletu to greet the doctor, and ask him, not, as he expected, again to make Sesheke his home, but to say what the price of a horse ought to be. Livingstone declined to give an opinion, and the envoys expressed themselves greatly disappointed, for if he would have spoken the matter would have been settled, as the Griquas, with whom a sale was being negotiated, would have accepted his opinion as final.

The envoys dismissed, the camp was pitched opposite the mouth of the Chobe, and a Makololo headman named Mokompa sent a liberal present, and two canoes to take the white men up to Sesheke, but accompanied by a message that he feared his tribe was breaking up. Sekeletu had the leprosy; he did not know what was to become of his people.

The coldness of the unhappy Makololo chief was now explained; the princely warrior, whom Livingstone had left in the enjoyment of all the vigour of youth, was struck down by a foul disease, and had shut himself up to die alone. His dreams of a new era for his people were over. Instead of encouraging missionaries to settle in his country, instead of inviting traders from the east and from the west to bring their goods to his capital, he must end his days in a self-imposed prison. He would not risk the spread of his complaint amongst his children, and there is something infinitely touching in his sending yet another message to the doctor to say that he only should come to him, and to ask him again about the price of the horse. It was evident that he could not bear to allude directly to the terrible trouble which had overtaken him.

On the 18th, Livingstone and his party entered Sesheke, or rather passed the ruins of the former to go to its substi-

tute, built on the same side of the river a quarter of a mile higher up, the former Sesheke having been levelled to the ground after the execution of the headman Moriantsiane for bewitching the chief with leprosy. Sekeletu was on the right bank, near a number of temporary huts, and a man hailed our heroes on the chief's behalf, and requested them to rest under the old kotla, or public meeting-place tree.

A young Makololo then crossed over the river to receive the chief's orders, and soon returned with a message to the headman of the new town, to the effect that an ox was to be slain for the white men. This was duly done, and never, they tell us, did they taste better meat, for on their arrival at Sesheke they had been entirely out of food.

The next day, the 19th July, visitors poured in to see Dr. Livingstone, and many of them who had been in trouble since his previous visit were much affected in the first interview. One and all were in low spirits. "A severe drought had cut off all the crops, and destroyed the pastures of Linyanti, and the people, as they expressed it, were in search of wild fruits and the hospitality of those whose ground nuts had not failed."

Many and terrible too were the evils Sekeletu's leprosy had brought in its train. Believing himself bewitched, he had put several of his chief men and their families to death; others suspected of having a hand in the matter had fled to distant tribes, and were living in exile. No one was allowed to approach the afflicted chief but his uncle Mamire, his mother, and an old doctress from the Manyebi tribe, who—the Makololo doctors having given him up—was trying what she could do for him. On this old crone the last hopes of chief and nation hung.

Worse still, if anything could be worse, the grand empire founded by Sebituane (see our first chapter on Livingstone) was crumbling to pieces, the young Barotse in the charming valley where the chief and his white guest had been so eagerly received in 1855 were in revolt, the Batoka and the Nmemba had thrown off their allegiance to Sekeletu, and Mashotlane at the Falls was setting his superior at defiance.

Fearful rumours, too, were afloat as to the nature of the sufferings of the invisible Sekeletu. His fingers, it was said, were grown like eagle's claws; his face was so frightfully distorted that no one could recognise him. Perhaps, after all, he was no true son of Sebituane, and so on, and so on. In a word, the power of the once renowned chieftain was broken for ever, and with it the prestige of his people. At his death, a few years after the time of which we are now writing, a civil war broke out about the succession to the chieftainship, and the kingdom was broken up. The Makololo exist no longer as a nation.

Touched to the heart by all he heard and saw, Livingstone sent messages begging the chief to admit him to an interview, and the day after their arrival the two doctors and Charles Livingstone were allowed to see the unhappy prince. He was sitting in a covered waggon enclosed in a high wall of close-set reeds, his face turned out to be but slightly disfigured by the thickening of the skin here and there, and the only peculiarity about his hands was the extreme length of his finger nails, nothing remarkable in Makololo country, as all its natives allow them to grow very long.

Sekeletu begged for medicine and medical attendance, but Livingstone was unwilling to take the case out of the

hands of the lady doctor already mentioned, for, apart from his belief in the incurability of the disease, it would have been bad policy to undervalue any of the native profession. When appealed to, the female practitioner declared she had not yet given up her patient; she would try for another month, and if he was not cured by that time, then she would hand him over to the white doctors.

Now a month was the utmost limit of the time our heroes intended remaining at Sesheke, and, yielding to Sekeletu's earnest wishes, backed by those of his uncle and others, the old lady finally consented to suspend her treatment for a time, remaining, however, in the chief's establishment on full pay. Drs. Livingstone and Kirk were then persuaded to try what they could do, and having plainly told Sekeletu that they had little hope of a good result, they set to work.

Having none of the medicines with them which are usually employed in skin diseases, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk tried the outward application of lunar caustic or fused nitrate of silver, and dosed their patient with hydriodate of potash, not without much trepidation as to the consequences. Fortunately for them, their treatment was wonderfully efficacious; Sekeletu began to improve at once; his skin became thinner, and the deformity of his face disappeared entirely.

The old doctress, jealous of the success of her rivals, and anxious to share the credit of this improvement, now secretly applied her own remedies, which consisted in scraping the unlucky chief's skin and rubbing it with an astringent powder. On a hint from Mamire, however, that the medicines of the white and black doctors might not work well together, she desisted.

In treating their patient, Drs. Livingstone and Kirk seem to have caught something of his disease, the skin of their hands becoming thickened and discoloured in a similar manner, but they were fortunately soon cured by the use of the caustic mentioned above.

Though there was a famine in the land during their stay at Sesheke, Sekeletu treated his guests right royally, preparing tea for them on every visit paid to him, and ordering his headman Mokele and his aunt Manchunyane to provide them with food in the absence of his wives at Linyanti. Sekeletu was delighted with the presents given to him, and asked if a ship could not bring him the things which he heard had been left at Tete. On being told that a steamer might possibly ascend part of the Zambesi, but could never pass the Victoria Falls, he suggested that a cannon should be brought to blow away the impediment, so that the vessel might come all the way to Sesheke.

Whilst in Makololo Land, our heroes heard of the melancholy fate of a large party of missionaries who had endeavoured to settle at Linyanti. The Mr. Baldwin alluded to above had found them at a well in the desert suffering terribly from hunger. They were without horses, and game is scarcely to be obtained by travellers on foot. Baldwin shot a couple of animals for them, and, unable to render them further assistance, left them, to pursue his own adventurous journey to the Falls. Some time after this they reached Linyanti, but in a state of absolute prostration.

Mr. Helmore, the leader, begged Sekeletu to take him and his party somewhere else, for they should certainly die in Linyanti; and the chief, ever courteous to his guests,

proposed that they should go with him to Sesheke, but while they were getting ready for the journey the waggon-drivers were seized with fever. Mrs. Helmore was next struck down and died. Her husband, however, declared his intention of remaining at his post, and during a month of missionary work at Sesheke he converted many natives to Christianity. Livingstone heard some young Makololo singing hymns Mr. Helmore had taught them, and thinks he would probably very soon have exerted a power and happy influence over the tribe, but at the end of the month he too died of fever.

Six out of nine Europeans, and four out of thirteen men of colour, making up the missionary party, succumbed to fever in the short space of three months, and the little remnant returned to the Cape broken alike in health and spirits.

The three explorers took leave of Sekeletu on the 17th September, 1860, and, escorted by a large party of traders, &c., made their way on foot to the village of Sinamene, where they embarked on the Zambesi in canoes supplied by that chief. All went well until the 19th October, when the rapids of Nakansalo having been shot with some difficulty, the more serious ones of Makabele, at the entrance to the Kariba gorge, had to be passed.

"The Makololo," says Livingstone, "guided the canoe admirably through the opening in the dyke; but when the gorge itself was entered, it was full of hippopotami swimming about behind a bank stretching two-thirds across the narrowed river. Several were in the channel, and the canoe-men were afraid to venture down among them, because, as they affirm, there is commonly an ill-natured one in a herd which takes a malignant pleasure in up-

setting canoes. Two or three boys on the rocks opposite amused themselves by throwing stones at the frightened animals, and hit several on the head.

A few shots were fired to drive the hippopotami off, and one was killed. It floated down the rapid current, and its companions swam hastily off. Had it been only wounded, it would probably have gone hard with the canoes; but, as it was, all shot the rapids in safety, though natives on the banks shouted out that the white men had better hire a Kariba man to pray to the gods of the gorge for their protection, or they would all be killed. The hippopotamus was taken in tow beyond the rapids, and cut up on the banks near the place chosen for pitching the camp for the night. The crocodiles of the river, who had followed the canoes, and tugged hard at the dead hippopotamus, had a gala time of it, as well as the natives, and Livingstone tells us that they tore away at the parts of the carcass thrown into the river for hours, thrashing the water into foam with their powerful tails.

The next difficulty in the navigation of the Zambesi occurred on the 29th, where the river was again narrowed into one channel by the mountains of Mburuma. In going down, Sekeletu's men behaved admirably, two of them jumping overboard to lighten the canoe containing our heroes, with the words, "The white men must be saved!" They then told a Batoka man to do the same, and on his pleading that he could not swim, replied, "Jump out, then, and hold on to the canoe."

The poor fellow did as he was told, and the two Makololo, "swimming alongside, guided the swamping canoes down the swift current to the foot of the rapid, and then ran them ashore to bale them out. Everybody and every-

thing escaped with a good ducking, thanks entirely to the bravery of the Makololo."

No sooner was this danger over than another had to be met. A second rapid begins immediately below that of Mburuma. The canoes had to be unloaded, and the goods carried some little distance; but as the men were bringing the last canoe close inshore the stem swung round into the current, and all the men except one loosed their hold lest they should be dragged off. The one man clung to the bow, and was swept out into the middle of the stream. Then, adds Livingstone, "having held on when he ought to have let go, he next put his life in jeopardy by letting go when he ought to have held on, and was in a few seconds swallowed up by a fearful whirlpool." His comrades, who seem to have been equal to every emergency, launched a canoe below the rapids, and as he rose to the surface the third time, caught and saved him, though he was in a state of great exhaustion, and very cold.

The Victoria Falls, the Kebrabasa, Kariba, and minor rapids of the Zambesi, are all, in the opinion of Dr. Livingstone, the result of some terrible convulsion of nature, which occurred in South Africa before the memory of man. All the impediments to the navigation of the Zambesi, except the Victoria, are, however, removed, or, we should rather say, neutralised, when the river is at its height, its course being then smooth and its waters very deep.

Zumbo, at the mouth of the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi, was reached on the 1st November, and a few days later the Kebrabasa rapids were entered. Two of the canoes passed safely, but that containing Dr. Kirk was dashed on a projection of the perpendicular rocks by a sud-

den and mysterious boiling up of the river which occurs at irregular intervals, and Kirk only saved his life by clinging to a projecting ledge. His steersman, hanging on by the same rock, saved the canoe, but nearly all its contents were swept away by the stream. Dr. Livingstone had also a narrow escape, his little bark having drifted into the open vortex of the whirlpool. It was saved by the filling up of the cavity just as the frightful eddy was reached, a coincidence as remarkable as that which had placed his companion's life in jeopardy.

After this last experience of river travel the Zambesi was deserted for the land, and the rest of the journey was performed on foot. Tete was entered in safety on the 23rd November, after an absence of little more than six months, and the river being unusually low, no further excursions were undertaken until the 3rd December, when the Ma-Robert, whose days were now numbered, was taken down to the Kongone. On the morning of the 21st the "old lady," as she was disrespectfully called by her owners, grounded on a sandbank and filled. She could neither be got off nor unladen. The river rose in the night, and our heroes were compelled to encamp on the island of Chimba, where they spent Christmas-day. Canoes were sent for from Sena, and, transferring all the property which could be removed from the Ma-Robert to them, the explorers paddled down the Zambesi without one single regret for the loss of their steamer, which from the first had been more trouble than she was worth.

On the 27th December, Sena was entered, and after a short stay in that settlement as the guests of their old friend Senhor Ferrâo, our heroes returned to their former station on the Kongone, where a flagstaff and custom-

house had been erected during their absence. Here they waited in compulsory inaction until the 31st January, 1861, when a new steamer named the Pioneer arrived for their use, and anchored outside the bar.

At the same time came two English cruisers, bringing Bishop Mackenzie and the Oxford and Cambridge mission to the tribes of the Shire and Lake Nyassa, the mission consisting of six Englishmen and five coloured men from the Cape. The Bishop, anxious to set to work without delay, wished the Pioneer to take him and his party up the Shire as far as Chief Chibisa's, and Livingstone would, personally, have been ready to oblige him. Our hero's employers had, however, ordered him to explore the Rovuma, a river flowing into the Indian Ocean a little below the 10th degree S. lat., as, owing to the Portuguese refusal to open the Zambesi to ships of any nation but their own, it seemed useless to waste further time on its exploration, or that of its tributaries.

Finally a compromise was agreed upon, the Bishop consenting to accompany the exploring expedition up the Rovuma, and leave the members of the mission under the care of Mr. Sunley, Her Majesty's consul at Johanna, an island off Mozambique, until he should have found a suitable site for a settlement.

On the 25th February, 1861, the Pioneer anchored in the mouth of the Rovuma, and early in March the ascent of the river was begun. The scenery was superior to that on the Zambesi. Eight miles from the entrance the mangroves were left behind, and a range of well-wooded hills began on either side. The explorers were anticipating a delightful trip, and an easy voyage to the Lake Nyassa, when, after navigating some thirty miles, the water sud-

denly began to fall, and in a couple of days had sunk seven inches. To avoid a long detention, therefore, as the Pioneer could not have been got back to the sea should the fall continue, the expedition was reluctantly compelled to turn back, having done next to nothing beyond ascertaining the current of the Rovuma to be as strong as that of the Zambesi, and its volume of water considerably less.

After a short delay at one of the Comoro islands, owing to the breaking out of fever amongst the crew of the Pioneer, our heroes proceeded to Johanna to pick up the members of the mission, and with them and Bishop Mackenzie went back to the mouth of the Kongone, ascended that river to the Shire, and commenced yet another exploration of the Manganja country.

On this new trip the first object was to find a good site for the settlement of the Bishop and his people, and the second to try and "turn the industrial energies of the natives to good account," chiefly by inducing them to cultivate cotton for exportation. All went well at first; the confidence of the people was gained wherever a halt was made; a cotton field extending over some 400 miles was opened; and if the mission of the universities should be only fairly successful, a new era seemed likely to be opened for vast tracts of South Africa; but, to quote Livingstone's own words, "the turning-point of his prosperous career was now reached;" he and his companions were at last to be brought into personal contact with the Portuguese slave-trade, and to realise keenly how entirely its continuance would neutralise the efforts alike of the missionary, the explorer, and the trader.

On reaching the village of Chibisa, which, it will be remembered, is situated just below the cataracts of the

Shire, the travellers were met by the news that a fearful war was raging in the north of Manganja, and the slave-trade was going on briskly. A deputation from a chief living near Mount Zomba had just arrived to entreat Chibisa to send help, for marauding parties of Ajawa or Waiao from the eastern shores of Lake Nyassa were desolating the country.

A large gang of recently captured Manganja crossed the river on their way down to Tete to be sold just before the anchoring of the Pioneer off Chibisa, and at the second village reached on the overland journey to the highlands the party were told that another large body of slaves would presently arrive.

"Shall we interfere?" asked explorers and missionaries of each other. "Shall we rescue these unhappy wretches from their terrible fate, and so risk the destruction in retaliation of all the valuable goods we have left behind at Tete? or shall we consult only our own interests, and be blind and deaf to all that is going on?"

To the honour of England be it spoken, the decision in favour of humanity was immediate, and not one voice was raised against it. But a few moments after the discussion the slave party approached. A long line of manacled men, women, and children, chained together in twos and threes, came slowly down a hill overlooking the village, driven by sturdy blacks armed with muskets and decked out with all manner of finery, some of them "blowing exultant notes out of long tin horns."

No sooner, however, did the drivers catch sight of the white men drawn up to oppose their progress, than they took to their heels, and "darted off like mad into the forest." The chief of the party alone remained, caught by

a Makololo, and held tightly by the hand as he struggled to follow his men. He turned out to be a slave formerly in the service of the commandant of Tete, and who had at one time attended Livingstone himself.

"How did you get these slaves?" inquired the white men of the captured leader. "By purchase," was the reply; and on turning to the victims themselves for explanation, they said all but four of them had been taken in war. Whilst this examination was going on, the driver managed to slip away from the Makololo; and, left alone with their deliverers, the captives fell down on their knees and expressed their gratitude by vigorously clapping their hands.

The women and children, who were tied together with thongs only, were then at once released from their bonds, but it was more difficult to relieve the men, as "each had his neck in the fork of a stout stick six or seven feet long, and kept in by an iron rod which was riveted at both ends across the throat." One by one the men were sawn out into freedom.

"The women," continues Livingstone, "when told to take the meal they were carrying and cook breakfast for themselves, seemed to consider the news too good to be true, but after a little coaxing went at it with alacrity, and made a capital fire, with which to boil their pots, with the slave-sticks and bonds, their old acquaintances through many a sad night and weary day."

Some of the children were not more than five years old, and one little boy said to their rescuers' men, "The others tied us and starved us; you cut the ropes and tell us to eat; what sort of people are you? Where did you come from?"

Two poor women had been shot, the day before meeting the white men, for no worse offence than trying to untie the thongs; another had her baby's brains knocked out before her eyes, because she could not carry it and the load assigned to her as well; and a man was killed with an axe because he was too tired to keep up with the gang.

Altogether, eighty-four men, women, and children were set at liberty, and on being told that they could go where they liked or stay with the white men, they all elected to stay. Bishop Mackenzie attached them to his mission, and the next day the journey was resumed, the liberated slaves gladly helping to carry the baggage. A little further north eight more victims were liberated, and six others at the village of Mongazi, a friendly Manganja chief. The latter were in charge of two slave-traders, who were detained for the night lest they should give information to a large party known to be on in front.

Two of the Bishop's black men from the Cape, who had once been slaves, and were eager to aid in the work of emancipation, undertook to guard the prisoners, but they were so anxious to prevent their escape that, instead of relieving each other, they both kept watch together. As a result, both also fell asleep together towards morning, and the traders got off. Fifty more slaves were freed the next day, though their leader, the agent of one of the principal merchants of Tete, protested that he had government sanction for all he did.

Bishop Mackenzie, who had determined to settle in the Manganja highlands, now received a message from a powerful chief named Chigunda, who had heard of the doings of his party, inviting him to come and live with him at Magomero, occupying a central position between

the Shire and Lake Shirwa. This hearty and spontaneous welcome seemed to offer an opening for the mission not to be neglected, and it was decided that Chigunda's invitation should be accepted. Before parting company, however, missionaries and explorers determined, if possible, to complete the work they had begun together, by visiting the Ajawa chief, and "trying to persuade him to give up his slaving and kidnapping courses, and turn the energies of his people to peaceful pursuits."

This noble purpose was hastened a few days later by the arrival of the news that the Ajawa were close at hand, burning a village; and, leaving the rescued slaves behind them, the little band of white men set off at once to "seek an interview with these scourges of the country." On the way, crowds of Manganja were met fleeing from the war in front, and village after village was passed deserted by its inhabitants.

A few hours' march brought our heroes, who one and all well deserved that title, in sight of the smoke of burning villages, and within hearing of the wailing of women and the shouting of warriors. The Bishop then called upon all his comrades to kneel, and in their name offered up a fervent prayer to God for help and guidance.

As the worshippers rose from their knees, a long line of Ajawa, with their captives, were seen advancing towards them, whilst in the distance rose the shouts of their women welcoming home the victors with long and reiterated "lililooings." On recognising the white men, the Ajawa headman left the path, and stood as if expectant on an ant-hill close by. A brief pause ensued, and then Livingstone and others cried out that they had come to have a peaceful interview, but before any reply could be

given some of the Manganja in the Bishop's party shouted, "Our Chibisa is come!"

Now Chibisa was known throughout the length and breadth of the land as a mighty conqueror and general, so that his name spread terror amongst the ranks of the enemy, who ran off "yelling and screaming 'Nkondo! Nkondo!'" (War! war!). The captives threw down their loads and fled to the hills. The consternation was complete, but it did not last long. Almost before the white men had realised that the cry of "Chibisa has come!" had neutralised all their efforts for peace, their party was surrounded by Ajawa, who began to shoot their poisoned arrows, and send up their discordant yell of triumph.

Anxious if possible even now to avoid a conflict, Livingstone and Mackenzie led their men slowly up the ascent from the village; but this was taken as a movement of retreat, and a sign of fear. The Ajawa closed in upon the little band with bloodthirsty fury, dancing hideously in their delight at the coming massacre. Only when completely surrounded by the savage warriors did the white leaders give the word to their men to fire, but fortunately the first volley was effective. The Ajawa at once took to their heels, though some of them shouted as they fled that they would return with others in the night to kill all who had interfered with them. Only two slaves were rescued by our heroes on this occasion, but probably most of the other prisoners escaped in the confusion.

After this affray no further molestation was offered to the white men, but they were much worried with requests from the Manganja chieftains to espouse their cause, and aid in driving away the Ajawa. This they of course declined to do, explaining that they never fought except



MURCHISON FALLS.

they were attacked; and finding that it was useless to attempt a pacific negotiation between the rival tribes, they decided to return southwards, Mackenzie and the members of his mission to take up their residence as the guests of Chigunda, at Magomero, and there await the arrival of a steamer already ordered for the navigation of the Nyassa; Livingstone and his comrades to return to the Pioneer.

On the 6th August, 1861, a few days after their return from Magomero, their connection with Bishop Mackenzie's mission being now at an end, Dr. Livingstone, his brother, and Dr. Kirk started up the Shire for Lake Nyassa in a light four-oared gig, accompanied by one white sailor and some twenty native servants. People were hired along the path to carry the boat past the forty miles of the Murchison cataracts, and after passing the last the little bark was launched on the broad waters of the Upper Shire, which Livingstone tells us the natives "look upon as a prolongation of Lake Nyassa," for where what he called the river approaches Lake Shirwa "the hippopotami, who are great night travellers, pass from one lake into the other."

Keeping along the right or western bank of the Nyassa, to avoid the marauding parties of Ajawa prowling about on the left, the explorers rounded the promontory now known as Cape Maclear, at the southern extremity, and explored some 200 miles of the coast, which they found to be densely populated, more so in fact than any part of the interior of Africa yet visited by Europeans. In the southern part villages succeeded each other in one long unbroken chain, and on the edge of almost every little bay crowds of dusky natives assembled to stare at the novel sight of a boat with a sail. To land was to attract hundreds of

women and children, eager to have a stare at the "chirombo," or wild animals, as they called the white men; and when the latter took their food, the excitement and amazement became extreme.

The lake people, on further acquaintance, turned out to differ but little from their neighbours in the south. All were tattooed, and wore little or no clothing. The chief of the northern districts, Marenga by name, received his visitors with almost European courtesy, giving them bountiful presents of food and beer, whilst his subjects emulated his example by adding liberal donations of fish. Only once on the whole journey was any incivility offered to the travellers, and that was at Chitanda, one of the slave crossing-places, where they were robbed of some pillows and clothing whilst they were asleep.

Pursuing their explorations beyond Marenga's land, our heroes found the more northerly districts "the abode of lawlessness and bloodshed." The tribe of Mazitu, living in the highlands, were at war with the people of the plains, and the slave-trade was going on at a terrible rate. Two enterprising Arabs had built a dhow, and were running her regularly backwards and forwards crowded with slaves to be marched down to the eastern coast, and there sold. Enough, however, has already been said of the horrors of the infamous traffic in this part of Africa. Sick at heart with all they had seen, and their strength and resources alike exhausted, the explorers determined to turn back. On the 27th October, 1861, the word of retreat was given, and a few weeks later they were again on their way down the Shire.

As they descended the now well-known river, a number of Manganja families were discovered living in small

temporary reed huts built on the belt of papyrus round the lakelet Pamalombe, where they had taken refuge from the Ajawa. The papyrus grew so thickly that, when beaten down, it readily supported the weight of the houses, and it



PAPYRUS.

grew to so great a height as effectually to conceal its inmates from any passer-by upon the river banks. Our illustration represents a group of papyrus such as is common in all the lakes and rivers of South Africa, and often forms an impenetrable barrier to the explorer.

The Pioneer was regained on the 8th November, 1861, and after receiving a visit from Bishop Mackenzie, who was in capital health and spirits, our heroes took their little vessel back to the Zambesi, entering that river on the 11th January, 1862. A fortnight later they cast anchor in the great Luabo mouth of the Zambesi, and on the 30th January were cheered by the arrival of Her Majesty's ship Gorgon towing a brig, in which were Mrs. Livingstone, and some ladies about to join their relatives of the Universities mission. A new iron steamer in sections, to be put together for the navigation of Lake Nyassa, with a view to overawing the Ajawa and Arab and Portuguese slave traders, was amongst the freight of the brig, and it seemed as if a new era of work and of discovery was to begin.

Very joyfully did the Pioneer steam out to welcome the brig and tow her into the Kongone harbour. The new steamer was named the Lady of the Lake, or the Lady Nyassa, and her delicate limbs were carried piecemeal up to Shapunga, where they were landed to be put together. But alas! before anything could be done towards taking the Lady of the Lake up to the scene of her imaginary triumphs, came sad news of Bishop Mackenzie's death.

Unable to witness unmoved the sufferings of the poor people under his care, and indignant at the seizure for slaves of some carriers in his own service, the missionary had come into collision with the natives, and had been more than once in danger of his life. He had escaped, however, almost by a miracle, and was on his way down the Shire to meet the ladies mentioned above, when he was seized with fever at the mouth of the Ruo, a tributary of the Shire, the result, it is supposed, partly of over-fatigue and partly of the upsetting of his canoe the night before,

when he and his men were nearly drowned, and all his property was lost.

For three weeks Mackenzie hovered between life and death, and on the 31st January, the very day after the arrival of the Gorgon off the coast, he breathed his last. He was buried by his friend and companion, Mr. Burrup, at the edge of a dark forest, used as a graveyard by the natives, about a hundred yards from the junction of the Ruo with the Shire, opposite a little island called Malo. Mr. Burrup, himself far gone with fever and dysentery, was carried by some Makololo on a litter of branches back to Magomero, where he too shortly afterwards expired.

Captain Wilson, of the Gorgon, knowing nothing of this sad tragedy, had hastened up the Shire in his gig, taking with him the ladies of the mission party, as he thought, to a joyful meeting with their husbands and fathers. He was followed by Dr. Kirk and Mr. Sewell, paymaster of the Gorgon, in the whale-boat of the Lady Nyassa. The Shire being in flood, the two boats quickly reached Chibisa's, where some Makololo who had been in the Bishop's service told the sad news of his death, and that of Mr. Burrup.

Leaving the ladies at Chibisa's, Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk then went up to the hills in the hope of being able to render some assistance to the survivors of the mission. Some of the party were, however, met about half-way, sorrowfully journeying down to the coast, and, joining forces, all returned together to Chibisa's, and escorted the bereaved ladies back to the Pioneer. Both Captain Wilson and Dr. Kirk suffered terribly from fever in descending the Shire, but arrived safely at Shapunga on the 11th March, after an absence of three weeks.

On the 13th March the Pioneer steamed down to the Kongone, and on the 4th of the ensuing month the Gorgon left for the Cape, taking back all but one of the party who had come out in January. That one was the Rev. James Stewart, who remained behind in the hope of re-founding the mission; but though he went up the Shire as far as the Upper Cataracts, he found but a little remnant of the dense population first seen by Livingstone living in peace and plenty. The ravages of the slave-hunters were over, for there were no able-bodied victims left, but they were succeeded by drought and famine, and after a trip to the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa rapids, Stewart returned home by way of Mozambique and the Cape, convinced that there was no field now open to him for missionary effort.

In April, 1861, whilst waiting for the right season to take the Lady Nyassa up to the lake, fever wrought great havoc amongst the members of our exploring expedition, and about the middle of the month Mrs. Livingstone, who had hoped to accompany her husband in all his future journeys, was taken ill. Every possible medical aid was rendered to her both by Drs. Livingstone and Kirk, but she gradually sank, and died on the 27th April, 1862.

A coffin was made during the night for the remains of the beloved "Ma-Robert," who had done so much to aid our great hero in the early part of his career, and the next day she was buried beneath a spreading baobob tree on the banks of the river.

We pass over the grief of Livingstone as a subject too sacred for strangers to dwell upon, only adding that he did not suffer it to interfere with the work still before him, but continued to be the unwearying leader of the ill-

fated expedition until its sudden and unexpected recall home in the autumn of 1861.

The Lady Nyassa was safely launched at Shapunga on the 23rd June, though the work of putting her together had been much delayed by fever and dysentery amongst the European workmen. Our readers will doubtless now expect to hear great things of her doings, but we are compelled reluctantly to own that she never fulfilled her title. She proved herself a trustworthy and steady little vessel in many a river cruise, but she never was on the lake from which she took her name; she never aided in the suppression of the slave-trade, and for all practical purposes she might almost as well have remained in England.

By the time everything had been placed on board the Lady Nyassa, the waters of the Zambesi and Shire had fallen too low for navigation, and whilst waiting for the season of flood our heroes made a second trip up the Rovuma in open boats, this time ascending as far as E. long. 38° 36′, where dangerous rapids compelled them to turn back.

On the 10th January, 1863, the Shire having risen, the Pioneer took the Lady Nyassa in tow, and once more began the ascent to the Murchison Cataracts, arriving within about 500 yards of them, without any special difficulty, early in March. Here the Livingstones and Kirk were rejoined by Thornton, who had been absent on the journey to Kilimandjaro with Baron Von der Decken related in our previous chapter.

The sudden fall of the Shire compelled both the Pioneer and Lady Nyassa to cast anchor below the first cataract, and Thornton employed the delay in endeavouring to relieve a few members of Mackenzie's mission who had fled from

Magomero to Chibisa's, and were there suffering from famine. He succeeded in his object, making his way overland to and from Tete, but he overtasked his strength, and on his return to the Pioneer he was taken ill with fever, which terminated fatally on the 21st April. He was buried on the 22nd, near a large tree on the right bank of the Shire.

Finding it impossible further to ascend the Shire with the two steamers, the survivors now unscrewed the Lady Nyassa, and began to make a road over the thirty-four miles between the first cataract and the lake. When a few miles were completed, and the oxen which were to draw the Lady Nyassa along were broken in, Dr. Livingstone and a Mr. Rae made a preliminary excursion to the Upper Cataracts, with a view to opening relations with the tribe not yet touched by the Ajawa invasion, and thus render the expedition independent of supplies from the south.

The trip was a failure, owing to the destruction of a boat on which our hero had relied for ascending the Shire above the cataracts, and on his return to the Pioneer he found the despatch from Earl Russell, already alluded to, containing instructions for the withdrawal of the expedition. In a few months now it would be absolutely necessary to return to the coast, but those few months might yet be turned to account. Eager not to lose a single chance of discovery, the Livingstones and Kirk made yet one more journey to the Nyassa, discovered the source on its western shores of the Loangwa, a tributary of the Zambesi already several times mentioned, attempted to reach the junction of the two rivers by a journey overland in a westerly direction, and, time and means alike failing them,

returned to the Pioneer. The Shire was now safely descended in that much-tried vessel for the last time, and early in January, 1864, anchor was once more cast in the mouth of the Zambesi.

On the 13th February, 1864, our heroes embarked in Her Majesty's ship Orestes, which took the Pioneer in tow, whilst Her Majesty's ship Ariel did the same service for the Lady Nyassa, and after a stormy crossing the four vessels arrived safely in Mozambique harbour. Here the Pioneer was given over to the navy to be sent to the Cape for repairs; and embarking on the Lady Nyassa, the three explorers steamed out of Mozambique on the 16th April, reaching Zanzibar a week later. On the 30th April they started for Bombay, and anchored in that harbour in the first week in June. "Our vessel," says Livingstone, as he winds up his account of the work of six long years, "was so small, that no one noticed our arrival;" truly a pathetic and significant ending of an expedition which had set out with such high hopes of great and permanent results!

We know how the Livingstones and their companion Dr. Kirk were welcomed on their arrival in England in July, 1864. We know that little more than a year elapsed before the great leader of this melancholy expedition was again at work; but to render our narrative complete we must leave him for a while, first to join the German geologist Karl Mauch, who supplemented the discoveries of his predecessors in South-East Africa, and then to trace the progress of exploration in the western equatorial districts.

Mauch began his wanderings in Africa, which extended over eight years, by exploring the districts between the Vaal and the Limpopo rivers, but want of means prevented his attempting researches in the unknown parts of South

Africa, where money in the form of beads, cloth, &c., is indispensable to success. Thanks to the liberality of the well-known German geographer Petermann, however, this difficulty was removed as soon as Mauch had proved his courage, endurance, and scientific acumen by valuable maps sent home, and, joining a party of elephant-hunters in the Magaliesberg mountains, our hero made them his head-quarters, and in excursions from them discovered several gold-fields near the Vaal river.

The excitement caused in Europe by the news of the existence of vast mineral treasures in South Africa will long be remembered, but it is with geographical, not geological, discovery that we have now to deal, and we must content ourselves with adding that five gold-fields were found by Mauch, that known as the Leydenburg in the Transvaal Republic having proved the richest, and that he also made an exhaustive survey of the structure of the Magaliesberg mountains, the nature of the soil in the low-lands, &c., &c., his reports giving an extraordinary impulse to emigration.

More interesting from our point of view was Mauch's journey of 1868, resulting in the discovery of important ruins in Mashonaland, about forty miles from Sofala, of which rumours had long been afloat amongst the Portuguese settlers. This trip led our hero through the tract of country between the Transvaal Republic and Inhambane, then inhabited by independent Kaffir tribes living in scattered villages such as that represented in our illustration.

Without one trustworthy servant—for the natives alleged the ruins to be haunted by spirits, and could not be induced to furnish a guide—Mauch ascended the hill, some 400 feet high, on which the ruins called Zimbabye



A KAFFIR VILLAGE.

by the Portuguese are situated, and found them to consist of walls from seven to ten feet thick and 30 feet in height, formed of huge slabs of granite without mortar, kept together by their own weight. This wall can be traced for 150 yards, and from one portion rises a tower thirty feet high, of a pyramidal form.

Mauch was of the opinion that Zimbabye is the Ophir of the Old Testament from which the ships of Solomon brought gold, precious stones, &c.; and the unwillingness of the natives to allow travellers to explore the ruins he supposed to be partly due to a belief in the existence of a hidden treasure in vaults beneath. The ruins were explored in 1891 by Theodore Bent, who thinks they are of Mahommedan origin. Mashonaland was placed under the protection of Great Britain in 1888, and since 1890 has belonged to the British South African Company, to which a Royal Charter was granted in 1889, stating that "the principal field of the operations of the Company shall be the region of South Africa lying immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland."

After a narrow escape from the hands of a Kaffir chief, who wished to detain him a prisoner for life, Mauch made his way to the east coast through Sofala, arriving there in a state of great exhaustion. Of his other trips in South-East Africa, a visit to our old acquaintance Mosilikatse, and a voyage down the Vaal river from Potchefstrom to the now well-known gold-fields of Hebron, were the most important, but he made no new geographical discoveries, and our limits compel us to refer our readers for further details of his researches to his own books, and to those of Mohr, Baines, Chapman, and others.

Edward Mohr, who fell a victim to fever on the fatal west coast of Africa on the eve of a new expedition, gave

many a charming picture of life amongst the Kaffirs, the Boers, &c., in his account of his famous journey "To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi," in which, however, no new ground was traversed; and in his companion volumes on South-West and South-East Africa, the artist and hunter, Thomas Baines, brought vividly before his readers, both with pen and pencil, the most striking characteristics of the races, the flora, and the fauna of the more southerly portions of the vast continent of Africa, before that partition amongst the European Powers which has taken place in the last few years, and has done so much to obliterate native characteristics.



BUSHMAN.



CHAPTER VIII.

WESTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS.

Magyar's Marriage with an African Princess, and Journeys in Congo, &c.—Du Chaillu's Arrival in the Gaboon—The Mpongwes—Ascent of the River—A Chase—Start for the Cannibal Country—The Sierra de Cristal Range—First Meeting with Gorillas—Fan Warriors—A Gorilla Hunt—Horrors of Cannibalism amongst the Fans—Compelled to turn back—Down the Coast to the Fernand Vaz—A young Gorilla—Up the Rembo—Encounters with Gorillas—Terrible Executions at Goumbi—Entry of Ashira Land—King Olenda—Apingi Land and its Chief—A Black Man offered to Du Chaillu for Supper—Du Chaillu made King of Apingi Land—Fever, and Return to the Coast—Second Journey to Ashira Land—Mouth of the Cammi—Another Gorilla Captured—The Junction of the Niembai and Ovenga—Olenda again—Trip to the Falls of the Ngouyai—Long Delay at Olenda's Village—Small-pox and Famine—Death of Quengueza—Start for the East—Entry of Otando Land—Terror of the Natives—On the Borders of Ishogo—A Dwarf Tribe—Quarrel with Natives—Narrow Escape, and Flight to the Coast—Return to Europe—Du Chaillu's Discoveries confirmed by Monteiro, Bastian, and Burton.

THE present century was considerably advanced before any complete or satisfactory information was obtained respecting Western Equatorial Africa. As we have seen in our companion volume, *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa* (chap. vii.), the expedition sent out under Captain Tuckey in 1816, with a view to establishing the supposed identity of the Congo and Niger, ended disastrously, and the discovery by Bowdich three years later of the Ogowé,

an unimportant independent river of Western Africa, between the two mentioned above, led to no practical results.

From the letters, however, of a young Hungarian named Magyar, who married the daughter of a native chief of Benguela, and spent many years in that province, some fragmentary details were gathered respecting the lower course of the Congo, and the districts watered by the Upper Kubango and Upper Zambesi.

Before his marriage, which took place in 1849, Magyar made a trip up the Congo, starting from Ambriz, a small seaport in S. lat. 7° 32′, E. long. 13° 8′, and ascending the shores of what is now the Congo Free State in a canoe with six native sailors. Entering the river itself, our hero reached the cataracts without much difficulty, and beyond them he crossed the country explored by Livingstone in one of his early journeys.

After this trip, Magyar, with his wife, settled in Bihé, where he became to all intents and purposes a negro prince, owning some hundred slaves, and sharing in all the ambitions of his father-in-law. In 1852 he made a journey southwards to the Upper Cunene, and was honourably received by the king of Cambabe, but the breaking out of a revolution compelled him to cut short his visit, though he managed to make his way alone through a desert and uninhabited district to the supposed source of the Cunene, in the plains of Galangue, about 160 miles south of the equator.

It was Magyar's intention to spend many years in further researches in the interior of Western Equatorial Africa, but his prosperous career was suddenly checked by the fall and exile of his black father-in-law. Deprived of his slaves, his lands, and all his property, the young Hun-



VIEW OF SEA-SHORE OF CONGO.

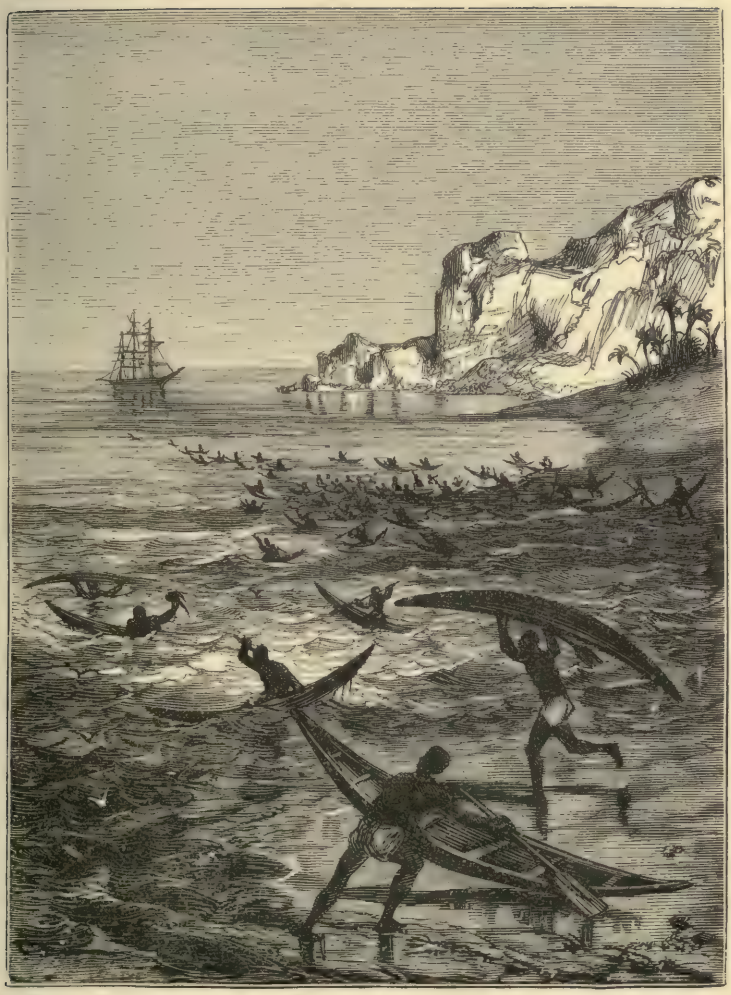
garian was compelled to work for his daily bread. He retired to the Portuguese town of Domio Grande in Benguela, where he earned a scanty subsistence by drawing maps, &c., for the Government, and died on the 9th November, 1864, leaving his account of his journeys unfinished.

The fame of Magyar has been completely eclipsed by that of the chief hero of the present chapter, the great Paul du Chaillu, an American by birth, but a Frenchman by parentage, who between 1856–59 thoroughly explored the region lying between 2° north and 2° south latitude, proving the identity of the Ogowé with the three streams forming its outlet into the Atlantic known as the Mexian, the Nazareth, and the Fernand Vaz, tracing the Ogowé from its origin west of the watershed between it and the Congo to its mouth in Nazareth Bay, and supplementing these geographical discoveries by others equally important to ethnological, zoological, and botanical science. A second journey, in which Ashango Land was visited, and the most westerly buttresses examined of a great mountain range erroneously "supposed to divide the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the Equator," was also fruitful of results, and the two expeditions may be looked upon as steps towards the realisation of one of the greatest achievements of the present age, the connection of the eastern and western coasts of Central Africa by the world-famous journeys of Cameron and Stanley.

Du Chaillu, whose expenses were paid by a Philadelphian scientific society, arrived at the mouth of the Gaboon river, already dotted with missionary settlements such as that in our illustration, early in 1856, having already, in several years' residence on the coast as a trader,

acquired considerable experience in dealing with the Mpongwes, the chief native tribe of the coast districts. Being anxious to harden himself to the climate of the interior, so often fatal to the white man, he took up his quarters at Baraka, eight miles up the river, then the station of an American mission founded about 1842 by the Rev. J. L. Wilson. Here our hero was most hospitably entertained, and the early part of his narrative is occupied in describing the results already achieved by the little band of Christian teachers there at work. Baraka, he tells us, is situated at the summit of a beautiful hill, the base of which was surrounded by native villages, and was once the site of a slave factory, where the slave-trade was carried on with great energy and success. Finding the full-grown Mpongwes too lazy and too confirmed in their heathen habits to be permanently influenced, Mr. Wilson and his assistants had devoted most of their time to the instruction of the children, teaching them to read the Scriptures in their own language, and to master the first principles of geography, arithmetic, &c. They hoped, by these means, gradually to change the whole character of the Mpongwe race, many members of which may be called almost intellectual.

According to Du Chaillu, the Mpongwe are but one branch of a great negro family which has moved gradually down from the interior to the sea-coast, taking the place of other tribes, the Ndina, for instance, who have disappeared — we might almost say melted away — in that mysterious way peculiar to native races, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence. The Mpongwes are a fine-looking sturdy set of men, resembling in their general appearance the Mandingoes, so often met with in our travels further north. Eager traders, they and their neighbours to the



MPONGWES IN THEIR CANOES MEETING A SHIP.

north-west, the Shekiani and others, mistrust all explorers who seem likely to interfere with their gains, and only by repeated assurances of his innocence of any such intention was our hero able to obtain permission to traverse their country, and even then, many of the merchants with whom he had done a brisk business in ivory, dyes, &c., in former times, tried to scare him from visiting the interior by terrible stories of the ferocity of the cannibal tribes living to the east, and of the untamable gorillas and other wild beasts haunting the impenetrable forests and impassable swamps.

Nothing daunted by all he heard, but more eager than ever to see and judge for himself, our hero sailed from the Gaboon early in April, 1856, intending first to explore the Muni, flowing into the Atlantic at 1° N. lat., and for this purpose he landed at Corisco Island, situated in the bay of the same name, where he was to obtain canoes and men to help him to ascend the river. Here, as at Baraka, Du Chaillu's hosts were missionaries, who had three important stations on the island, and had done much good work amongst the native Mbengas, formerly a warlike, quarrelsome race, but now quiet and peaceable converts to Christianity, retaining, however, many strange, superstitious, and cruel practices, the relics of their former faith.

Du Chaillu's efforts at Corisco, earnestly seconded by the Rev. Mr. Mackey and Mr. Clemens, resulted in his obtaining the escort of a certain chieftain named Mbango, who was to introduce him to an influential king on the Muni, and on the 27th July he started for that river in Mbango's canoe, with a crew of twelve negroes, all armed with guns, and a personal outfit of a chest containing "100 fathoms of print, nineteen pounds of white beads, a quantity

of small looking-glasses, steels and flints, a quantity of leaf tobacco, eighty pounds of shot and bullets, twenty-five pounds of powder, and a few guns." Thus provided, he proposed penetrating to the very heart of the Sierra del Cristal, a chain running parallel with and about 80 or 100 miles distant from the coast, between the equator and 2° N. lat., visiting the cannibal tribes supposed to lead a wild life in those mountain fastnesses, and ascertain if, as reported, the Congo continued its course in a north-easterly direction above the equator. How far this programme was realised our narrative will show.

Passing in rapid succession the little islands of Leval, Banian, and Big and Little Alobi, dotting the bay of Corisco, the canoe was making rapid progress, when a detention suddenly occurred of a character so thoroughly African as to merit detailed relation here.

We must explain that Mbango was a very great trader, and, as such, the possessor of many creditors, who, like their compeers all the world over, were more ready to borrow than to pay. Now, as the little bark containing our hero and his sable attendants shot along, a large boat came slowly sailing towards it, which, when near enough for its inmates to recognise Mbango, was hurriedly put about, and paddled off, not quite quickly enough, however, for Mbango had already caught sight of an old debtor of his on board, and urging his men to put on all speed, he gave chase, shouting "Stop, stop!" and threatening to fire on the fugitives if he were not obeyed. In vain! At every shout the rowers on the larger vessel redoubled their efforts, and a few random shots from the canoe only frightened them still more. To make a long story short, the smaller and swifter vessel won the race; it was hauled



MISSION STATION NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE GABOON RIVER, WESTERN AFRICA.

alongside of the enemy; a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, and the debtor's party, finding they were getting the worst of it, finally sprang into the water and swam off, leaving three prisoners, one a woman, in Mbango's hands. These, he coolly informed Du Chaillu—who throughout the scuffle had gesticulated and protested unnoticed—he should retain as hostages until he got some bar-wood for which he had paid in advance. That matter settled, the canoe's head was once more turned towards the Muni; but our hero, not quite so much accustomed to unexpected fights as his escort, was so exhausted as to be obliged to land on the island of Little Alobi, where he passed the night, and took some doses of quinine to ward off fever.

The next morning he was visited by several Muni men, and in the afternoon sailed with a favourable tide up the river for the village of Mbango's friend Dayoko. Formed by the junction of the Ntongo, the Ntambounay and the Noya, the two last rising in the Sierra del Cristal, the Muni flows into the bay of Corisco, in N. lat. 1° 2′, and W. long. 9° 33′, and is bounded on either side by mangrove swamps, with here and there a patch of rising ground dotted with Shekiani villages. An uninteresting paddle of about forty miles brought our hero at ten p.m. to Dayoko's village, a miserable collection of huts rising from a mud bank forming its chief protection from attacks from the river. The natives, roused from their "beauty sleep" by the arrival of the strangers, poured out armed with old muskets, &c., expecting nothing less than a raid from the interior; but recognising the friendly Mbangos, they flung down their arms, rent the air with shouts of welcome, and conducted them to the stranger's house, always kept empty for visitors.

Presently Dayoko himself appeared, followed by his numerous wives, all eager to stare at the white man, and the tedious ceremony of a so-called "salutation," inseparable from a West African welcome, ensued, Mbango making an oration, giving a most minute account of every incident of the trip from Corisco. Not until twelve o'clock was our weary hero allowed to enjoy either supper or bed.

The next morning Du Chaillu had an early interview with Dayoko—who, in spite of the wretched appearance of his village, was the oldest and most influential chief of the Mbousha tribe—and consulted with him as to the best plan for carrying out his scheme of a journey into the Fan country beyond the Sierra del Cristal. As usual, the first reply was, "Impossible; you will die on the road; . . . you will be murdered by the cannibals, and eaten; . . . there is war on the river, and the tribes will not let you pass; . . . the country is sick," &c., &c. To all this Du Chaillu merely answered that his mind was made up; he *would* go, and if not with Dayoko's people, then with some one else.

This settled the matter; the Mbousha chieftain promised his protection, and it was arranged that after a few days' rest our hero should go on with some of his men to Mbene's village, a little further up the river, and there obtain porters, &c., for his proposed journey into the interior. The interval of waiting was employed partly in hunting and partly in examining the beautiful flora of the banks of the river, but just before leaving the village, Du Chaillu's favourable impression of his hosts received a severe shock, for, though not an eye-witness of the actual deed, he saw all the attendant horrors of the murder of a poor old negro, said to be a great wizard, and to have done

much harm. In vain did the white man plead his cause with Dayoko; he was dragged down to the river, and there literally hacked to pieces by some half-dozen of his fellow-countrymen.

On the 18th August Du Chaillu started for the interior, accompanied by a Mbousha escort, including two of Dayoko's sons, and preceded by forerunners charged by the Mbousha chief to herald his approach to his brothers further east.

A short paddle down the Ndina, there little more than a mangrove swamp, brought the party to the main stream of the Muni, and after a short halt at a village near the junction of the Noya and Ntambounay forming the Muni, the Ntambounay was ascended till the first Shekiani village was reached. Here a small canoe replaced the large one hitherto used, and late on the 19th August the Noonday river joining the Ntambounay was entered, and followed through beautiful forest scenery, with the first buttresses of the Sierra del Cristal rising in the distance, till it almost dwindled away in a tangled thicket of aloe trees, compelling the travellers to disembark, and carry their canoe over the fallen trees and through the dense jungle. In a word, the last stage of this day's journey was one long struggle with the vegetation choking up the stream; yet, as Du Chaillu observes, he was travelling along the only highway by which the natives bring their ivory, ebony, and india-rubber to the coast.

Darkness overtook our hero before Mbene's village was reached, and he was dreading a night in the swamps, when a son of that chieftain with whom the party had fallen in by the way offered to hurry on and bring assistance from his home. A little later he returned, accompanied by his

father and a number of men and women, who, eagerly welcoming their guests, conducted them over a mere elephant track to their encampment in the wilderness, which turned out to be yet in its infancy, a mere clearing of forest ground, with a few huts surrounded by a grove of plantain trees in the centre.

Disappointed at the very primitive character of his new protector's home, and anticipating little real help from him, Du Chaillu passed an unquiet night, but woke to find himself at the foot of the first granite range of the Sierra del Cristal, the "goal of his desires." Only ten or fifteen miles lay between him and the hills beyond which lived the Fans and the gorillas, with whom he was longing to make acquaintance. The next day Dayoko's men were sent home, and Mbene, having agreed that his brother Ncomo and some of his own men should accompany the explorer as far as the Fan country, Du Chaillu resigned himself to wait till the party should be collected. Declining his host's offer of a wife, though accepting the services of the candidate for that honour as a cook, he amused himself in the ensuing days with hunting, and in paying flying visits to the neighbouring villages inhabited by the Mbondemo tribe, differing but little from those of their cousins the Mbousha, Shekiani, and other inland tribes, though less well-built than the homes of their sea-coast neighbours such as the Mpongwe.

On the morning of the 24th August the start was at last made for the Sierra del Cristal, the party this time consisting of Du Chaillu, the Ncomo already mentioned, two of Mbene's sons named Miengai and Maginda, a young man named Pouliandai, and half-a-dozen sturdy Mbondemo women to carry the baggage.

After a walk of five miles the banks of the Noonday river, here a clear and beautiful though narrow stream, were reached, and a chance shot from Du Chaillu's rifle at a strange fish which attracted his attention roused a herd of elephants on the opposite bank, who made off with shrill cries and trumpetings of fright. The Noonday crossed, a march of ten miles in a north-easterly direction ensued, and a range of granite hills forming part of the Sierra del Cristal was reached. A crooked and poorly marked path, winding its devious course about immense boulders of granite and quartz, "led up to a table-land some 600 feet high and three miles long, also strewn with masses of quartz and granite, passing which another tier of hills steeper and higher than the first had to be climbed.

Following his guides, who, he tells us, scudded up the rocks like monkeys, clinging to every little foothold with their bare supple toes in a manner impossible for him to imitate in his heavy shoes, Du Chaillu was about to begin the ascent of this second tier, when Miengai suddenly made him a sign to pause. He had probably caught sight of a herd of elephants or of a tiger, and cocked his gun in readiness to fire, his master following his example. Five minutes of breathless silence followed, and then a long loud hurrah rung out, answered by shouts from the rocks and trees around. What could it be? No elephant, no tiger was ever greeted in such wise. Du Chaillu was still looking about him in wonderment, when Miengai raised the fierce war-cry of his nation and darted forward, his master close behind him. Another moment and the mystery was explained, for our hero came in sight of an encampment of Mbene's people on their way home from a trading expedition to the interior. There lay some hun-

dred weary black men taking their ease about their fires, whilst their women cooked and slaved for them, and their children gathered sticks and branches. Pitching his own camp near them, Du Chaillu allowed his men to fraternise with their comrades, and did not resume his march the next morning till they had started for home; the men carrying only their arms, the women and children staggering under the weight of the baskets of india-rubber and ivory.

A tramp of eighteen miles through rain and mud, and up a continuous ascent, brought our explorer late on the same day to a large Mbondemo encampment in the hills, where he made himself comfortable, and indulged in a good long rest before he began the ascent of the second range of the Sierra del Cristal. Here, however, he had some little difficulty with his men, who declared they would not go a step further unless he paid them more cloth. Putting a bold face on the matter, though to have been deserted then would have been certain death, our hero went amongst the mutineers, pistols in hand, declaring that he would give them nothing more, nor would he permit them to leave him, for had not their father, Mbene, given them to him to go with him to the Fan tribe? They must go on, or—here followed a demonstration with the pistols—there would be war to the death between them and their master.

This steady demeanour had the desired effect; the men wavered, consulted together, withdrew their threats and their demands, and, shaking hands with Du Chaillu, promised fidelity and friendship. The ascent of the second range of the Sierra del Cristal began, and struggling up and up through a wild country, densely wooded and apparently

untenanted by a single living creature, they came about midday to the head waters of the Ntambounay, dashing down hill in the form of a mountain torrent, "extending for a mile," right before the explorer, "like a vast seething billowy sea."

Pausing but to drink "a few handfuls of the pure clear water," Du Chaillu pressed on, and an hour's further ascent brought him to a clearing once occupied by a Mbondemo village, on the very summit of the range, some 5000 feet above the sea-level, from which he had an uninterrupted view of the hills ascended the day before, and the apparently endless virgin forests on the west, whilst far away in "the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest heights of the Sierra del Cristal," reminding him that his work was as yet but begun.

Roused from a dreamy reverie by the yells of his men at the discovery of a snake, which they killed and ate on the spot, Du Chaillu was seeking about the ruins of the village for something to satisfy his own hunger, when he saw the unmistakable traces of the recent passage of gorillas in patches of beaten-down, torn-up, and chewed sugar-cane.

Joy, he tells us, filled his heart at the sight, and, calling his men together, he ordered some to remain and protect the women, and others to join him in following the tracks. Armed to the teeth, and not daring to speak, for the gorilla is keen of hearing and prompt in action, the hunters crept cautiously along, descended a hill, crossed a stream on a fallen log, forced their way through the dense bush on the other side, and were finally rewarded by the sight of four young gorillas speeding along on their hind legs, "their heads down, their bodies inclined forwards," looking like hairy men running for their lives. Fierce, discordant, half-

human, half-devilish cries testified to their alarm and distress; but though a perfect volley was fired at them, they got off unhurt.

Feeling rather crestfallen at their ill success, the party returned to the camp to find large fires burning as a protection from the gorillas, and their supper ready cooked. Refreshed by a night's rest, they made another expedition with no better results the next day, and then, provisions being exhausted, they were compelled to resume their march, a heavy day's tramp along a mere elephant track bringing them to a deserted village, where they were presently joined by some Mbichos from a neighbouring settlement, who had never before seen a white man, and expressed the greatest astonishment at Du Chaillu's appearance. Plantains were the only food they could spare for their famishing guests, but the next day our hero's old friend Mbene arrived, who at once set off to a Fan village near to obtain provisions.

Unable to bear the pangs of hunger until Mbene's return, Du Chaillu took his gun and started to meet him, hoping to be able to shoot something on the way. Giving chase to a monkey, which dodged him whenever he took aim, he became separated from his escort, and came suddenly face to face with a Fan warrior and two Fan women, his wives. Startled at this unexpected apparition, our hero was about to beat a retreat, when it dawned upon him that the blacks were as much alarmed as himself, and it subsequently transpired that they took him for a spirit fresh from the sky. Smiling and looking as pleasant as he could, he advanced close to the sable warrior, who seemed ready to sink into the ground with fright, and at this juncture the Mbondemo people came up, mutual explana-

tions ensued, Du Chaillu gave the women some strings of white beads, and the Fan trio went off highly delighted. These, the first acquaintances made by a European in Fan country, were tall, strong, active-looking people, with skins rather less dark than those of their sea-coast neighbours, woolly hair drawn out into long thick plaits, high cheek bones, prominent lips, and large black deep-set eyes. They wore the minimum of clothing—nothing more, in fact, than a piece of the soft inside bark of a tree covered with the skin of a wild cat or tiger, and hung round the waist.

The news of the arrival of a white man soon spread through the neighbourhood, and Du Chaillu was presently mobbed by a crowd of men and women, who touched everything he had on, and were especially astonished at the appearance of his feet, taking his thick boots for a new variety of limb. Being anxious to impress his admirers with his power as well as his beauty, and knowing only too well that their enthusiasm would not prevent his being killed and eaten should opportunity offer—for the Fans are undoubtedly cannibals—Du Chaillu shot two swallows on the wing in their presence, a feat which they thought more wonderful than anything else. At four o'clock, much to the weary explorer's delight, he was at last left alone, his visitors promising to send him plenty of fowls on the morrow. This they did, and, the claims of exhausted nature being at last satisfied, our hero lost no time in beginning the gorilla-hunting, which was one of the secondary objects of his journey.

The first day one female only was wounded, and escaped, but the next, after pushing through a dense and all but impenetrable forest, the very home of a huge male was reached, and Du Chaillu found himself for the first time

face to face with what he calls the "king of the African forest." Rising to his full height, nearly six feet, he glared upon the intruders with his large deep grey eyes, beating his fists upon his breast, and barking like an angry dog. Motionless stood Du Chaillu, his gun pointed at the enemy's heart; motionless stood the Mbondemo warriors, a little further back, awaiting the onslaught which they knew would not long be delayed. Then, as the great beast dashed forward, with eyes flashing fire, to stop within six yards of his adversaries and utter a fearful roar of defiance, the word to fire was given, and with an almost human moan he fell forward on his face—dead!

A few days after this successful hunt our hero moved on, by invitation, to a Fan village, and on his very first entrance saw unmistakable evidence of the existence of cannibalism in the human remains lying outside the houses, and a human thigh carried by a woman as indifferently as any poor person in London would take home the meat purchased at a butcher's.

Arrived at the palaver-house, Du Chaillu had to wait a little time for an audience with the cannibal king, his majesty being engaged in superintending the division of a human body; and when his host *did* arrive, escorted by a tumultuous crowd of warriors, he turned out to be a savage, ferocious-looking fellow, naked except for the small waist garment mentioned above, but tattooed with all manner of weird and fantastic designs. With Mbene as interpreter, Du Chaillu had a short and not very interesting talk with the king, who seemed rather afraid of him, and sent his queen to get a lodging ready for him with rather more alacrity than politeness.

Only too glad to get away, the white man was soon



SHOOTING A GORILLA.

ensconced in a small bark house with a roof of palm-leaf matting, and containing as a bed a rough bamboo frame, sleeping on which left him bruised and aching all over. The next morning, the first sight which met his eyes on opening the door of his hut was a pile of human ribs, leg and arm bones, &c., and on taking a short stroll, fresh evidences of cannibalism stared him in the face at every turn. In spite of all these horrors, however, and the full conviction that he might any day himself fall a victim to the man-eating propensities of his hosts, the intrepid traveller remained some weeks in the village, joining in a grand elephant-hunt, witnessing a Fan wedding, and paying a visit to the neighbouring Osheba tribe, greatly resembling the Fans, by whom he was very courteously received. He even contemplated penetrating further to the east, but he frankly owns that he was deterred by the stories, only too likely to be true, which he heard on every side of the bloodthirsty character of the cannibal tribes through which he would have to pass alone, Mbene being unable to accompany him further. He therefore determined to make at once for the coast, and after a short trip up the Moundah, an important river flowing into the sea on the north of the Gaboon, he returned to his old quarters there, and chartering a large Mpongwe canoe, he started for the Mbata creek, where lay the plantation of a Mpongwe chief called King Rompochondo, with whom he had long been friends, intending to go from there across country to Sangatanga, the head-quarters of the Oroungou tribe.

This programme was fully carried out, and after several most interesting hunting excursions in the Oroungou prairies, stretching far away to the east, full particulars of

which we hope to give in some future work, Du Chaillu returned to the Gaboon, where he made a protracted stay, increasing still further his knowledge of the ways of the Mpongwes, and watching many a vessel from Europe come and go, the natives, eager for trading, rushing, canoe in hand, to meet each new-comer, while the lonely exile, conquering his home-sickness as best he could, prepared for an even more important journey than any yet undertaken. This was to the Camma country, beginning to the south of Cape Lopez, in lat. 0° 40′, and extending as far as the river Camma in S. lat. 1° 50′.

After a somewhat tempestuous voyage down the coast, our hero arrived at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, the largest river of the Ogobai delta, and landing at a village in the dominions of King Ranpano, after that potentate and a neighbouring chief had almost gone to war for the honour of entertaining him, he gave out that he had come to trade, and had a house built on a beautiful situation a little apart from the native huts. On the 13th April he took possession of his new home, to which he gave the name of Washington, and on the 15th, with an escort of Cammamen, whom he had bound to his service by judicious bribery, he started up the river Fernand Vaz in a fine canoe, for which he had paid some thirty dollars worth of goods. Passing between dense tropical forests, tenanted by numerous monkeys with white whiskers, and amongst huge hippopotami, &c., the party came in a couple of days to the important Camma village Aniambia, the river running in the earlier part of its course parallel with the sea. Here the king, Olengai Yombi, received him with every honour, wearing him out with the exhibition of dances, &c., an infliction not to be escaped in Western



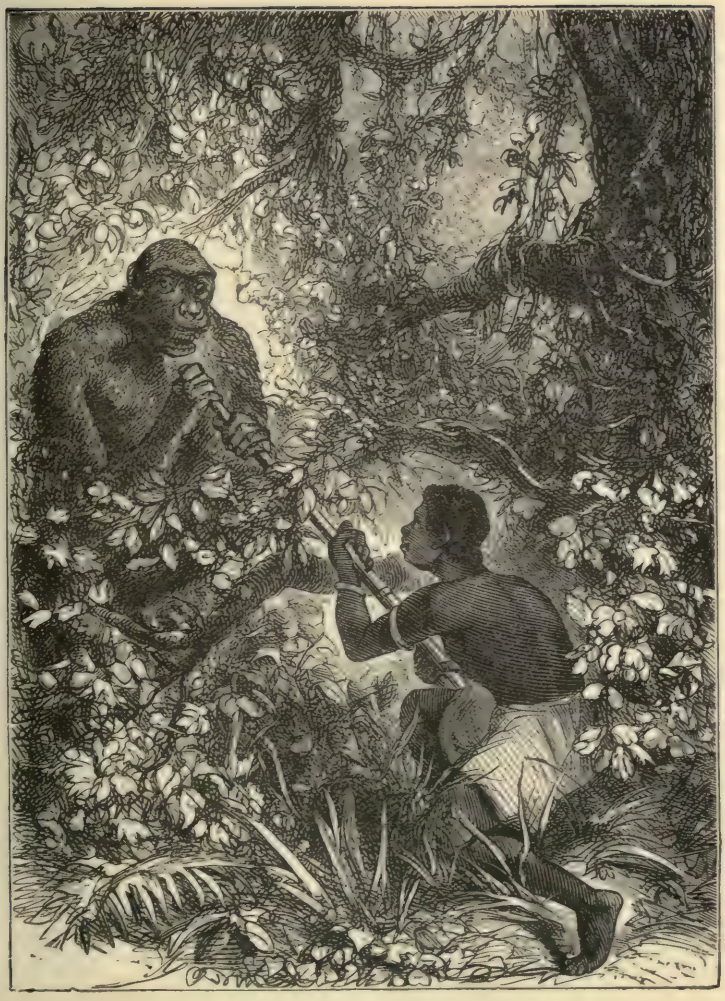
ON THE SHORES OF THE FERNAND VAZ.

Africa without giving offence. Then followed the more interesting entertainment of hunting, and on his return to Washington Du Chaillu found, to his great delight, that a young gorilla had been taken alive by his men, a little fellow of between two and three years old, two feet six inches in height. Hoping to be able to tame him, his master named him Joe, and shut him up in a strong bamboo hut built expressly for him, but the poor captive, unable to reconcile himself to his confinement, managed to force aside the stakes of his prison, and was found concealed under Du Chaillu's bed. A terrible scene ensued, the frightened beast being ready to tear every one who approached to pieces, but he was at last secured, and once more shut up, only to escape again, just as his master thought he was winning his affections by unwearying attentions. A third time he was secured, a light chain being now fastened to his neck; but this last indignity was too much for him, and he died miserably ten days afterwards.

Poor Joe Gorilla being dead, Du Chaillu again started on his explorations, this time ascending the Nponbounay, an important branch of the Ogobai, arriving, after a very difficult piece of navigation, at the Lake Anengue, a body of water at least ten miles wide, dotted with various beautiful islands. Ten days were spent in examining the lake districts, hunting, and visiting the natives, who belonged to the same tribe as the sea-shore Cammi; and then Du Chaillu returned to the coast to pay a second visit to the same region a little later, when he contracted a fever, which kept him prostrate until September was considerably advanced. Soon after his recovery, he narrowly escaped death from poison administered by his cook, a native of Sangatanga, who was condemned to death for

this offence by Ranpano, but begged off by Du Chaillu, who got his sentence commuted into the infliction of one hundred and ten lashes with a whip of hippopotami-hide.

Early in February, 1858, his health restored after all his sufferings, our hero started on a trip up the Rembo, a large river joining the Fernand Vaz, near its mouth, to pay a visit to King Quengueza of Goumbi, an important village some hundred miles from the sea-coast, and from thence he made his way in an easterly direction from one village to another to the Balakai country—inhabited by roving negro tribes, who lead a simple life, possessing no property but their wives and slaves, and showing marvellous courage in hunting the gorilla—which he scoured again and again on many an exciting expedition, including one in which a poor native was killed by a gorilla. The actual conflict was not witnessed by Du Chaillu, but he came up with the victim just before his death, and the man related how he had suddenly come face to face with a huge male gorilla, who made no attempt to escape, and seemed very savage. He fired at a distance of about eight yards, but the ball only wounded the animal's side, and, roaring with rage, he began beating his breasts, and dashed upon his victim, knocking his gun out of his hand, and striking him a fearful blow with his open paw, which felled him to the ground. The gorilla then seized the gun, wrenched it out of all shape, and made off, leaving the native to die. The poor fellow lingered on for some days in great agony, and then expired. In our illustration we give a scene from another struggle with the fierce king of the forest, in which the man was the victor, his loaded gun going off in the gorilla's face before it could be rendered useless. But to tell only half Du Chaillu's experiences in this one trip



ENCOUNTER WITH A GORILLA.

would be to fill a volume; we must content ourselves with stating that, having made himself well acquainted with the ways of the Bakalai tribe, and the natural history of their country, he returned to the coast to prepare for yet one more trip, this time to Ashira Land and the Apingi country, making Goumbi, as before, the starting-point for the actual journey into the interior.

During a short necessary halt made at Goumbi, our hero was witness of a terrible execution, proving how savage were the hearts of the natives, in spite of their unfailing courtesy and kindness towards himself. An old friend of his, a sturdy young native named Mpomo, had been taken ill during his absence, and died the day after his return. Du Chaillu hastened at once to his house, to find his wives sitting weeping on the ground, throwing ashes and dust over their bodies, shaving their heads, and tearing their clothes. Their grief was evidently real, but the day after the funeral our hero's feelings of pity for the mourners was changed into indignation at the scenes which ensued.

The natives, unable to believe that any but the old could die from natural causes, sent for a great doctor from a distance to discover who had bewitched Mpomo, and caused his death. Two days of frantic excitement were succeeded by the assembly of all the inhabitants of the village in the market-place to witness the doctor's final incantations for disclosing the names of the sorcerers. Every man and boy was armed with spears, swords, guns, or axes, and on every face was written the lust for blood. In vain did Chaillu, who had hitherto generally been able to obtain a hearing, lift up his voice in favour of mercy; permission to kill the witches had already been obtained

from King Quengueza, and the white man's protests were only laughed at.

Determined to see the end, no matter how awful that sight might be, Du Chaillu drew back amongst the gesticulating crowds, and, silence being with great difficulty enforced, he heard the doctor say—

"There is a very black women, who lives in a house" (here followed its description); "she bewitched Mpomo."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the armed natives, leaping and yelling, rushed to the place indicated, and brought back a poor girl named Okandaga, sister of a guide who had faithfully served Du Chaillu. Bound with cords, and with spears waving above her head, she was swept down to the river side, catching sight as she passed of our hero looking on with horror-struck dismay. "Chally, Chally!" she cried, "do not let me die!" and for a moment the white man thus appealed to was tempted to rush in amongst her murderers and try to rescue her. But it would have been useless, and, turning away, he owns he shed bitter tears at his own helplessness.

Okandaga gone, the people waited in eager silence for the name of the next victim, and soon a harsh voice again rang out, shouting—

"There is an old woman in a house; . . . she also bewitched Mpomo."

This time a niece of King Quengueza was seized, a fine noble-looking creature, who met her accusers with quiet dignity, motioning to them to keep their hands off, and saying—

"I will drink the mboundou, but woe to my accusers if I do not die."

Then she too was taken down to the river, but unbound.

A third time silence fell upon the multitude, and a third time the doctor's voice proclaimed the name of a sorceress, singling out a poor woman with six children, one of Quengueza's slaves.

The unhappy trio now awaited their doom upon the river bank, and the doctor having recited their crimes, calling upon the people to curse them, they were put into a canoe with the executioners, the doctor, and some others, all armed.

The tom-toms or native drums were then beaten, and the mboundou was prepared. The cup was held by Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, and at sight of it Okandaga wept, and even Quengueza's niece grew pale. First the old slave woman, then the royal lady, and lastly Okandaga drank, the people shouting—

"If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out."

A few moments of expectant silence ensued, and then the slave fell down. Before life was extinct the executioners fell upon her, and hacked off her head. Next came Quengueza's niece, and lastly Okandaga, their blood dyeing the waters of the river for some distance. The awful tragedy was terminated by the cutting up of the bodies into small pieces and strewing them on the river.

In the evening the guide Adouma, brother of the hapless Okandaga, came to Du Chaillu, and poured out all his grief and horror. He had been obliged to take part in the awful scene, to curse his sister himself, or he would have had to share her fate, and now his heart misgave him.

Our hero did his best to comfort him, telling him of the true God to whom Okandaga's spirit was gone, and the poor fellow said at last, "Oh, Chally! when you go back

to your far country, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth" (the Bible).

As may be imagined, Du Chaillu left Goumbi with little regret, the scene above described having thoroughly sickened and disgusted him. The last day of October, 1859, found him entering Ashira Land, a prairie-like district shut in by a triple range of mountains, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by King Olenda, who at once gave him a public reception in his principal town. The royal host himself was "an old, old man, with wool as white as snow, face a mass of wrinkles, and body thin, lean, and bent almost double with age." One cheek was painted red, the other white; and after staring at his guest for a few minutes, he made this extraordinary speech—always, it appears, addressed to strangers in Ashira Land—"I am like the Ovenga river. I cannot be cut in two. But also I am like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it."

The meaning of this gibberish, if meaning there were, Du Chaillu never made out, but he was much impressed with the scene which followed, the king's eldest son, also an old man with white hair, presenting him with two slaves, three goats, twenty bunches of plantains, twenty fowls, five baskets of ground nuts, and several bunches of sugar-cane, whilst all the other sons, full-grown sturdy fellows, and the villagers, numbering some thousands, looked on in wondering silence, convinced that a spirit had come amongst them from the unseen world.

Having visited several of the neighbouring villages, creating the greatest consternation wherever he appeared,

for never before had a white man been seen, Du Chaillu ascended the Rembo Ngouyai up to within sight of the vapour rising from a magnificent cataract, formed by its waters as it flings itself over a defile in the Nkoomo-naboulai range, one of the three mentioned above as enclosing Ashira Land; but he dared not risk too near an approach in his light canoe. A little later he made a short excursion to the Ofoubou, Andele, and Orere mountains on the south, and, returning safely, he obtained with considerable difficulty permission to travel further east, and on December 6th started for the Apingi country, Olenda sending some of his sons with him, and blessing him earnestly before taking leave. The common people, who had become much attached to their spirit, treasured up the hairs which had fallen to the ground when his servant Makondai trimmed his beard and locks, intending to make fetiches of them which should bring other white men to their country; and even the slaves, who had fled at his approach under the belief that he had come to fetch them to be fattened for consumption on the coast, seem to have regretted his departure. They evidently scarcely expected to see him again, their notions of the geography even of their own boundary districts being of the vaguest.

A tramp across a swamp, a perilous climb along a rope bridge over the roaring Ovigni river, brought our hero into a rugged and mountainous country, covered with dense forests, haunted by gorillas, whose fearful roars, to which the explorer tells us he never became accustomed, alone broke the awful stillness. Beyond that again came a high table-land, forming the entry to the Alpine-like range running eastwards for a distance not yet determined from the Balakai country; and on the 10th December, as the

party were passing through a dense wood, they suddenly arrived at the encampment of Remandjii, the king of the Apingi tribe, a fine-looking old negro, who immediately began to skip and jump in a very undignified manner, crying, "The spirit has come to see me! the spirit has come to see me!"

When his majesty's excitement subsided a little, Du Chaillu asked him to direct him to the next village, and, following the instructions obtained, with some difficulty he came to a magnificent stream called the Rembo Apingi, some three hundred and fifty yards wide. Rafts and canoes were at once put off from the opposite side, and he was triumphantly escorted by Apingi boatmen to their principal town, where a hut was immediately assigned to him. Here he was soon visited by Remandjii and the chiefs from the neighbouring villages, who astonished him by presenting him with a slave, bound, ready for execution, with the words—

"Be glad, O spirit! and eat of the things we give thee!" "Kill him for your evening meal," added Remandjii; "he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry."

Shaking his head and spitting on the ground to show his disgust, Du Chaillu made his host understand that he could not oblige him in this particular, and with some reluctance the white visitor's prejudices were humoured. He was allowed to sup off fowls and plantains, Remandjii tasting everything first lest it should have been poisoned.

Du Chaillu describes the Apingi as a savage-looking, yellowish-black race, with the usual woolly hair, broad nostrils, and thick lips, and much the same superstitions respecting death, witchcraft, &c., as their neighbours of Ashira Land. After he had been amongst them but a few

days, and had excited much wonder by his powers of writing, &c., he was surprised at being urged by thirty of the great chiefs, with Remandjii at their head, to be their king. "Spirit, you are our king," said their spokesman. "You have come to our country to do us good. You can do everything. Now make us a pile of beads as high as the highest tree in the village, that we and our women and children may go and take as much as we wish."

His refusal to accomplish this impossible feat was considered unkind, but he could not convince them of his powerlessness, and on the 18th he was formally invested by Remandjii, in the presence of an immense crowd, with the insignia of royalty, and from that time till his return home he was treated with all, and more than all, the honour due to a native potentate. But not even this distinction could reconcile him to a further protracted exile. He made, it is true, another unsuccessful attempt to reach the Falls of Samba Nagoshi, and learnt beyond all reasonable doubt the fact already suspected of the junction further north of the Rembo Ngouyai and the Rembo Okando; but on the very eve of a trip into Ashango Land, an attack of fever so completely prostrated him, that he resolved, as soon as he could walk, to return to Europe.

Of the journey back to Remandjii's he retained but a faint remembrance, and, arrived there, he lost no time in explaining that he must resign his royal dignity, and go. "We are sorry," said his subjects; "but as it is the will of the spirit, we must submit. Wait, however, that we may get him food, that he may not be hungry by the way."

Plantains, fowls, &c., were then brought to him; he was requested to keep his *kondo*, or insignia of royalty, that he

might be master again when he came back, and bidding his simple friends farewell, he started for the coast, arriving in the Gaboon early in June.

On the publication of Du Chaillu's account of his experiences in this eventful journey, a perfect storm of accusation arose against him. His visit to Ashira Land and discovery of the Ngouyai river were spoken of as pure inventions, and his descriptions of the gorilla, the nest-building ape, &c., were laughed at as wildly exaggerated. In 1862, however, a French Government expedition, under Messrs. Serval and Griffon du Bellay, and two years later Messrs. Albigot and Fouchard, ascended the Ogobai for some distance, confirming in the main all their great predecessor's statements, converting his adverse critics into admiring friends, and encouraging him to undertake a new journey in 1863–65, in which he penetrated still further into the interior than before, and fixed with scientific accuracy the geographical position of places discovered in his former explorations. He tells us that he also cherished a secret hope, unfortunately not realised, of reaching in the far interior "some unknown western tributary of the Nile, and to descend by it to the great river, and thence to the Mediterranean.

On this new journey Du Chaillu arrived off the Camma coast on the 8th October, 1863, and on the morning of the 10th of the same month at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz. Two canoes were put off from shore as soon as his vessel was sighted, in one of which he recognised an old negro friend named Adjonatonga, who exclaimed on seeing him—

"Are you Chaillie, or are you his spirit? Have you come from the dead? Tell me quick, for I don't know

whether I am to believe my own eyes; perhaps I am getting a *kende* (fool).

Assured of Du Chaillu's identity, the warm-hearted native flung his arms round his neck and hugged him in a transport of joy; and as soon as this rather too warm greeting was over, came a nephew of our old acquaintance, Chief Ranpano, whose enthusiasm at the white man's return was equally great.

After a somewhat perilous paddle from his vessel to the shore in one of the frail canoes, Du Chaillu landed amongst a crowd of gesticulating and yelling natives, frantic with joy at his return, and was escorted up the river to his old home of Washington, which he found in ruins, a few loose bamboos and rotting poles alone remaining.

Having determined to fix his new quarters about two miles above the site of "Washington," our hero returned to the schooner to superintend the disembarkation of his outfit and goods, hoping almost immediately to begin his explorations. But, alas! the canoe in which he and the captain of the schooner embarked with all the valuable scientific instruments was upset, and though, thanks to the eager devotion of the natives, the two white men escaped with their lives, those of the instruments which were recovered were rendered useless by the salt water. There was nothing for it but to wait until others could be obtained from England, and, resigning himself to the delay as best he could, Du Chaillu employed the interval in excursions in the neighbourhood of the Fernand Vaz, visiting his former host Quengueza and numerous petty chiefs, whom he persuaded to bring the produce of their territories to the coast to be sold to Captain Vardon.

On the 1st November a young male chimpanzee about

three years old was brought to him by a negro, who had caught him on the banks of the Npoulounay. The little fellow, whom Du Chaillu christened Thomas, proved tractable though mischievous, and was sent to England in Captain Vardon's ship. He lived for some years in the Crystal Palace, but perished in the great fire of 1867.

On the 18th January, 1864, the schooner which had brought Du Chaillu to the Fernand Vaz sailed for England, the first vessel loaded entirely with the produce of the Camma country, and on the 28th September of the same year, fresh instruments having at last arrived, our hero was able to complete his preparations for his journey into the interior. Only with great difficulty had he been able to obtain permission to travel—a law having been passed during his absence forbidding any one from the coast to enter Ashira Land. His tact at a grand palaver held to discuss the subject, however, won an exception in his favour. He did not want to trade, but to shoot animals and bring away their skins. "Truly," said the native speakers at last, "we do not know what our Chaillie has in his stomach to want such things, but we must let him go." Orders were given for his protection, and the king sent some of his own slaves with him as an escort.

On the 14th October, the party, consisting of Du Chaillu himself, his boy Makondai, his hunter and right-hand man Igala, a strapping negro called Rebouka, and some half-dozen slaves, all wearing thick canvas trousers, blue woollen shirts, and worsted caps, arrived at Goumbi, where Quengueza received them right royally, and announced his intention of accompanying them to Ashira Land. This decision caused some further delay, and Du Chaillu was obliged to resort to an artifice to get his host to move. Telling

Makondai to take his bed to a shed some distance from Goumbi, he retired there to sleep, pretending to be too deeply offended to remain any longer as a guest in Quengueza's village. This ruse had the desired effect, for at nightfall the old king came in person to make it up, but our hero declined to be reconciled until he had exacted a promise of immediate departure.

Early the next morning, October 28th, the beating of the *kendo*, or royal bell, announced the breaking up of the negro camp, and by nightfall the motley group had reached the junction of the Niembai and Ovenga. On the 29th the course of the Ovenga was followed, and towards evening the village of Obindji was entered, no adventure having occurred but the breaking through of a fence set up across the river by the Bakalai to prevent the entrance of the intruders into their country. Quengueza's rage at such an obstacle to the progress of the "king of the Rembo," as he styled himself, was unbounded, but it did not interfere with a cordial meeting on the morrow between him and Obindji, a Bakalai chief with whom Du Chaillu was already acquainted. Porters for the trip into Ashira Land were readily promised, but not so easily obtained, and some days were passed as the guests of Obindji before there was any prospect of starting. On the 8th November, however, the heavy luggage was sent forward, and on the 17th Quengueza and Du Chaillu followed, paddling up the Ofoubou, a tributary of the Ovenga, for three hours and a-half, and then marching across country in a south-easterly direction, over wild undulating districts, till they emerged on November 19th in the prairies of Ashira Land. At 2 p.m. of the same day the town of Olenda was entered, amid much hubbub and firing of guns.

The old king, Olenda, who has already been described, welcomed Du Chaillu back with enthusiasm, declaring that he "loved him like a sweetheart," though proving himself anything but a disinterested admirer. So covetous indeed did he become, that his guest said to him at last, "I thought you only loved me as a sweetheart, but I am afraid you love me for my goods." "Oh, no!" was the smiling rejoinder, "I love you like a sweetheart for yourself, but I love your goods also."

On this journey Du Chaillu's main object in passing through Ashira Land was to visit the Falls of Samba Nagoshi, which he had already made two abortive attempts to reach, and, well provided by Olenda with guides and porters, he started on this interesting excursion on the 1st December.

Following a north-easterly direction, he quickly reached the Ovigni river, and crossing it with great difficulty by means of a single tree-trunk thrown carelessly over its foaming waters, he began a weary march along the western foot of the hilly range shutting in Ashira Land, through an almost impenetrable forest, to the Opangano prairie, a little beyond which he came to the first Bakalai village. Passing through its single street, with a gate at either end and houses with no doors in the outer walls, our hero passed on in a north-easterly direction till he came to the wild Lambengue prairie, succeeded by a dense forest, where, marching somewhat in advance of his party, he surprised a group of some ten gorillas in a single tree.

With nothing in his hand but a walking-stick, and feeling discretion to be the better part of valour, our hero was about to beat a retreat, when his men coming up altered the aspect of affairs; the gorillas, who were hurrying down to the attack of a single enemy, uttered wild cries of

fright, and disappeared in the thick jungle. The negroes rushed after them with their guns, but were unable even to bring down one.

On the 4th December the so-called Kamba district was entered, where the natives, called Ashira Kambas, gave their visitors a hearty welcome, and directed them to their chief village, called Dihaou. Here the king, Dihaou Okamba, treated him very generously, giving him a goat in exchange for a few trifling presents, and providing him with a canoe for the voyage up the Rembo. This canoe, it was true, was leaky and rotten, but it was probably the best the country could produce, and, leaving all the property he could dispense with in Dihaou's care, Du Chaillu embarked in it on the 7th December, on the Great or Ngouyai Rembo, for the last stage of his journey to the falls.

The first white man to visit the country between Ashira Land and the mountains inhabited by different Aviia tribes, Du Chaillu's approach caused the immediate evacuation of every village, and only with great difficulty were the inhabitants coaxed back to their homes and induced to supply their visitors with food. Everywhere famine had been doing its ghastly work, and in one miserable hut our hero was shocked to see an old woman, a mere skeleton, left to die alone. She was infirm and useless; why should any of the small store of food left be given to her? urged the men to whom he expressed his horror.

On the 10th December, finding the river no longer navigable, Du Chaillu started on foot for the falls with an Aviia guide, and after an exciting march through dense jungle, across small tributaries of the Ngouyai, some so deep as to involve swimming, he came at last in view of the object of his journey. The stream, he tells us, just

above the falls is 150 yards wide, but a rocky island in the middle, covered with trees, divides the water in two unequal parts, only one of which can be seen at a time. The right hand fall, some seventy yards wide, rushes down a steep incline in immense volume, but the left is comparatively insignificant. The right, on the whole, though grand and wild, was not in fact so impressive as our hero had expected, and he found the less important rapids lower down more beautiful. Still he had achieved the object of his journey; he had seen the great Samba Nagoshi Falls; and having determined their latitude and longitude, &c., and ascended in a frail canoe "part of the river difficult to navigate," he turned his face southwards, getting back to Olenda about the 22nd December.

Eager now to pursue his course eastwards, Du Chaillu lost not one moment in pressing forward his preparations, but before he was able to start a terrible calamity overtook Ashira Land, involving not only serious delay, but personal danger to the explorer. This was the breaking out of small-pox, a disease never before known amongst the natives. Elanga, one of Olenda's nephews, was the first to fall a victim, and being in Du Chaillu's service, suspicions of witchcraft having been exercised by the white man were at once aroused. A few days later, two other cases occurred, also amongst our hero's servants, and when he separated the survivors from those whom he thought infected, giving them strict orders to keep away from the places where the disease had broken out, public opinion ran high against him. He was boldly accused of having introduced the *eviva* (plague), of having brought death instead of the promised good to the people, of having killed Remandjii, who had died since his last visit to Apingi Land, &c., &c.

But for Quengueza's and Olenda's faithfulness, things might have gone badly with Du Chaillu, for a word from either of them would have fanned the smouldering fire into a flame, and another fearful execution would have taken place, with the once-beloved "spirit" as the central figure. Fortunately, Quengueza became very angry at the suspicions of "his white man," asking the people whether he, the king, who held the passage of the Rembo, had come with him into the bush amongst these pigs of Ashira to be cursed? This protest was seconded by Olenda, who held his royal guest in great respect, and sent round at his suggestion to the neighbouring villages to try and collect porters, guides, &c.

Before they could assemble, however, the plague acquired fearful proportions, Olenda's head wife was struck down, several of the mourners who had been to Elanga's funeral followed, and in a few days half the people of Olenda were lying at death's door. Alarmed for the safety of his good old friend Quengueza, Du Chaillu urged him to return to Goumbi, but he replied, "Chaillie, I cannot go back. I came here to see you through this country, and I should feel shame to leave you in your troubles. What would the Cammi people say? They would laugh at me, and say Quengueza had no power to help Chaillie on his way. No, I shall not leave you."

Soon after this, a favourite little slave boy belonging to Quengueza was taken ill, and, in spite of Du Chaillu's remonstrances, his master nursed him himself in his own hut with the gentleness and tenderness of a woman. Touched to the heart, in spite of his fear of the consequences, by this proof of the old negro's noble nature, Du Chaillu made one more effort to get him to return to

his own land, and succeeded in persuading him to send all his subjects back, though he himself remained until his white man was actually, as he thought, on the eve of starting for the east. But when the last of the Goumbi escort had left Olenda, the ravages of the small-pox increased, and soon the king himself sickened and died. As Du Chaillu sat by his bedside just before his end, he said—

"Do not grieve, Chaillie, it is not your fault; you have not caused my illness. I know it."

Afraid that Olenda's subjects would not take the same view of the matter, our hero prepared, as best he could, to bear the storm of suspicion he felt confident would ensue. But he was mistaken; his evident sorrow at the death of his old host touched the hearts of the mourners, who came to him soon afterwards to assure him of their protection now the head of their clan was gone. Thus relieved from the dread of a violent death, Du Chaillu continued his efforts to get away, but several weeks of suspense and anxiety had still to be endured; Ashira Land was reduced to a desert, famine succeeded the plague, and not until the 16th March, after he had seen one after another of his faithful followers die, was the journey to the east actually begun. Even then it was under anything but promising auspices, the porters engaged, unlike their Cammi predecessors, being ready to take advantage of their master at every turn. Only two of the men who had come from the coast were able to start with the party for the east, but later, the boy Makondai, who was supposed to be dying of small-pox when his master left him, recovered, and joined his comrades.

Pursuing a more southerly direction than on his former

journey, Du Chaillu, after many difficulties from the dishonesty of his Ashira porters, arrived in safety at Mayolo, an important village of Otando Land, early in April, but he had not long been there when the chief was taken ill. This was embarrassing, for, should he die, further progress would be impossible, as the negroes would certainly have driven away the man at whose coming their head men were thus stricken down. To add to the visitor's troubles, a conflagration of the prairie round the village took place immediately afterwards, but the fire was checked in time to save his goods, and Mayolo recovered, not, however, without suspicion of witchcraft again falling on the "spirit." A grand palaver was held, in which Du Chaillu was put on his trial, and, thanks to the friendship of Mayolo, came off with glowing colours, the chief winding up a long oration by shouting, with repeated blows on his chest to give force to his words—

"Here I am alive; they said I should die because the spirit had come, but here I am."

After this Mayolo bestirred himself very heartily in the "spirit's" behalf, sending messengers to his neighbour of Apono Land, announcing the approach of "his white man," getting porters, &c., and on the 30th May all was at last ready for the further march eastwards. Escorted by his host and about thirty men, Du Chaillu now crossed the open grass land of Otando, and, ascending a hill belonging to the Nomba Obana range, obtained an extensive view of the mountainous and wooded districts inhabited by the Ishogo, Ashango, and other tribes. Then, going down into a village on the borders of Apono Land, he entered a part of the country never before visited by a European. The people fled at his approach, crying, "The Oguizi (the

spirit)! the Oguizi! He has come, and we shall die." The small-pox had already decimated their homes; now the white man had come to complete their desolation.

Gradually, however, Mayolo calmed the fears of the natives, and by going from house to house, distributing beads, Du Chaillu convinced them that he was not only harmless but useful. The chief, Nchiengain by name, became in fact so far reconciled to his guest as to persuade Mayolo to allow him to join the travelling party, promising himself to escort the "spirit" over the Rembo or Upper Ngouyai. This passage, always difficult, was rendered specially arduous on this occasion by the lowness of the water, but the evening of June 3rd found our hero safely on the other side, though Nchiengain failed him at the last moment by getting tipsy and declining to stir from a village hard by.

At six a.m. the next morning, Nchiengain having become sober and crossed the Rembo alone, Eastern Apono Land was entered, and at half-past eight the first Ishogo villages, built in the ordinary native style in an open grassy space, were passed, some of the chiefs trying hard to detain Du Chaillu amongst them, and declaring that it was too bad for Mayolo and Nchiengain to monopolise him.

At Dilolo, the next village reached, a very dubious reception was given to the travellers. The entrance to the village was barricaded and guarded by all the fighting men, armed with spears, bows, arrows, and sabres, who cursed Nchiengain for bringing the Oguizi carrying with him the *eviva* or plague into their country, and declining to give him permission to enter. Anxious to avoid an encounter, the travellers turned off into a path leading round the village, but they were met by a fresh body of

natives, who drew their bows ready to fire. The Cammi men, who from the first had behaved with admirable pluck, gathered round their master, and the lad Rapelina pointed his gun in the face of one sturdy fellow, telling him he would be a dead man if he let fly his arrow. This demonstration was immediately effective, the Ishogo warriors drew back, yelling and gesticulating, and the little caravan passed on unmolested, Nchiengain shouting from the rear that there would be a grand palaver to settle for this when he returned.

Similar difficulties occurred in the more easterly villages, and again and again Du Chaillu owed his life to the protection of Nchiengain, who, when sober, proved himself a man of considerable tact and *savoir faire*. This was the more fortunate, as at the Apono village of Mokaba poor Mayolo was taken so seriously ill as to be compelled to remain behind, and as the party penetrated further and further into the unexplored interior, the people became more suspicious and travelling more arduous. One range of mountains succeeded another, one village after another sent out its crowd of Aponos or Ishogos to stare at and interrogate the white man, but his guides remained faithful, and his own courage never failed. Ishogo Land, with its well-watered prairies and densely-wooded hills, its well-built towns and sturdy inhabitants, was traversed in safety, and the end of June found our hero entering Ashango Land, the most easterly province explored, where he made acquaintance with the curious dwarf tribe known as Obongos, living in low oval diminutive huts, and keeping themselves apart from all intercourse with their fellow-countrymen, the true Ashangos, a race differing in language, but in little else, from their neighbours the Ishogo.

An unfortunate accident alone prevented Du Chaillu from realising his dream of returning home by way of Abyssinia and Egypt. He had penetrated as far as the village of Monaou Kombo in the east of Ashango Land, he had quelled a dangerous mutiny amongst his porters, he had overcome the reluctance of the natives to allow him to proceed, and persuaded them that he meant no harm to anyone, when his man Igala accidentally let off his gun and killed an Ashango. The effect was electric and instantaneous. The war drums began to beat, and the chief shouted indignantly, "You say you do not come here to do us harm, and do not kill people; is not this the dead body of a man?"

No more hope now of further progress, scarcely any of escape with life. Knowing that hundreds of natives armed with spears, poisoned arrows, &c., would be upon him in a few minutes, Du Chaillu called his men hastily together, loaded them with his most valuable possessions, and with the words, "Now, boys, keep together; do not be afraid. . . . Let us try our best, and we may reach the sea in safety," he prepared to sound the retreat should the worst come to the worst.

For one moment there seemed to be a chance of peace. Igala had explained that the man had been killed by accident, and that his master would pay the value of twenty men in goods. The war drums ceased to beat, a headman cried, "A palaver, a palaver!" but before Du Chaillu had time to hope, a woman came rushing out of a hut declaring that her husband also had been killed by the fatal bullet, which, after passing through the head of the negro, had pierced the thin wall of her hut.

It was too true! A general shout of war was raised, and

every warrior rushed for his weapon. The order was given for retreat, and away went the little band—first Igala, then his Cammi comrades, then Du Chaillu himself. Not a moment too soon! Showers of arrows were discharged even before they left the village. Makondai and Rebouka were all but transfixed by spears, Igala was hit in the leg, and Du Chaillu on the hand. But on, on they sped, their blood dyeing the path behind them, and closer and closer came the pursuers. One load after another was flung down, one man after another staggered as some well-aimed missile quivered in his flesh. A second arrow struck Du Chaillu in the side, causing exquisite agony, but at last a little stream near the village of Mobana was crossed, and the fugitives managed to elude the enemy by striking into a secluded forest path. One negro alone was left behind, but as his comrades were resting for a few moments and trying to stanch the blood from their wounds, he came up unhurt, with the good news that the natives had determined to follow no longer—so many of their men had fallen already, "they should all be killed one by one if they went on."

Cheered by this good news the fugitives pressed on, and after many a narrow escape they got back to Ishogo Land, where they were eagerly welcomed and entertained by friends made on the journey up. Mayolo and Nchiengain could scarcely believe their ears when they heard of the flight without the loss of a single man from the poisoned arrows and spears of the dreaded Ashangos, and the remainder of our hero's progress to the coast was one long triumph. Avoiding Olenda, where he had suffered so terribly, he made his way across country to Goumbi, and thence to his own little settlement on the Fernand Vaz,

arriving there on the 21st September, 1865. Here he took a most touching farewell of the faithful Cammi with whom he had seen and suffered so much, and six days later set sail for Europe, having considerably supplemented the geographical and ethnological discoveries of his previous journey by his researches in Ishogo and Ashango Land, escaping as many if not more perils than any other previous hero of African exploration, either north or south.

The accuracy of Du Chaillu's statements and observations was at first seriously questioned; but the researches of Bastian, Monteiro, and Burton, soon after the return home of the discoverer of Gorilla Land, confirmed his statements in every particular, and the more recent journeys of Cameron and Stanley have failed to throw any doubt upon even the most startling assertions of the distinguished Frenchman.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY AND DEATH.

New Expedition resolved on—Arrival at Zanzibar—Across Country to the Nyassa—Desertion of Sepoys—Arrival on the Shores of the Lake—No Canoes—Round the South of the Lake by Land—Rumours of Murder of Arabs—Desertion of Johanna Men—Report of Livingstone's Death—Search Expedition under Young—Westwards—The Mazitu—To the North for Tanganyika—Further Desertions and Loss of Medicine Chest—Fever—Arrival at Tanganyika—Lake Moero on the West—Attempt to reach it frustrated—Chance of returning home declined—Off for Lake Moero at last—Arrival on its Shores exhausted—Down the Lake to Cazembe's—Rumours of another Lake on the South—Start for the South with Mohammed Mograbin — Horrors of the Slave-trade — Guides for the Lake at last — Discovery of Lake Bangweolo—To the Island of Mbalala—Mutiny of Crew—Compelled to turn back—War and Rumours of War—Flight to the North with the Arabs—Back to Tanganyika, and awful Sufferings by the Way—Across the Lake to Ujiji—Back again to the Western Shores—Start for Manyuema with Arab Slave-traders—Delay at Bambarré—Arbitrary Proceedings of the Arabs—A Trip to the North—Desertion of all the Men but five—Return to Bambarré, and long Delay there with Bad Feet—The Disease of Heart-brokenness—Arrival of Men from the Coast, and Fresh Start for the Lualaba—Arrival at Nyangwé—Awful Massacre of Native Women—Livingstone determines to return—An Ambush and Narrow Escape—Cannibalism—Arrival at Ujiji in an Exhausted State—Stores, &c., Stolen—Despair—Opportune Arrival of Stanley—Stanley's Journey from Zanzibar—Trip with Stanley to the North of Tanganyika—To Unyanyembe with Stanley—Parting with Stanley—Return alone to Unyanyembe—Long and Dreary Waiting there—Arrival of Stanley's Men—Start for the South-West—Round the Southern Extremity of Tanganyika—Across Country to Bangweolo—Terrible Sufferings amongst the Sponges and Marshes—Across the Chambeze or Lualaba at last—Serious Illness—Livingstone is carried on the Shoulders of his Men—Rapidly-increasing Weakness—A Litter is made—The Last Service—The last few miles of March—Arrival at Chitambo's—Erection of Hut—Last Words—Death—Susi and Chumah

chosen Captains—Preservation of Livingstone's Body—The Burial Service Read—The Corpse Packed for Travelling—The Return March to the North-East—Meeting with Cameron at Unyanyembe—To the Coast with Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy—Suicide of Dillon—Arrival at Bagamoyo—Embarkation of Corpse for England—Funeral in Westminster Abbey.

To avoid confusion, it will be well to state here that the Congo is called the Chambeze till it enters Lake Bangweolo, the Lualapa from that lake to Lake Moero, whence it issues as the Lualaba, flowing under that name to Nyangwé, where it becomes the Zingatmi until it reaches the Falls now named after Stanley, when it is known as the Congo. The whole river was, however, re-named the Livingstone by Stanley, but will probably be henceforth known under the original title of Congo.

THE excitement caused in England by Livingstone's account of all that he had seen and done in his second great journey was intense. Philanthropists were aghast at his revelations of the horrors resulting from the slave-trade. Men of science were eager to ascertain if the lakes of the south were connected with those of Central Africa, and, if so, by what means. One and all felt that the work begun must be carried on at whatever cost. Missionary societies prepared to send out members of their body to attack the gigantic evil of the traffic in human flesh and blood at its very root, by converting to Christianity the chiefs who rendered it possible by selling their subjects. On every side arose a cry for new men, willing to risk their lives in the common cause of humanity and geographical discovery. With the missionaries who responded to this appeal we have not now to deal, though we are glad to be able to add that many colonies of earnest preachers of the gospel are now at work on the shores of the various lakes. Our task is merely to trace the further progress of the solution of the great problems of African geography, and it is with feelings of mingled joy and regret that we resume our narrative of the career

of the greatest of all our heroes. We rejoice that Livingstone was spared to add yet another chapter to geographical science; we bitterly regret that our gain has been purchased at the cost of a life so valuable as his, and that recent years have seen the heroes of missionary effort and of geographical exploration replaced by great fighting expeditions, the march of which must of necessity be attended with fresh suffering to the unhappy natives of the districts traversed.

On his return to England in 1864, the great explorer would fain have retired from active service, and spent the evening of his life in settling the pecuniary affairs of his family. When asked by his friend Sir Roderick Murchison to name a leader for a new expedition to resolve the problem of the watershed between the Nyassa and Tanganyika, Livingstone at once fixed upon an eminent traveller, who, however, declined to undertake the mission because no sufficient remuneration was offered for his services, and in his disappointment Sir Roderick appealed to Livingstone himself. Why could not he, who had already done so much, undertake this one more journey?

For a moment our hero hesitated, urging all the reasons against the undertaking of fresh responsibility by a man of the advanced age of fifty-three, who was already worn out by the fatigues of two previous journeys, each extending over several years. Before the interview closed, however, Livingstone had consented to start for Zanzibar as soon as his book on the Zambesi was published.

For this new expedition the English Government subscribed £500, the Royal Geographical Society £500, and a private friend £1000. Its main object was to explore the country between the Nyassa and Tangan-

yika, with a view to determining the relation of the two lakes to each other, but from first to last Livingstone never lost sight of the question—to him of equal importance—of the best means for lessening the evils of the slave-trade.

Our hero left England for the third and last time on the 14th August, 1865, scarcely more than a year after his return home from his Zambesi journey, and arrived at Zanzibar on the 28th January, 1866. He proposed penetrating to the Nyassa by way of the Rovuma River and those districts on the east of the lake inhabited by the dreaded Ajawa, but, except for this mere outline of a plan, he determined to be guided by circumstances, knowing from many a provoking experience how seldom any programme can be accurately carried out in African travel.

Kindly received by the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whom he had first-rate letters of introduction, Livingstone was able to make the necessary arrangements for his journey with great rapidity, and by the beginning of March he had in his service, in addition to thirteen Sepoys from India, ten Johanna men, two Shapunga men, one of them the now celebrated Susi, two Wayans, the Chumah who with Susi remained with his master to the last, and a certain Wakatani, both of whom were among the slaves liberated in 1861. An Arab dhow was purchased for the transit to the Rovuma of the animals, consisting of six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, and four donkeys, and large stores of merchandise, provisions, &c., were accumulated. No pains, in short, were spared to ensure success, and on the 18th March all was ready for the start.

On the 19th the explorer and his retinue crossed from Zanzibar to the mainland in Her Majesty's ship Penguin,

and after a rather disheartening examination of the mouths of the Rovuma, Mikindany Bay, twenty-five miles above them, was fixed upon as the best spot for disembarkation. On the 24th March, Livingstone and his people landed, the Penguin took her leave, and the work of the expedition may be said to have begun. A house on the sea-shore was hired at the rate of four dollars a month to form a kind of permanent storehouse; the animals were disembarked from the dhow, carriers were engaged, &c., &c., and on the 4th April the march to the south was commenced.

Keeping a little to the right of the 40th parallel of east longitude, the caravan wound slowly through dense jungle, which had to be cut down for the passage of the camels, though it offered no serious obstruction to the men of the party, and, halting now at one now at another Makonde village, arrived on the banks of the Rovuma on the 14th, opposite the furthest point reached by the Pioneer in 1866.

The course was now due west, along the edge of "that ragged outline of table-land" which had been seen on the previous expedition as flanking both sides of the river. A rough path led, in winding fashion, from one village to another, all inhabited by Makonde, a degraded negro race, knowing nothing—though they are in constant intercourse with Arabs—of God, of a future state, or of the commonest usages of civilised life. They pray to their mothers when dying or in distress, and believe implicitly in the power of their doctors over life and death. The headman of every village was also the doctor. Livingstone made several attempts to teach the Makonde the first principles of religion, but his ignorance of their language rendered all his efforts unsuccessful.

In the middle of April the caravan turned southwards, and for the next two months a south-westerly course was pursued, through a mountainous and well-wooded country, peopled by the Mtambwe, said to be a branch of the Makonde. In this march the chief difficulty with which our hero had to contend was the cruelty of his men to the animals, many of which were lamed by blows from their drivers, but whether with a view to retarding the journey, or from a wanton love of inflicting suffering, it was impossible to decide. The camels often came back from pasture bleeding from newly-inflicted wounds, and the buffaloes and mules were also soon covered with sores.

On the 1st May a country comparatively free of wood was entered, in which it was possible to advance without perpetual cutting and clearing, and on the 12th of the same month the highest point of the Rovuma reached by the Pioneer in 1862 was passed. Beyond came districts hitherto totally unknown to Europeans—though Roscher is supposed to have been in their neighbourhood—where the natives, though not exactly unfriendly, did not readily supply food to the exploring party. The country was suffering from drought, and the people were in daily fear of raids from the Mazitu, a warlike race living on the southern banks of the Rovuma, who plunder and murder the surrounding tribes with savage recklessness.

Miserably short marches were all that could be made on the small rations to which Livingstone was now obliged to reduce his men, but on the 19th May, all difficulties surmounted, the junction with the Loendi, supposed to be the parent stream of the Rovuma, was reached, and, crossing it with the help of a friendly chief called Matumora, our

hero hoped to make his way rapidly to Lake Nyassa, along the southern bank of the Rovuma.

But now the Sepoys, who had long shown signs of insubordination, declared they would go no further, and inquiry revealed that they had offered Ali, the leader of the retinue, eight rupees to take them to the coast. The Nassick boys followed their example. They would not go on to be starved; Livingstone must pay their wages and let them go. By continued threats and promises, however, a truce was patched up for a time, and the whole party crept on along the southern bank of the Rovuma till the 18th June, when one of the Nassick boys died, and the Sepoys again rebelled. To make a long story short, we may add that, after several vain attempts to bind them to his service, Livingstone finally consented to the return of the Indians to Zanzibar, and that those who survived the journey to the coast arrived there in August or September. They appear to have suffered greatly, and to have had some excuse for their unwillingness to proceed further in a country where death from starvation was the least of many evils to be feared.

Pressing on with his reduced numbers through districts naturally fertile, but everywhere desolated by the horrors attendant on the passage of slave-traders, Livingstone followed the course of the Rovuma until the 1st July. Then leaving the river in about S. lat. 12°, E. long. 37′, he entered the Ajawa country, and, traversing it in a south-westerly direction, came to Lake Nyassa at the confluence of the Nishinge on the 8th August, to find himself once more amongst the friendly Manganja, to whom he had rendered such great services in 1861.

The practicability of the shorter route to the Nyassa

from the eastern coast was now proved beyond a doubt, and, overjoyed by the successful termination of the first stage of his journey, Livingstone eagerly set about endeavouring to cross the lake, hoping to reach an Arab settlement which he knew to exist on the western shore, with a view to making it the starting-point for Tanganyika.

In this plan our hero was disappointed, the fear inspired by his own proceedings on his previous expedition making the slave-traders "flee him as if he had the plague." Two Arab dhows cruising constantly backwards and forwards with slaves were moved off out of harm's way, "for the white man would surely burn them if he got a chance."

After trying for nearly a month to persuade first one and then another native chief to lend him a canoe, Livingstone finally determined to go southwards round Cape Maclear and ascend the lake on the other side. In this he was successful, and on the 21st September we find him marching across the base of the promontory, with the singular addition to his retinue of two Ajawa, who acted as guides and carriers, much to their own surprise, and that of everybody else, this tribe seldom condescending to do any work but fighting.

On the 24th September the village of Marenga, situated at the eastern edge of the bottom of the heel of the lake, was entered, inhabited by a tribe called Babisa, who had lately joined with the Ajawa in their raids upon the Manganja. The chief of this village, who was suffering from a loathsome skin disease introduced into the country by the Arabs, received Livingstone courteously, but allowed him to proceed northwards without warning him that the Mazitu were ravaging the country through which he must pass. On the 26th September, however, an Arab met the

party, and told Musa, one of the Johanna men, that all who ventured further would certainly be murdered; forty-four Arabs had been killed at Kasungu; he only had escaped to tell the tale.

Surprised that he had heard nothing of this from Marenga, and half suspecting foul play, Livingstone lost no time in returning to that chief to inquire if there were any foundation for the story. The reply received was to the effect that it might be true. The natives were very bitter against the Arabs, who were gradually destroying their country. They would allow no more to settle amongst them, but their hostility would not extend to Livingstone or his people, and there were no Mazitu where he was going.

Completely reassured himself, Livingstone determined to proceed, but the Johanna men had taken alarm. "Musa's eyes stood out with terror." He exclaimed, speaking of Marenga, "I no can believe that man;" and when Livingstone inquired how he came to give such ready credence to the Arab, he answered, "I ask him to tell me true, and he say true, true." Reasoning and persuasion were alike in vain. Convinced that they and their master were doomed, the Johanna men resolutely declined to go further, and when the start was again made they went off in a body, leaving their loads on the ground.

This was the true origin of the report, long believed in England, of the murder of Livingstone by natives on the western shores of Lake Nyassa. The deserters made their way back to Zanzibar, and, anxious to excuse their own conduct, and explain their sudden return, related the following plausible story:—

The expedition had safely reached Lake Nyassa and

crossed it. The doctor then pushed on westwards, and in course of time reached Goomani, a fishing village on a river. The people of Goomani warned Livingstone that the Mafites, a wandering predatory tribe, were out on a plundering expedition, and that it would not be safe to continue the journey; but the dangers thus presented to view were not of a nature to deter a man who had braved so many before. Treating the warnings as of little moment, therefore, he crossed the river in canoes the next morning, with his baggage and his train of followers. All the baggage animals had perished from want of water before this river was reached, so that the luggage had to be carried by the men. Being a fast walker, Livingstone soon distanced all his heavily-laden followers except Musa, and two or three others who kept up with him. The march had continued some distance, when Dr. Livingstone saw three armed men ahead, and thereupon he called out to Musa, "The Mafites are out after all!" These were the last words he uttered. The Mafites, armed with bows and arrows and axes, closed upon the doctor, who drew his revolver and shot two. The third, however, got behind him, and with one blow from an axe clove in his head. The wound was mortal, but the assassin quickly met his own doom, for a bullet from Musa's musket passed through his body, and the murderer fell dead beside his victim.

Musa added that the doctor died instantly, and that, finding the Mafites were out, he ran back to the baggage-men, and told them that their master had been killed. The baggage was then abandoned, and the whole party sought safety by a hasty flight, which they continued till sunset, when they took refuge for the night in a jungle. The next day they returned to the scene of the disaster,

and found Livingstone's body lying on the ground naked but for the trousers, the rest of his clothing having been stolen. A hole was hastily "scratched" in the ground, and the explorer was buried. No papers or any other means of identification were recovered, and, broken-hearted at the loss of their beloved master, the Johanna men started for the coast, enduring great hardships by the way, but finally arriving safely in Zanzibar.

To this tale all the faithless servants adhered through one cross-examination after another, and it was very generally believed, until Sir Roderick Murchison, in a letter to the *Times*, pointed out several flaws in the ingenious fabrication, proposing at the same time that an expedition should be sent to the western shores of Lake Nyassa to examine into the truth of the report. The English Government promptly seized this suggestion; volunteers were called for, and hundreds of brave men at once eagerly offered their services. Mr. Edward Daniel Young was selected to take the command, and left England on the 11th June, 1869.

In a trip extending over less than five months, the gallant officer completely proved the falsity of Musa's account, obtained trustworthy evidence of Livingstone's continued health and activity, and on the 19th October embarked for England, where the news he brought was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, Livingstone, ignorant alike of the report of his death and of the efforts being made on his behalf, quietly reflects in his journal that he is not sorry to have got rid of the Johanna men, they were such inveterate thieves. Pressing on with his small retinue, now reduced to the surviving Nassick boys and the Shapunga and

Ajawa men, Livingstone reached a village at the foot of Mount Mulundini, on the west of the heel of the Nyassa, on the 28th September, and, obtaining there confirmation of the reports of disturbances on the north, determined to go west amongst the Manganja, here called Maravi.

This resolution was attended with the best results. Courteously received at every village, and supplied with guides to the next, our hero passed safely through a beautiful mountainous country, till he came to the hamlet of Pamiala, where he turned southwards, and, pursuing a zigzag course, reached Chipanga, the most southerly point of his journey, on the 16th October.

A short march westward from Chipanga brought the party to a village called Theresa, beyond which the course was north-easterly, and through districts hitherto totally unknown to Europeans. One river after another, flowing towards Lake Nyassa, was crossed, and all seemed likely to go well, when, on the 24th October, after a successful hunt, in which a fine hartebeest antelope was shot, came news, from villagers flying southwards for their lives, that the Mazitu were out and close at hand.

The servants, who were eagerly anticipating a hearty supper, such as rarely fell to their lot, started to their feet, the half-cooked meat was hastily packed, and Livingstone and his guide Mpanda set out to try and engage extra carriers to aid in the retreat.

As they approached the next village, however, the inhabitants poured out. The Mazitu were there too, and the terrified people were fleeing to the Zalanyama mountains, on the south-west. Mpanda and his men now wished to go home and look after their own property, but Livingstone managed to persuade them to remain, and follow

with him "the spoor of the fugitives." Taking his stand at the foot of the rocky sides of the Zalanyama range, now crowded with trembling natives, our hero intended to defend his property to the last; but after waiting some time he heard that the enemy had gone to the south. Had he carried out his first scheme of going forward in search of men, he would have walked straight into the hands of the Mazitu, and his fate would probably have differed but little from that assigned to him in Musa's story.

As the journey westwards was pursued, the smoke of burning villages on the east and on the south plainly marked the course of the marauders, and, thankful for his narrow escape, Livingstone pressed on as rapidly as possible to the village of Mapino, beyond which he could only advance very slowly, as the country was thinly peopled, and food and water were scarce. The constant raids of marauders from the north and the visits of Arab slave-traders from the south had, moreover, rendered the natives suspicious and inhospitable, but, as in his previous journeys, Livingstone everywhere succeeded in overcoming the prejudice against white men, and convincing the poor down-trodden people that he meant them nothing but good.

On the 14th November the foot of Mount Chisia, a little above the 14th parallel of S. lat., was reached, and a halt was made at a blacksmith's or founder's village, where Livingstone was interested in witnessing the primitive native mode of smelting iron, and was watching the erection of a furnace on an ant-hill, when the feeling of security was again dispelled by tidings of the approach of the Mazitu. They were already, said the messenger, at Chanyandula's village on the north, which was to have been the next halting-place.

The headman of the village at once urged Livingstone to remain with him till it was certain which path the hated invaders would take, and the women were all sent away, whilst the men went on quietly with their usual occupations. No Mazitu came, but an elephant approached Livingstone's camp and "screamed at him," making off, however, at the shouting of the villagers.

The next morning the march was resumed, and on the 21st November, the Mazitu having been fortunately avoided, the source of the Bua (S. lat. 13° 40′), a tributary of the Loangwa, was reached, beyond which a halt was made outside a stockaded village, where the people refused to admit our hero until the headman came and gave permission. This was a foretaste of many similar difficulties, but slowly, very slowly, step by step and inch by inch, the advance northwards continued, now broken by illness, now hindered by *détours* in search of the way.

On the 16th December the banks of the Loangwa were sighted, and, unable to obtain food at the village on its eastern shores, Livingstone crossed the stream without a guide in about S. lat. 12° 45′, and beyond it entered a "pathless, bushy country," where the way had to be cut step by step by the almost fainting travellers.

To give the merest outlines of the difficulties surmounted, the dangers escaped, and the privations endured as the gallant little band advanced further and further into the unknown interior, would be to fill a volume. We must content ourselves with stating that a climax appears to have been reached on the 20th January, 1867, when, after plodding on under heavy rains through a famine-stricken country, and crossing the river Chambeze, afterwards under its name of the Lualaba discovered to be of such

vast importance, which comes down from the western slope of the plateau of the district of Lobisa, our hero was deserted by the two Ajawa men mentioned as having joined his party at Lake Nyassa. The loss of two carriers was bad enough, but, to complicate matters still further, they took with them the medicine box for the sake of the cloth, and some clothes belonging to a boy called Baraka, in which were packed a quantity of flour, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch.

Livingstone, in relating the incident in his journal, remarks pathetically that the thieves would, of course, only throw away the valuable contents of the medicine box when they discovered their nature, adding that he felt as if he had now received the sentence of death.

All attempts to catch the fugitives failed. Heavy rain obliterated every trace of their footsteps, and the forest was so dense and high that they easily concealed themselves and their booty. Unable now to procure daily bread, Livingstone commended himself and the few who still remained true to him to God, and struggled on by terribly slow stages through the sparsely inhabited Lobemba country to the important village of Chitapanga, where fresh supplies were obtained at a very heavy cost.

After delaying our hero for three weeks in his village, and mulcting him considerably in beads and cloths, Chief Chitapanga finally consented to provide him with guides to take him to Lake Tanganyika, or, as its lower end is called, Lake Liemba, and, cheered by the prospect of soon reaching the end of the second stage of his great journey, Livingstone started for the north on the 20th February. On the 31st March, after an exhausting journey and terrible sufferings from fever, for which he had now no

remedies, he came to the village of Mombo, near a ridge overlooking the lake, but he was too ill to enter it.

Compelled to halt almost within sight of the second goal of his wanderings, Livingstone heard his boys firing their guns in the distance, to celebrate their own approach to the long-sought lake. This was too much for him to bear unmoved, and, summoning all his remaining strength to his aid, he climbed the ridge, saw Lake Tanganyika lying peacefully beneath him, descended some 2000 feet, and finally stood upon the beach. To quote his own words, he was deeply thankful at having got so far, and though excessively weak, unable to walk without tottering, he adds his conviction that the Highest would lead him further.

The position of the spot on the lake first visited by Livingstone was S. lat. 8° 46′, E. long. 31° 57′. The waters appeared to be some eighteen or twenty miles broad, and he could see them for "about thirty miles up to the north." A nearly perpendicular mountain ridge of perhaps 2000 feet high extends with occasional breaks all round, the lake reposing in a deep cup-shaped cavity. The people dwelling on its shores—a race called Balungu, who had suffered much at the hands of the notorious Mazitu—were suspicious of the strangers, and would not allow Livingstone to sound the lake, or reply to his enquiries respecting the course of the numerous rivers flowing into it.

After a fortnight's rest amongst the lovely scenery of the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika, Livingstone prepared to go north-west to try and connect his own observations with those of Burton and Speke, but he was soon compelled to turn back owing to the disturbed state of the country. A little later, he was invited by some friendly Arabs to go with them to Ujiji by a north-easterly route, but he had in

the meanwhile heard rumours of the existence of a large lake known as Moero on the west, and was determined to visit it before returning home. When we add that he was at the time subject to fits of insensibility, and was unable to do the simplest sum, the full heroism of his noble resolve will be realised. The scanty information he managed to obtain from the natives respecting Lake Moero convinced him that it was connected either with the Congo or the Nile—in other words, with the great problem he had come so far to solve. Who could tell whether it might not turn out to be the ultimate source of one or another of the two great rivers—that on its shores he might finally set at rest the questions concerning them which had so long baffled men of science?

Leaving Lake Tanganyika early in May, Livingstone arrived at the village of Chitimba, some miles to the south-west, on the 20th, to find a large party of Arabs, headed by a certain Hamees, there encamped, who informed him that there was war between them and a powerful native chief of the west named Nsama.

"This," remarks Livingstone in his journal, "threw the barrier of a broad country between him and Lake Moero," but he trusted in Providence to open a way, and determined, if necessary, rather to make a long *détour* southwards than give up his purpose. Fortunately his patience was not put to the latter severe test, though it was sorely tried by a delay of ten weeks at Chitimba, at the end of which, however, peace was made between Hamees and Nsama, and it became possible to cross the country of the latter.

The 30th August, 1867, found Livingstone once more *en route*, and after a journey of eleven weeks in a north-westerly direction, across an excessively humid and fertile

country, presenting an almost continuous ascent, he arrived, in a state of terrible exhaustion, on the north-eastern shores of Lake Moero Okata, one of a series of great lakes fed by numerous streams, and connected by the now world-famous river Lualaba.

Lake Moero, the first absolutely new discovery of importance made on this arduous journey, is described by Livingstone as "of goodly size, and flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west." Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water. Outside these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which fishermen build their huts. The country called Rua lies on the west, and is seen as a lofty range of dark mountains; another range of less height, but more broken, stands along the eastern shore, and in it lies the path to Cazembe, one of the most important native villages visited by our hero.

The eastern shores of Lake Moero were closely populated, villages succeeding each other at intervals of from 100 to 200 yards, shaded like those in the more southerly Londa with a species of fir tree. The paramount chief of these districts sent a message, to the effect that, if Livingstone would sleep in his settlement and give him a piece of cloth, he would provide guides and a canoe for the passage of the lake the next day, but his people rendered his proposal of no avail by declining to lend the white man a hut.

Pressing on without guidance along the north-eastern shore, Livingstone partially ascended the range of mountains overlooking the lake, and then, turning southwards, commenced the march to Cazembe. His party now consisted of but nine in all, yet the people shut their gates as he approached, and only supplied provisions after long

and wearisome delays. That their caution was the result of much suffering at the hands of previous visitors there can be little doubt, but as Livingstone's generous and gentle character became known, suspicion wore off. Indeed, before he reached Cazembe the natives had become quite enthusiastic about their white guest. Crossing one river after another, of which the Kalongosi appears to have been the chief, and passing the burial-place of the Portuguese explorer, Dr. Lacerda, long Governor of Tete, Livingstone came in sight of Cazembe on the 21st November, and found it to be situated on the east bank of a lakelet called Mofwe, and one mile from its northern end. The chief's residence is enclosed in a wall of reeds eight or nine feet high and 300 yards square, with a gateway hung with some sixty human skulls.

An Arab trader of note, named Mohammed bin Saleh, who had delayed his return to Ujiji for the sake of aiding Livingstone, came out to meet our hero, his men firing guns of welcome, and conducted the party to his shed of reception, giving them a hut till they could build one for themselves. We may add that throughout this journey Livingstone received much kindness from the Arabs generally, who, he tells us, were really solicitous for his safety, and again and again warned him in time of threatening danger.

Mohammed, who had lived more than ten years in Central Africa, gave Livingstone much geographical information, assuring him that the Chambeze he had crossed on his journey up was the same river as the Lualaba, that it entered a large lake called Bemba, far away on the south of Cazembe, flowed thence to Moero, and thence again to yet another lake on the north-west of Moero.

These statements opened out a new and vast field of exploration to Livingstone. Still ignorant that this Chambeze was in reality the "furthest head stream" of the Lualaba, and therefore, as we now know, of the Congo, he yet felt that Lake Moero might turn out to be an important link in the water system he was so eager to trace from end to end. Lake Bemba must be seen with his own eyes, and though, as he himself tells us, his longing for news from home was so intense that he could hardly refrain from making a journey to Ujiji in the hopes of finding letters there, the indomitable explorer resolved to make Cazembe his head-quarters, first for a series of excursions to Lake Moero, and secondly for a journey to Lake Bemba.

A day or two after his arrival, our hero was summoned to a grand reception by the chief of Cazembe, who received him seated "before a gigantic hut, surrounded by a score of smaller huts for his attendants." He was attended by his principal wife, his executioner, and a number of "officers," many of the latter with cropped ears and one hand lopped off, telling of former disgrace.

The object of Livingstone's visit having been explained by an old native, minus both ears, the white man came forward and made his bow. Cazembe, who is described as a heavy, uninteresting-looking man, with something of a Chinese type of countenance, then politely assured his guest that he was "welcome to his country, to go where he liked and do what he chose," and after a few more formalities the conversation became general. Livingstone even ventured to say to the executioner, who had "a curious scissors-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears, that his must be nasty work; at which sally "he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears

for a moment." Another laugh was raised when Livingstone, on being called upon to salute the "queen, a tall-good-featured lady, with two spears in her hand, involuntarily beckoned to her to come nearer."

In a later interview with Cazembe, our hero tried to persuade him to give up selling his people for slaves, but was answered by a tirade on the greatness of his power and dominion, which Mohammed bin Saleh, who was present, turned into the greatest ridicule, declaring that Cazembe was really nobody; for there were only two sovereigns in the world, Queen Victoria and the Sultan of Zanzibar.

After several trips north and north-east of Cazembe, and a long and tedious delay in that capital, Livingstone at last found himself, on the 1st June, 1868, in a position to start for Lake Bemba on the south. He had ascertained the general course of the Lualaba from it to Lake Moero; he must now determine whether that great river was or was not identical with the Chambeze; and further, if he were spared—which he already began to doubt, for his strength seemed to be ebbing fast—what connection the new lakes discovered had with the Tanganyika.

Before the commencement of this new trip several of our hero's men deserted, but, as an atonement, he had the advantage of the escort of an Arab trader, named Mohammed Mograbib, who was going north to buy copper. The route, like that from Lake Tanganyika to Moero, led through districts of great humidity, which are described by our hero as resembling a saturated sponge. On the hardened constitution of Mohammed, who had long traded in ivory and copper, probably also in slaves, in these parts, the damp had no detrimental effect, but for Livingstone it was

most unfortunate, though he complains but little in his journal, dwelling rather on the awful sufferings endured by the slaves in the party than on his own.

In a private letter, written about this time, he says he was never more touched by the condition of the unhappy captives than now, a fact perhaps explained by the weakened state of his own nerves, which must have been jarred by the slightest untoward incident. On the 24th June we find the following touching record in his journal:—

"Six men were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of their slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of coming back after death, and haunting and killing those who had sold them. . . . Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed," and we may add also of their dim belief in a future state, in which the inequalities of this life should be rectified by a power higher than that of man.

Five weeks' hard marching brought the whole party to the important village of Chikumbi, where a long halt was made whilst waiting for guides to take them to the lake. On the 10th July, however, a man belonging to the Banyamwezi tribe, living between Chikumbi and Bemba, was persuaded to lead the way, and passing through many villages deserted by their owners in consequence of recent raids from the ubiquitous Mazitu, our hero crossed in rapid succession the Chiperaze, Rofua, Mato, Mampanda, Meshwa, and Makongo rivers, to arrive on the 17th July, 1868, at Masantu, the chief village of the Mapuni district, near the north bank of Lake Bemba, or, as he

christened it, to distinguish it from the country of the same name, Lake Bangweolo.

On the 18th July, Livingstone walked alone to the shores of the lake, thankful that he had come there safely. But no exultation, no enthusiasm marks the record in his journal of the discovery of this, one of the largest and most important of the Central African lakes, into which the Congo enters as the Chambeze, leaving it as the Lualapa. He had arrived safely; he was thankful: that is all. Perhaps a chill foreboding told him that he should not live to complete his work—that to give his lake its true position in the hydrographical systems of Africa was reserved for another. However that may be, he passes on from the quiet record of the great event of the 18th July, 1868, to tell how he bargained with the chief of Mapuni for a canoe to cross the lake, obtaining one, after much haggling, for two fathoms of cloth, a hoe, and a string of beads.

On the 25th July, Livingstone embarked on Lake Bangweolo in a fine canoe, with five stout men as propellers, and in a few hours reached the island of Lifunje, where he remained a short time, going on before night to the more important Mbahala, lying in S. lat. 11° 0′, where his appearance created the greatest excitement amongst the natives, who had never before seen a white man.

Walking across to the north end of the island, Livingstone ascertained it to be about one mile broad, and from the eastern point he made out a larger island on the right, called by the natives Chirubi, and said to contain a large population, possessing many sheep and goats. These minor facts determined, our hero prepared to continue his voyage, hoping to pass, if he could not touch at, the "Land's End" on the west of Mbahala, where the Lualapa leaves Lake Bangweolo on its way to Lake Moero. But, alas!

on the 22nd July the canoe-men struck. They had heard of a meditated attack upon their little bark; they dared not remain longer on the lake; but if Livingstone liked to stay on Mbahala they would come and fetch him presently, when all danger was over. Believing this to be but a got-up tale to avoid further work in his service, their wages having been paid in advance, the unfortunate explorer at first thought of seizing their paddles, and appealing to the headman of the island. Reflecting further, however, that he was entirely in their power, and that the islanders would probably side with them, he resolved to bear "with meekness, though groaning inwardly," the disappointment inflicted upon him.

"I had only," says Livingstone, "my coverlet to hire another canoe, and it was now very cold; the few beads left would all be required to buy food on the way back. I might have got food by shooting buffaloes, but that on foot, and through grass with stalks as thick as a goose-quill, is dreadfully hard work." Back then he must go to Masantu's, compelled to trust to native reports, for the present at least, for his computation of distances, &c., on the lake.

From Masantu's the march back to Chikumbi, where Mohammed and his party had been left, was commenced on the 30th July, and on the 5th August the settlement of an Arab trader named Kombokombo, a little to the south of Chikumbi, was reached. Here Livingstone was cheered by the news that Mohammed was contemplating a journey west, which would take him to the great Lualaba. "The way seems opening out before me," he exclaims, "and I am thankful." Before arrangements for accompanying Mohammed could be made, however, came rumours of war on

the other side of the Lualaba. Syde bin Omar, an Arab trader from Iramba, the country on its western shores between Lake Bangweolo and the Rua district, declared it would be madness to attempt any explorations in that direction.

Mohammed therefore readily gave up his scheme for the present, and united with Omar in objecting strongly to Livingstone's going with his small party even down the right bank of the Lualapa, though it was in sight. Our hero resolved then to wait until all were ready to go, little dreaming that the delay would last until the beginning of October, that the country would be convulsed with war, and that when he did leave Chikumbi it would be to flee to the north for his life. First came a raid from devastating hordes of Mazitu, who were repulsed by the united forces of the Arab traders and the native chiefs; then a quarrel between the successful allies, resulting in an attack, headed by Cazembe and Chikumbi, on the Arabs, beginning with the Kombokombo mentioned above.

Confusion now prevailed everywhere. The daily entries in Livingstone's journals became impossible, but on the 5th October he writes how he and his little band of servants were on one occasion surrounded by a party of fifteen or twenty natives, who attacked them with spears and poisoned arrows; how "one good soul helped them away—a blessing be on him and his;" how he narrowly escaped from the hands of another chief, who took him and his men for Mazitu; and how, lastly, he joined forces with the Arab traders, and started north on the 23rd September, fences being built every night to protect the united camps, which were, however, unmolested till the northern bank of the Kalongosi river was reached. Here

500 natives were drawn up to dispute the passage, but as Livingstone and an advanced party with thirty guns crossed over they retired. Our hero, however, went amongst them, explained who he was, was recognised by some old acquaintances, and obtained a truce for the Arabs. All became friendly, an elephant was killed, stores of provisions were bought, and two days later the march was resumed.

On the 1st November, 1868, Kabwawata, on the north-west of Lake Moero, was reached, and another long delay ensued before the Arab traders were again ready to start. The time was employed by Livingstone in making an exhaustive *resumé* of his own work and that of his predecessors in connection with the Nile, his conviction being that in Lake Bangweolo he had found the final, or at least one of the final, sources of that great river. The work of Cameron and Stanley, as we shall see, has, however, since proved the Lualaba to be the upper course, not, as supposed by Livingstone, of the Nile, but of the Congo, and we therefore pass over all that the hero of our present chapter urges in support of the former view.

Whilst Livingstone was at Kabwawata he was cheered by the escape to their own land of a number of slaves from Rua, belonging to Syde bin Habib, and tells us how, when once over the Lualaba, they were safe. Probably, he adds, war would be the result between the chief of the village at which they crossed and Syde, but there was little chance of the recapture of the fugitives. Another pleasant episode was the return of some of the men who had deserted before the trip to Bangweolo, and now begged to be taken back. Readily forgiven by their master, who observes that there was great excuse for them, after the

conduct of their Johanna comrades, they now became apparently devoted to his service, though we shall presently have to relate their renewed faithlessness.

Once more surrounded by the retinue who had come with him from Lake Nyassa, Livingstone started for Ujiji with the Arabs on the 11th December, his party and Mohammed's leading the way, whilst a long train of native hangers-on and strings of wretched slaves, yoked together in their slave-sticks, brought up the rear. Some of the latter carried ivory, others copper, or food for the march, but on the faces of all were written fear, misery, and degradation.

The march to Tanganyika, which was in a more northerly direction than the westward journey, seems to have been one long agony to Livingstone. In his journal he tells of heavy rains impeding progress, the escape and recapture of slaves, the hostility of villagers, &c., but the entries become shorter and shorter, and on the 1st January, 1869, he records that the new year was opening badly; "he had been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often; he felt very ill," and in crossing the Lofuko, within some six weeks' journey of the lake, he was "cold up to the waist," which made him worse, though he struggled on for another two hours and a-half.

On the 3rd January, after one hour's march, he found himself too weak to go further, . . . his lungs were affected, . . . he did not know how the next few days were passed. A rill was crossed, and sheds were built, but whether he took any share in the work he cannot tell. "I lost count," he says, "of the days of the week and month after this, but about January 7th he managed to write the following touching sentence:—

"Cannot walk. Pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night; . . . distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes. If I look at any piece of wood, the bark seems covered all over with figures and faces of men, and they remain though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines run through my head perpetually—

'I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you
When you think I am far away.'

Mohammed Mogharib came up, and I have got a cupper, who cupped my chest."

A little further we have the following entry, dated the 8th January:—"Mohammed Mogharib offered to carry me. I am so weak, I can scarcely speak. We are in Marungu proper now—a pretty but steeply undulating country. This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I cannot raise myself to the sitting posture. No food except a little gruel. Great distress in coughing all night long; feet swelled and sore. I am carried four hours each day on a kitanda or frame, like a cot; carried eight hours one day. . . . We seem near the brim of Tanganyika. . . . Mohammed Mogharib is very kind to me in my extreme weakness; but carriage is painful; head down and feet up alternates with feet down and head up; jolted up and down sideways—changing shoulders involves a toss from one side to the other of the kitanda.

The sun is vertical, blistering any part of the skin exposed, and I try to shelter my face and head as well as I can with a bunch of leaves, but it is dreadfully fatiguing in my weakness."

After this we have no note for five weeks. Then, on the 14th February, 1869, the arrival at Tanganyika is announced, succeeded by a few lines to the effect that Livingstone felt if he did not get to Ujiji, where he could have proper food and medicine, soon he must die.

Not until the 27th of the same month, after fearful sufferings in a miserable hut infested with vermin on the shores of the lake, were canoes obtained, and the transit begun. On the 8th March, Kasanga islet was reached, and, much to Livingstone's disappointment, the party disembarked. A little revived by the pure air on the water, and already near Ujiji, he had hoped soon to be in that village, where he believed letters from home and stores from Zanzibar must long have been awaiting him.

On the 14th March, Ujiji was at last reached, but, on landing, our hero found that more than half his goods had been made away with, and that the road to Unyanyembe was blocked up by a Mazitu war. No hope of receiving anything more from the east for the present, no hope of getting home by way of Zanzibar; but not one repining word is uttered by Livingstone in the now more frequent notes in his journal. He says nothing about the improvement in his health, though that is implied in the plans he hints at for further researches on the west. No change of purpose is allowed to result from all he has undergone. He has reached Ujiji; he is better. He will make Ujiji the starting-point for a journey direct to Manyuema, far away on the north-west, not only of Moero, but of that other

unseen lake known as Kamolondo, and supposed by him to be the most northerly and elevated of the series of which Bangweolo is probably the lowest and most southerly.

Forty-two letters were now written home, and entrusted to Arabs for transmission to Zanzibar, but they never reached their destination, and are supposed to have been wantonly destroyed. One ingenious theory respecting the relation of Tanganyika to the other lakes of Central Africa is worked out after another—what is the meaning of the current setting towards the north?—is the long narrow sheet of water only a river after all?—if a lake, has it an outlet, and, if so, where is that outlet?—such are some of the questions propounded, but not answered, by the great explorer, as he bides his time for an opportunity to go and see the great rivers reported to intersect Manyuema, that unknown country of which little more than rumours had then reached even the Arab traders of Ujiji, those keen trackers of elephants and of black ivory (slaves), who had already destroyed many a tribe in more southerly regions.

Presently came rumours of vast herds of elephants in Manyuema, and of a sturdy race of blacks differing essentially from any of those yet met with. A horde of Arabs determined to go and test the truth of these reports, and though he knew that he would have to witness scenes of bloodshed which must sicken his very soul, Livingstone decided to go with them. Perhaps his influence, already considerable even with the heartless slave-traders, might avail to save some poor wretch here and there; in any case, his own feelings must be laid aside in the cause of geographical science.

On the 12th July, 1869, our hero embarked once more upon the lake, accompanied by his own little retinue and a motley escort of Arabs, half-castes, and natives. The 4th August found him landing in the district of Guha, a little above the 6th parallel of S. lat., and, led by a guide, the whole party, after a slight *détour* to the south, started in a north-westerly direction, over rivers often knee-deep, and "among palmyra and hyphene palms, and many villages swarming with people."

The entries in the journal are now almost daily. On the 2nd September Livingstone records an elephant hunt (in which he was too weak to share, though the heart of a young elephant was presented to him by the Arabs), and the escape of a young slave for whom he had interceded to be freed from his yoke. The poor fellow was near his own land, and would be hidden, adds our hero; but the guide, who knew his plan, was eager to betray him for a reward—all the poor people on whom the degradation of slavery had once passed being ready "to press each other down into the mire into which they are already sunk."

On and on pressed the caravan, now up a broad range of mountains, now down a deep valley dotted with Manyuema houses built of clay and square in form, but Livingstone can hardly note the features of the country, for his heart is wrung by the proceedings of his companions. At one village he tells us how Dugumbe, a half-caste Arab trader of the party, after receiving every kindness and hospitality from the natives, seized ten goats and ten slaves, having four of his own men killed in revenge. At another place a Lunda slave girl was offered for sale to the Manyuema for a single tusk of ivory, and the sentence which announces the approach to the junction of the Luamo and the Lualaba

also deprecates the belief of the natives everywhere in the identity of the explorer's aims with those of the cruel slave-hunters.

"The women," says Livingstone, "were particularly outspoken, and when one lady was asked, in the midst of her vociferation, just to look if I were of the same colour as Dugumbe, replied, with a bitter little laugh, 'Then you must be his father.'"

Whilst waiting at Bambarré, the chief village of a province of the same name, between 5° and 4° S. lat. and 28° and 27° E. long., to get a canoe for the navigation of the Lualaba, a fresh party of Ujijian traders, or rather men-hunters, arrived, adding still more to the difficulties of dealing with the natives. It was useless to try and buy anything, or to obtain guidance in exploring the river. After one or two short excursions to the west, Livingstone therefore decided to go north with his old friend Mahommed Mogharib, one of the most merciful of the Arabs—the latter to buy ivory, our hero to reach another part of the Lualaba, and there purchase a canoe.

Proceeding nearly due north, through dense forests, across wilderness and among villages and running rills, the paths often choked up by vegetation, the party at first advanced with considerable rapidity, the villagers, though uproarious from the excitement of never having seen strangers before, being perfectly civil. But presently the rainy season set in, constant wettings brought on a return of fever, the Arabs espoused the feuds of the chiefs through whose districts they passed, war and pillage, open murder, secret assassination, were the order of the day, and on the 26th June, 1869, all Livingstone's men except three, named Susi, Chumah, and Gardner, deserted him.

Merely stating the fact of the running away of his men without comment, Livingstone adds that he attempted with the three still true to him to get to the Lualaba by striking across country in a north-westerly direction, but that he was compelled to give up his scheme and turn back. For the first time in his life, he adds, evidently forgetful of his journey in the kitanda to Tanganyika, "my feet failed me; instead of healing quietly as heretofore when worn by hard travel, irritable eating ulcers fastened on both feet, and I now limped back to Bambarré." Here he was laid up by the dreadful condition of his feet for eighty days, coming out of his hut for the first time on the 10th of October, after terrible sufferings, to find all hope of further research in the west over for the present at least. His supplies were almost exhausted, his men were gone. He must wait until fresh servants and stores could be obtained from Ujiji. Weary and home-sick, he tried to while away the time by collecting information about the geography of the country from the Arabs, and in studying the ways of the Manyuema, whom he describes as a fine and intelligent race, but bloodthirsty and vindictive, who might yet be capable of great things but for the constant dread of the slave-hunters in which they live. Very touching, very pathetic is his description of a disease to which those slaves who were born free and captured in early youth are subject, and which he says he can call by no other name than "broken-heartedness," giving the following anecdote as an example:—

"The elder brother of the Syde bin Habib already mentioned was killed in Rua by a night attack, from a spear being pitched through his tent into his side. Syde then vowed vengeance for the blood of his brother, and assaulted

all he could find, killing the elder and making the younger men captives. He had secured a very large number, and they endured their chains until they saw the broad river Lualaba roll between them and their free homes; they then lost heart. Twenty-one were unchained as being now safe; however, all ran away at once, but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot; . . . some slaves expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work. One fine boy of about twelve years was carried, and when about to expire was kindly laid down by the side of the path, and a hole dug to deposit the body in. He too said he had nothing the matter with him except pain in his heart."

The editor of Livingstone's last journals, Dr. Horace Waller, adds that this account was corroborated by our hero's servants, who asserted that the sufferings endured by some of the captives whilst being hawked about in various directions were truly awful. Children who would keep up for some time with wonderful endurance, would break down at the sound of dancing or music in the villages entered. The memory of home and happy days was too much for them; they would cry and sob, the "broken heart" would soon follow, and they would sink rapidly.

On the 4th February, 1871, ten of Livingstone's men from the coast arrived at Bambarré, but they came with a "lie in their mouth," swearing that the consul had told them not to go forward, but to force their master to return. Fortunately, however, they brought a letter from Dr. Kirk which entirely contradicted their statements, and, en-

couraged by it, Livingstone compelled them, by combined threats and promises, to start with him for the north-west. On the 16th February he was once more *en route* for the long-sought Lualaba, accompanied by his ten unwilling servants, and also by a number of slave-traders, who, alas! again spread terror all along their path, rendering it almost impossible for the explorer to obtain information from the natives, and causing endless difficulties on the march.

On the 28th March, Livingstone notes in his journal the total absence of all law, might everywhere making right, and adds that he dreads a disturbance at the next village. On the 29th he tells of the crossing of the Liya and the Moangoi, tributaries of the Lualaba, by two well-made wattle bridges, and, lastly, of the arrival at the now famous Nyangwé, chief village of a district of the same name on the banks of a creek of the Lualaba itself. Again we are struck with the absence of all enthusiasm as the undaunted hero records his arrival at last on the banks of the great river. He went down, he says, on the 31st March to have a good look at it, and found it to be "at least 3000 yards broad, and always deep," adding, "it has many islands, and the current is about two miles an hour to the north." Not one word of triumph at the success achieved at the cost of so much labour and so much still more arduous waiting, only a few words of thankfulness that Abed, an Arab chief, who had pitched his camp outside Nyangwé, had said his (Livingstone's) "words against bloodshed had stuck into him, and he had given orders to his people to give presents to the chiefs, but never fight unless actually attacked."

This was a little step in the right direction, but alas! it

was rendered of no avail by the cruel and lawless proceedings of three men belonging to the retinue of the slaver Dugumbe, to whom we have already had occasion to refer. Livingstone had built himself a house at Nyangwé, and intended making it his head-quarters for many a voyage of exploration up and down the Lualaba. He was only waiting for the canoes Abed had promised to procure for him, employing the time in making geographical notes, &c., on old newspapers with ink made by himself from the seeds of a plant, his stores of writing materials being exhausted. He should now, he hoped, at last be able to ascertain from personal observation whence the Lualaba came, and whither it went; but once more he was foiled, and once more compelled to turn back on the very eve of success.

After speaking of the desolation around, of villages in flames and fugitives escaping from the slave-hunters across the Lualaba, Livingstone give the following terrible narrative of a scene witnessed by himself at Nyangwé.

"It was a hot sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw . . . and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance; and it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun; crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass

of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small, for so many men and women wounded by the balls poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off. . . . Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above. . . . Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one; but one woman refused to be taken on board, from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming, to the lot of a slave."

"My first impulse," adds Livingstone, after relating this terrible massacre, "was to pistol the murderers," but Dugumbe protested against his getting into a blood-feud, and he was afterwards glad that he refrained, for it could have done no real good. Sick at heart, our hero felt he could no longer give the sanction of his presence to the murder of the innocent; he must make a protest of some kind, though the only one in his power involved his turning his back on the river it had taken him so many weary months to reach.

Collecting his own little retinue, Livingstone started on foot for Ujiji three days later, the Arabs trying to prove their penitence by pressing their goods upon him, begging

him not to hesitate to tell them of anything he wanted. A little gunpowder was all he would accept, and, as he turned his back on the Lualaba, he tried to console himself with a hope that, with new men from Ujiji, he might yet penetrate to Rua, see the underground excavations of which the natives had told him in that kingdom, proceed thence to Katanga and the four ancient fountains beyond, and, finally, visit Lake Lincoln, the name he had given in honour of the murdered President of the United States to a sheet of water said to exist on the south-west of Kamolondo, which discharges its waters through the river Loeki or Lomani into the Lualaba. We may add that Livingstone named the Loeki Young's River, after the leader of the first expedition sent out in search of him; and the Lualaba Webb's River, after an old friend of his own with whom he spent a great part of his brief holiday in England between his second and third journeys in Africa.

In the return march to Ujiji, Livingstone realised to the full how unfortunate had been his long connection with the slave-dealers, for the natives, unable to distinguish between his party and that of their reckless oppressors, dogged his steps, and more than once attempted his life. Again attacked by fever, and "almost every step in pain," he pressed on, past miles of burning villages, until the 7th August, when he came to a party of armed Manyuema, who refused to come near, threw stones at him and his men, and "tried to kill those who went for water."

On the 8th August, after a bad night, an attack being every moment expected, our hero attempted to come to a parley with his enemies, feeling sure that he could soon convince them of his friendly intentions, but they would

not listen to his envoys, and in passing along a narrow path, "with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand," he came to a spot where trees had been cut down to obstruct his party whilst they were speared. Clambering over the barrier, though expecting instant death, Livingstone was surprised at meeting with no opposition, but as he crept slowly along, preceded by his men, who really seem to have behaved very well, and peered up into the dense foliage on either side, a dark shadow, that of an infuriated savage, here and there intervened between him and the sun. Every rustle in the leaves might now mean a spear, any sound might be the signal for a massacre. Presently a large spear from the right almost grazed Livingstone's back, and stuck into the ground behind him. He looked round and saw two men from whom it came in an opening in the forest only ten yards off, but again his foes disappeared as if by magic.

All were now allowed to go on for a few minutes unmolested, but soon another spear was thrown at Livingstone by an unseen assailant, missing him again by about a foot. A red jacket he wore, he tells us, led our hero to be taken for Mohammed Mogharib, one of the slave-dealers, and it soon became evident that his men were to be allowed to escape whilst the attack was concentrated upon him. Ordering his attendants to fire their guns into the bush—th first time, be it observed, that he had ever in the course of his long wanderings used weapons in his own defence—our hero still went calmly on, congratulating himself that no yells or screams of agony succeeded his volley, till he came to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation.

Here he noticed "a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an ant-hill twenty feet high, to which fire had

been applied near the roots. As he came up to it, he heard a crack which told that the destructive element had done its work, but he felt no fear till he saw the huge bulk falling forwards towards himself. He started back, and only just escaped being crushed. "Three times in one day," he remarks, "was I delivered from impending death." His attendants, gathering round him, and taking this third preservation as a good omen, shouted, "Peace! peace! you will finish your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything."

Five hours more of "running the gauntlet" ensued, and then the little band emerged unscathed on the cleared lands of a group of villages, to be met by a friendly chief named Muanampanda, who invited them to be his guests. On learning the meaning of all the firing he had heard, Muanampanda offered to call his people together and punish those who had molested the explorer, but, true to his generous character, Livingstone declared that he wished no revenge for an attack made in error, and with some little difficulty the chief consented to humour what must have seemed to him a strange whim.

At Muanampanda's, Livingstone had unmistakable proof of the practice of cannibalism amongst the Manyuema, who eat their foes killed in battle, not from any lack of other animal food, but with a view to inspiring themselves with courage. They are said to bury a body which is to be eaten for two days in a forest, and then to disinter and cook it. We are glad to be able to add that they seem rather ashamed of this horrible practice, and do not like strangers to look at their human meat.

From Muanampanda's Livingstone went on eastwards by very slow stages, for he was overtaken by a serious

return of his old illness, and the entries in his journal, as on his last trip to Tanganyika, are very short and unsatisfactory. On the 23rd September he writes, "I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyangwé back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain — the appetite failed, . . . whilst the mind, sorely depressed, reacted on the body. All the traders were returning successful. I alone had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained."

But better, far better, as every student of Livingstone's heroic journey must feel, was such failure as his than the successes of the hunters of human flesh, and that he himself found consolation in some such reflection is touchingly proved by the following sentence forming the next entry in his diary, and made ten days after the above:—"I read the whole Bible through four times whilst I was in Manyuema."

Another week and he chronicles his third arrival on the shores of Tanganyika, this time a little above the sixth parallel of S. lat., and close to the entry into the lake of the river Logumba, which rises in the Kalogo mountains on the west. "Perhaps," hazards Livingstone, "this river is the outlet of Tanganyika." "Great noises as of thunder were heard as far as twelve days off, which were ascribed to Kalogo, as if it had subterranean caves into which the waves rushed with great noise; . . . the country slopes that way," he adds, "but I was too ill to examine its source" (that of the Logumba).

On the 9th October the worn-out, almost dying, explorer arrived on the islet of Kasenge, on the 18th he landed on the eastern shores of the lake, and on the 23rd he entered Ujiji,

reduced, to use his own words, "to a skeleton." Warmly welcomed by the Arabs, who had believed him to be dead, and finding the market full of all kinds of native provisions, he hoped that proper food and rest would soon restore him, but in the evening his people came to tell him that the goods he had left under the care of a man named Shereef had been sold at a nominal price, the Arabs adding that they protested, but the "idiot" would not listen to them.

"This was distressing," exclaims poor Livingstone, thus again cut off from hope of fresh explorations. "I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated." The man Shereef actually came without shame to shake hands with his old master, and on Livingstone's refusing him that courtesy he assumed an air of displeasure, as if *he* had been badly treated, observing on leaving, "I am going to pray."

In his destitution Livingstone felt, he tells us, as if "he were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves," but for him there was no hope of priest, Levite, or good Samaritan. Never, however, was the oft-quoted proverb, "when things are at the worst they will mend," more thoroughly verified than in this instance. First came a generous offer of aid in the form of a stock of valuable ivory from an Arab named Syed bin Magid, and then the news brought by Susi of the approach of an "Englishman," who turned out to be the now celebrated American, Henry Moreton Stanley, sent out to the relief of Livingstone by Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald.*

Livingstone's astonishment and delight will be readily imagined at this unexpected appearance on the scene of a

man bringing not only news from home, for which the exile longed so intensely, but stores of goods, including "tin baths, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents," &c. The tidings brought by Stanley "made his whole frame thrill;" for two long years he had heard nothing, and now he was to learn of the Franco-Prussian war, the laying of telegraphic wires across the Atlantic, the death of Lord Clarendon, &c.

Restored to temporary health and strength by the care of Stanley, and cheered by the evident interest taken in his fate by all the world, we find Livingstone preparing in the middle of November, 1871, to explore the northern end of Tanganyika with his new friend, and at his expense. Before we join them, however, in this trip, it is only fair to Stanley to explain his sudden appearance on the scene when Livingstone's means and spirits were alike at their lowest ebb.

When month after month passed by, and no news was received from the great explorer, the report of his murder brought by the Johanna men who had deserted him at Lake Nyassa began again to be believed. The last letter from Livingstone which had reached its destination was one to the British Consul at Zanzibar, written from Ujiji during our hero's first visit to that town, and dated May 30th, 1869. It complained of the bad conduct of some buffalo drivers, asked the consul to send some sheeting, blue cloth, beads, and shoes to Ujiji, and gave a short summary of the work the writer still hoped to accomplish west of Tanganyika. But in spite of the fact that this letter was written two years after the return of the Young Relief Expedition, the general belief entirely ignored it, and our hero's best friends concluded that he was long since dead.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Stanley, then correspondent of the *New York Herald* at Madrid, was summoned by telegraph to Paris to see the proprietor of his journal, and in an interview with that gentleman he received instructions to go and find Livingstone, Mr. Bennett believing the great traveller to be still alive. "What!" exclaimed Stanley, "do you really think I can find Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bennett; "I mean that you shall go and find him wherever you may hear that he is; . . . perhaps the old man may be in want; take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course you will act according to your own plans, but find Livingstone."

In further conversation Stanley was told to spare no expense, to draw a thousand pounds to begin with, another thousand when that was gone, and so on; to take the Suez Canal, Jerusalem, Constantinople, and a few other places in his way, but to keep ever before him the main object of his journey, *to find Livingstone.*

Though himself believing that the great traveller was dead, Stanley, thinking he could at least obtain certain tidings of how and where he met his fate, lost no time in obeying instructions, and landed at Zanzibar on the 6th January, 1871, when, it will be remembered, Livingstone was detained at Bambarré by the state of his feet and the desertion of his men.

As usual with all travellers in Africa, Stanley had considerable difficulty in organising a caravan for the interior, but on the 6th February, 1871, exactly one month after his first landing in Zanzibar, he crossed over to Bagamoyo, on the mainland. On the 18th his first caravan set out with twenty-

four pagazis or porters and three soldiers; on the 21st the second caravan followed, with eight pagazis, two chiefs, and two soldiers; on the 25th the third, with twenty-two pagazis, ten donkeys, one white man, one cook, and three soldiers; on the 11th March the fourth caravan started, with twenty-eight pagazis, twelve soldiers, two white men, one tailor, one cook, one interpreter, one gun-bearer, seventeen asses, two horses, and one dog; on the 21st March the fifth and last caravan, led by Stanley himself, with our old acquaintance Bombay acting as "captain of escort," left Bagamoyo for the first stage of the westward journey, and following the ordinary route, already several times traversed by previous travellers, entered Unyanyembe, the capital of Unyamwesi, on the 23rd June, where he was very hospitably received by the Arab merchants, but heard that the road on the west was blocked by a certain Mirambo of Uyoweh, who declared that none should pass to Ujiji unless over his dead body.

This was very serious news for Stanley, as Ujiji was the point at which he hoped to obtain certain tidings of Livingstone's fate; and, determined not to allow anything short of his own death to check his advance, he obtained permission from the Arabs to join a warlike expedition about to be sent out against Mirambo. On the 7th July, however, just before the start was to have been made, the young American was struck down by a serious fever, to find on his recovery that the army had left without him. Nothing daunted by this *contretemps*, he hastily collected fifty of his most trusty followers, and, leaving all his heavy baggage at Unyanyembe, hurried across country to the Arab camp, which he reached, after three days' journey, at a place called Mfuto. Little, however, was gained by all

these energetic efforts. The Arab forces were beaten by those of Mirambo, and Stanley shared their hurried flight back to Unyanyembe, whither they were followed by the enemy, who attacked the town, but were routed with great loss.

The Arabs now advised Stanley to remain their guest until peace was made, but the waiting and inaction were intolerable to him, and he resolved to make a wide *détour* southwards, and reach Ujiji without approaching the camp of Mirambo. Taking with him a party of fifty-four men, with eight loads of cloth, medicines, &c., &c., he left Unyanyembe on the 20th September, and, after a terrible journey of about a fortnight, arrived within five days' march of Ujiji, with his party reduced to a mere handful by desertion, fever, &c., and his own strength almost exhausted. But his reward was near, for at the end of the fortnight, on the 3rd November, 1871, a caravan from Ujiji was met outside a village of Uvinza called Kiala.

"We asked the news," says Stanley, "and were told a white man had just arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. This news startled us all.

"A white man?" we asked.

"Yes, a white man," they replied.

"How is he dressed?"

"Like the master," they answered, referring to Stanley.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old. He has white hair on his face, and he is sick."

"Where has he come from?"

"From a very far country, . . . called Manyuema."

"Indeed; and is he stopping at Ujiji now?"

"Yes; we saw him about eight days ago."

"Do you think he will stop there until we see him?"

"Don't know."

"Was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Stanley, adding more quietly to himself, "he *must* be Livingstone; he can be no other; but still"—a chill doubt creeping over his confidence—"he may be some one else—some one from the West Coast"—Baker, perhaps, who a reference to our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa* will show to have been at this time engaged as Pasha of Egypt on his expedition against the slave-traders.

"God grant me patience!" further soliloquised Stanley; "but I do wish there was a railroad, or at least horses, in this country." Failing either of these rapid modes of transit, the impatient traveller was compelled to content himself with creeping cautiously onwards, dreading at every step that his journey would be stopped by some of the countless delays incidental to African travel, and that he would, after all, arrive at Ujiji too late to render any assistance to the "sick old man" described by the natives.

As we already know, Stanley was spared any such terrible disappointment. The shores of Lake Tanganyika were reached on the 10th November, and on the same day, "with guns firing and the Stars and Stripes flying," Ujiji was approached, crowds of natives pouring out to inquire the meaning of the noise.

The caravan "was about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds were dense about," when a quiet voice said to its leader in English, "Good morning, sir;" and, to quote his own words, Stanley, "startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black

people," turned sharply round to see a man "dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head."

"Who the mischief are you?" cried the American, receiving the reply we could have anticipated, "I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"What! is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir; why, I leave him just now."

"Good morning, sir," now said another voice.

"Hallo! is this another one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

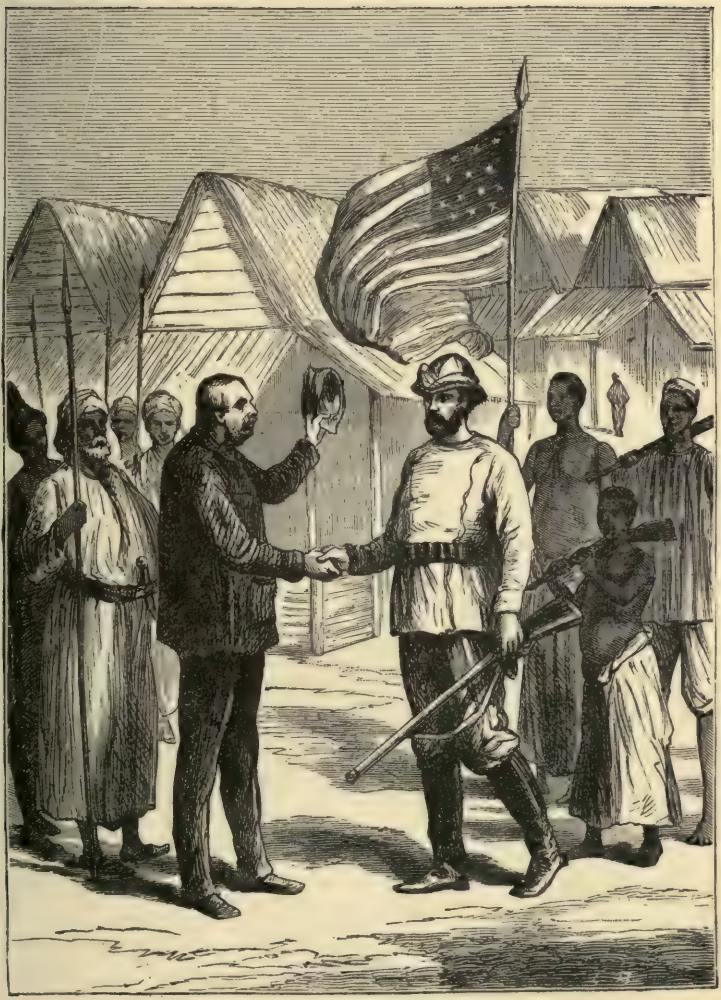
"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now you, Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming."

Off went Susi, to return the next minute to inquire on his master's behalf the name of the white man who said he was coming; but without waiting for further parley, Stanley pushed on through the dusky crowds till he came "in front of a semicircle of Arabs," engaged in eager conversation with the "white man with the grey beard."

"As I advanced slowly towards him," adds Stanley, "I



MEETING BETWEEN STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE.

noticed he was pale, that he looked weary and wan, that he had grey whiskers and moustache, that he wore a bluish cloth cap with a faded gold band on a red ground round it, and that he had on a red sleeved waistcoat and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, but that I did not know how he would receive it; so I did what moral cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing, took off my hat and said—

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" To which the great explorer answered simply, and with a kind, cordial smile, the one word, "Yes."

The two then clasped hands, and Stanley added, "I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you;" receiving the quiet answer, "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

Five days later, when much intensely interesting information had been exchanged between the two heroes of travel, the trip to the north of Tanganyika was commenced. Embarking at Ujiji in a "cranky canoe," with a few picked followers, the explorers cruised up the eastern coast, of which we give one view, halting at different villages for the night, and on the 29th November reached, at the very head of the lake, the mouth of the Rusizi river, respecting the course of which great doubt had hitherto been entertained, some geographers supposing it to flow *into* and others *out of* the lake. In the latter case Tanganyika might possibly empty its waters through it into the Albert N'yanza of Baker, and the supposition that the two lakes were connected would receive confirmation. A careful examination on the part of Livingstone and Stanley, however, showed that the Rusizi flowed with a swift and strong

current into the lake, and that there must be some other outlet to the Tanganyika. That outlet, as we know, has since been discovered by Cameron in the Lukuga, which



ON THE EASTERN SHORES OF LAKE TANGANYIKA.

in its turn flows into the Lualaba; that is to say, when it is full, it being often dried up. Recent explorations point to the fact that the level of Tanganyika has lately risen so much that the Lukuga seems likely to become a constant outlet. Back again at Ujiji on the 15th December,

Stanley did all in his power to persuade Livingstone to return home with him and recruit his strength; but the only answer he could obtain was, "Not till my work is done." In this resolution Livingstone tells us in his journal he was confirmed by a letter from his daughter Agnes, in which she said—"Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." "I must complete the exploration of the Nile sources before I retire," says the devoted hero in another portion of his notes, little dreaming that he was all the time working not at them, but at those of the Congo.

It was arranged, however, that Livingstone should accompany Stanley on his return journey as far as Unyanyembe, to fetch the goods there stored up for his use, and the start for the east was made on the 27th December, 1871. Making a *détour* to the south to avoid the war still going on, the party reached Unyanyembe on the 18th February, 1872, after a good deal of suffering on Stanley's part from fever, and on Livingstone's from sore feet.

On the 13th March, after giving all the stores he could spare to Livingstone, Stanley left for Zanzibar, accompanied for the first day's march by the veteran hero. On the 14th March, Livingstone gave the earlier portion of the precious journal from which our narrative has been culled into the care of the young American, and as they walked side by side, putting off the evil moment of parting as long as possible, the following interesting conversation, the last held by Livingstone in his own language, took place:—

"Doctor," began Stanley, "so far as I can understand it, you do not intend to return home until you have satisfied

yourself about the 'Sources of the Nile.' When you have satisfied yourself, you will come home and satisfy others. Is it not so?"

"That is it exactly. When your men come back" (Stanley was to hire men at Zanzibar to accompany Livingstone in his further journey) "I shall immediately start for Ufipa" (on the south-eastern shores of Lake Tanganyika); "then . . . I shall strike south, and round the extremity of Lake Tanganyika. Then a south-east course will take me to Chikumbi's, on the Lualaba. On crossing the Lualaba, I shall go direct south-west to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains to be. When I have found them, I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua. From the caverns, ten days north-east will take me to Lake Komolondo. I shall be able to travel from the lake in your boat, up the river Lufira, to Lake Lincoln. Then, coming down again, I can proceed north by the Lualaba to the fourth lake—which will, I think, explain the whole problem. . . ."

"And how long do you think this little journey will take you?"

"A year and a-half at the furthest from the day I leave Unyanyembe."

"Suppose you say two years; contingencies might arise, you know. It will be well for me to hire these new men for two years, the day of their engagement to begin from their arrival at Unyanyembe."

"Yes, that will do excellently well."

"Now, my dear doctor, the best of friends must part. You have come far enough; let me beg of you to turn back."

"Well, I will say this to you, you have done what few men could do—far better than some great travellers I know, and I am grateful to you for what you have done for me. God guide you safe home, and bless you, my friend."

"And may God bring you safe back to us all, my dear friend. Farewell."

A few more words of good wishes on either side, another and yet another clasp of the hand, and the two heroes parted, Stanley hurrying back with all possible speed to Zanzibar to despatch men and stores for the doctor to Unyanyembe, Livingstone to return to that town to await the means of beginning yet another journey to the west.

It has long been well known that Stanley found the Royal Geographical Society's Livingstone Search Expedition at Bagamoyo, and that its leader, Lieutenant Dawson, threw up his command on hearing of the success of his predecessor. With the aid of Mr. Oswell Livingstone, the son of the great explorer, the young American, however, quickly organised a caravan, and saw it start for the interior on the 17th May. Somewhat later, the Royal Geographical Society sent out another exploring party, led by Lieutenant Grandy, with orders to ascend the Congo, to complete the survey of that stream, and at the same time to convey succour and comfort to the great traveller, who geographers already began to suspect was upon the upper waters of the Congo, and not of the Nile; but this last expedition utterly failed of success.

Not until long afterwards was the true sequel of Livingstone's sad and romantic history known in England. In his last letter, one to Mr. Well, Acting American Consul at Zanzibar, dated from Unyanyembe, July 2nd,

1872, he says, "I have been waiting up here like Simeon Sylites on his pillar, and counting every day, and conjecturing each step taken by our friend towards the coast, wishing and praying that no sickness might lay him up, no accident befall, and no unlooked-for combinations of circumstances render his kind intentions vain or fruitless."

The remainder of our narrative is culled from the latter part of Livingstone's journal, brought to Zanzibar with his dead body by his men, and from the accounts of his faithful followers Susi and Chumah, as given in "Livingstone's Last Journals," edited by Dr. Horace Waller. From these combined sources, we learn that on the 13th June, just four months after the departure of Stanley, Sangara, one of his men, arrived at Unyanyembe with the news that the new caravan was at Ugogo, and that on the 14th August in the same year the men actually arrived. Livingstone's servants now numbered some sixty in all, and included the well-known John and Jacob Wainwright; two highly-trained Nassick men, sent from Bombay to join Lieutenant Dawson, who, with their fellow-countrymen Mabruki and Gardner, enlisted in 1866; and Susi, Chumah, and Amoda, three of the men who joined Livingstone on the Zambesi in 1864, and now formed a kind of body-guard, protecting their master in every peril in life, and guarding his body in death with equally untiring devotion.

On the 25th August, 1872, the start for the south-west was at last made, and after daily records in the journal of arduous ascents of mountains, weary tramps through flat forests, difficulties in obtaining food, in controlling the men, &c., we come on the 19th September to a significant entry, to the effect that our hero's old enemy dysentery was upon him. He had eaten nothing for eight days, yet

he pressed on until the 21st, when he was compelled to rest until the 24th, going on again from that day without pause until the 8th October, when he sighted the eastern shores of Tanganyika, a little below the 6th degree of S. lat. Then ensued a halt of a couple of days, when, turning due south, the course led first along a range of hills overlooking the lake, and then across several bays in the mountainous district of Fipa, till on the 31st October a very large arm of Tanganyika was rounded. The lake was then left, and a *détour* made to the east, bringing the party on the 11th November to the important town known as Zombe's, built in such a manner that the river Halocheche, on its way to Tanganyika, runs right through it.

At Zombe's a western course was resumed, and passing on through heavy rains, and over first one and then another tributary of the lake, our hero turned southwards, a little beyond the most southerly point of Tanganyika, to press on in the same direction, though again suffering terribly from dysentery, until the 19th November, when he once more set his face westwards, arriving on the 27th December on the banks of the Kalongosi river, a little to the east of the point at which he had sighted it on his flight northwards with the Arabs.

On the 22nd of December what may be called the direct march to Lake Bangweolo was commenced, the difficulties of travelling now greatly aggravated by the continuous rain which had filled to overflowing the sponges, as Livingstone calls the damp and porous districts through which he had to pass. To quote from Dr. Waller's notes, "our hero's men speak of the march from this point" (the village of Moenje, left on the 9th January, 1873) "as one continued plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which

were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity of using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms," adds Dr. Waller, "the effect may well be conceived. It is probable that, had Dr. Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man of them would have been down in a fortnight."

Under these circumstances we cannot too greatly admire the pluck of Livingstone's little body of men, for it must not be forgotten that Africans have an intense horror of wet, and that those from the coast suffer almost as much as white men from the climate of the interior.

Following the red line which marks the great explorer's course on the admirable map published with his "Last Journals," we find that he crossed no less than thirteen rivulets in rapid succession—more, in fact, than one a-day. On the 17th January he notes that he is troubled for want of canoes, they being now indispensable to further progress, and that he is once more near the Chambeze, the river which he had crossed far away on the north-east just before the loss of his medicine chest and the beginning of his serious troubles.

No canoes were, however, forthcoming; the natives were afraid of the white man, and would give him no help either with guides or boats. Nothing daunted even then, though his illness was growing upon him to such an extent that the entries in his journal are often barely legible, he pressed on, now wading through the water, now carried on the shoulders of one or another of his men.

The following extract from the Journal, dated January 24th, will serve better than pages of second-hand description to give some notion of the kind of work done in the last

few stages of this terrible journey :—"Went on east and north-east to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went an hour-and-three-quarters' journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' footprints one and a-half hours, then came on one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task; one we crossed was at least 2000 feet broad, or more than 300 yards. The first part the main stream came up to Susi's mouth. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's footprint he required two to lift him so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on and bent down the grass so as to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path. Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. . . . It took us a full hour and a-half for all to cross over. . . . We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. At four p.m. it came on pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions. . . . Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet, sloppy weather truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges."

Thus wet, sick, and weary, often short of food and doubtful of his way, the indomitable hero still struggled on, his courage sustained by his hope of yet reaching the Chambeze, rounding the lake, and passing the confluence of the Lualaba on the west; his heart cheered by the ever-increasing love of his men, especially of the seven already mentioned, who vied with each other in their eagerness to carry their dear master, to build the tent for his reception, to save for him the best of the provisions they were able to procure.

The whole of February and the first half of the ensuing month were consumed in wandering backwards and forwards amongst the swamps of the north-east shores of Bangweolo, but about the 20th March the camp was at last pitched on the left bank of the Chambeze, close to its entry of the lake, and the question of its connection with the Lualaba was to some extent solved. On the 25th March canoes were actually obtained, and, embarking in them, our explorer and his men paddled across the intervening swamps to the Chambeze, crossed a river flowing into it, and then the main stream itself, losing one slave girl by drowning in the process. On the 27th March preparations were made for a further "land," or we should rather say wading journey, for though all the canoes, except a few reserved for the luggage, were left behind, the water was not. All went fairly well, however, in spite of the gigantic difficulties encountered, until the 10th April, when, about midway in the journey along the western bank of the lake, Livingstone succumbed to a severe attack of his complaint, which left him, to quote his own words, "pale, bloodless, and weak from profuse bleeding."

Surely now he would pause and turn back, that he

might at least reach home to die! But no; he allowed himself but two days' rest, and then, staggering to his feet, though he owns he could hardly walk, he "tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down, quite done. Cooked coffee," he adds—"our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down."

Unwilling even then to be carried, he yielded at last to the expostulations of his men, and, reclining in a kind of litter suspended on a pole, he was gently borne along to the village of Chinama, and there, "in a garden of durra," the camp was pitched for the night. Beyond on the east stretched "interminable grassy prairies, with lines of trees occupying quarters of miles in breadth." On the west lay the lake connected with so many perils, but which Livingstone even yet hoped to round completely.

On the 13th April our hero was ferried over the Lolotikila, on the 15th he was carried over land for a short distance to the south-west, on the 16th the Lombatwa river was crossed, and on the 17th, after a "tremendous rain, which burst all the now rotten tents to shreds," three sponges were crossed in rapid succession. On the 19th April, Livingstone rallied sufficiently to mount a donkey, which, strange to say, had survived all the dangers of the journey from Unyanyembe, and came in sight of the Lavusi hills—a relief to the eye, he tells us, after all the flat upland traversed.

On the 20th April, which fell on a Sunday, the exhausted explorer held the last service with his men, crossed over a sponge to the village of a man named Moanzambamba, the headman of these parts, noted in his journal that he felt excessively weak, and crossed the river Lokulu or Molikulu in a canoe. On the 21st April the only words

Livingstone was able to set down were, "Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted."

To quote from Dr. Waller, Livingstone's men explained this entry thus:—"This morning the doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground utterly exhausted and faint." Susi then unfastened his master's belt and pistol, and picked up his cap, which had fallen to the ground, whilst Chumah ran on to stop the men in front. When he came back he said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood there is no more strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was then lifted on to Chumah's back, and carried back to the village he had just left, but insisted on going on again the next day, though his men saw that he was sinking, and began to fear that he would not rally again.

A litter was made of "two side pieces of wood seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together." Grass was spread over this rough bed, and a blanket laid over it. It was then slung from a pole, Livingstone was laid upon it, and two of his men carried him across a flooded grass plain to the next village, which was reached in about two hours and a-half.

Here a hut was built, and Livingstone rested for the night, if we can speak of rest when he was enduring the most terrible pain. On the 23rd April the melancholy march was resumed, though our hero was too ill to make any entry but the date in his journal. His men report that they passed over just such a flooded treeless waste as on the previous day, seeing many small "fish-weirs set in

such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake," but not a sign was to be seen of the inhabitants of the country, who appear to have had a great horror of the white man's caravan.

On the 24th April only one hour's march was accomplished, and a halt was made amongst some deserted huts. The doctor's suffering on this day was very great, and he once nearly fell out of the kitanda or litter, but was saved by Chumah.

On the 25th April an hour's journey brought the party to a village containing a few people on the south of the lake; the doctor's litter was set down in a shady place, and a few of the natives were persuaded to draw near and enter into conversation with him. They were asked whether they knew of a hill from which flowed four rivers, and their spokesman answered that they knew nothing about it, for they were not travellers. All who used to go on trading expeditions, he added, were dead. Once Wabisa traders used to assemble in one of their villages, but the terrible Mazitu had come and swept them all away. The survivors had to live as best they could amongst the swamps around the lake.

Unfortunately, the conversation had not continued long before the doctor was too ill to go on talking, and he dismissed his visitors, with a request that they would send him as much food as they could spare to Kalunganjova's town on the west, which was to be the next stopping-place.

On the 26th April, as the litter was being carried from Kalunganjova, the chief himself came out to meet the caravan, and escorted our hero into his settlement, situated on the banks of a stream called the Lulimala, a little to

the west of the 30th degree of E. long., and almost on the 12th parallel of S. lat. Here, on the next day, April 27th, 1873, Livingstone, who for the three previous days had made no entry but the date in his journal, wrote his last words in characters scarcely legible:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo," in reality the same river as that given as the Lulimala in Livingstone's map, his men confirming the latter pronunciation.

On the 28th April, Livingstone being now in an almost dying state, his men went off in various directions to try and obtain milch goats, but with no good results. On the 29th, Kalunganjova came to visit his guest and to offer every assistance in his power, promising to try and obtain canoes for the crossing of the river—indeed to go himself with the caravan to the ferry, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything," he said, "should be done for his friend." But alas! this eager readiness to help, which would have been of incalculable service a few weeks before, was too late to be of any real use now.

When all was ready for the start, and Susi went to tell Livingstone it was time for him to enter the litter, the doctor said he was too ill to walk to it, and the door of his hut being too narrow to admit of its passage to his bedside, the wall had to be broken down. When this was done, the litter was placed by the bedside, the dying hero was gently lifted on to it, and slowly and sadly borne out of the village.

Following the course of the Lulimala till they came to a reach where the current was interrupted by numerous little islands, the party found Kalunganjova awaiting them on a little knoll, and under his superintendence the embarkation

proceeded rapidly, whilst Livingstone, who was to be taken over when the rough work was done, rested on his litter in a shady place.

The canoes not being wide enough to admit of the litter being laid in any one of them, it was now a difficult question how best to get the doctor across. Taking his bed off his litter, the men placed it in the strongest canoe and tried to lift him on to it, but he "could not bear the pain of a hand being placed under his back." Making a sign to Chumah, our hero then faintly whispered a request to him "to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head," at the same time begging him "to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back." His wishes were tenderly carried out, and in this manner he was laid in the canoe, ferried over as rapidly as possible, and once more placed in his litter on the other side.

Susi now hastened on with several servants to the next village, the now celebrated Chitambo's, to superintend the building of a house for the reception of his beloved master, the rest of the party following more slowly, and bearing their precious charge "through swamps and plashes," till they came, to their great relief, to something "like a dry plain at last."

The strength of the great explorer was now ebbing rapidly away. Chumah, who helped to carry him on this the very last stage of his journey, says that he and his comrades were every now and then "implored to stop and place their burden on the ground." Sometimes a drowsiness came over the sufferer, and he seemed insensible to all that was going on; sometimes he suffered terribly for want of water, of which, now that it was so sorely needed, not a

drop could be obtained, until, fortunately, they met a member of their party returning from Chitambo's, with a supply thoughtfully sent off by Susi.

A little later, a clearing was reached, and Livingstone again begged to be set down and left alone, but at that very moment the first huts of Chitambo's village came in sight, and his bearers begged him to endure yet a little longer, that they might place him under shelter.

Arrived at last, on the 29th April, at Chitambo's, the party found the house their fellow-servants were building still unfinished, and were therefore compelled to lay their master "under the broad eaves of a native hut" for a time. Though the village was then nearly empty, a number of natives soon collected about the litter, to gaze as they leant upon their bows "in silent wonder upon him whose praises had reached them in previous years."

When the house was ready, our hero's bed was placed inside it, "raised from the floor by sticks and grass;" bales and boxes, one of the latter serving as a table, were arranged at one end; a fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door; and Livingstone was tenderly and reverently carried from his temporary resting-place to that which was to be his last. A boy named Majwara was appointed to sleep inside the house, to attend to the patient's wants, and the night of the 29th April passed over quietly.

On the 30th Chitambo came early in the morning to pay his respects to his guest, but Livingstone was too ill to attend to him, and begged him "to call again on the morrow, when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him." In the afternoon the doctor asked Susi to bring him his watch, and showed him how to hold it in

the palm of his hand, whilst he himself moved the key. The rest of the day passed without incident, and in the evening the men not on duty silently repaired to their huts, whilst those whose turn it was to watch sat round their fires, waiting for the end which they felt to be rapidly approaching.

At about 11 p.m. Livingstone sent for Susi, and loud shouts being at the moment heard in the distance, said to him, "Are our men making that noise?"

"No," replied Susi, adding that he believed it was only the natives scaring away a buffalo from their durra fields. A few minutes later, Livingstone said slowly, "Is this the Lualaba?" his mind evidently wandering to the great river which had so long been the object of his search. "No," said Susi, "we are in Chitambo's village, near the Lulimala."

A long silence ensued, and then the doctor said in Suaheli, an Arab dialect, "How many days is it to the Lualaba?" and Susi answered in the same language, "I think it is three days, master."

A few seconds later, Livingstone exclaimed, "Oh dear! oh dear!" as if in terrible suffering, and then fell asleep. Susi, who then left his master to his repose, was recalled in about an hour by Majwara, and on reaching the doctor's bedside received instructions to boil some water, for which purpose he went to the fire outside to fill his kettle. On his return, Livingstone told him to bring his medicine chest and to hold the candle near him. These instructions being obeyed, he took out out a bottle of calomel, told Susi to put it, an empty cup, and one with a little water in it, within reach of his hand, and then added in a very low voice, "All right; you can go out now."

This was the last sentence ever spoken by Livingstone in human hearing. At about 4 a.m. of the next day, 1st May, Majwara came once more to call Susi, saying, "Come to Bwana (his name for Livingstone); I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Susi, noticing the boy's terror, and fearing the worst, now aroused five of his comrades, and with them entered the doctor's hut, to find the great explorer kneeling, as if in prayer, by the side of his bed, "his head buried in his hands upon the pillow."

"For a minute," says Dr. Waller, "they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of them advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks." It was enough; Livingstone was dead. He had probably expired soon after Susi left him, dying as he had lived, in quiet unostentatious reliance upon his divine Father. "History," says Banning, one of the members of the Brussels Conference, "contains few pages more touching, or of a more sublime character, than the simple narrative of this silent and solitary death of a great man, the martyr to a great cause."

Thus, on the 1st May, 1873, ended the earthly career of the greatest hero of modern geographical discovery, and of one of the noblest-hearted philanthropists of the present century. Very sadly, very tenderly, very reverently Livingstone's servants laid the corpse of their beloved master on his bed, and retired to consult together round their watch-fire as to what should next be done.

The following day it was unanimously decided that Susi and Chumah, who were "old men in travelling and in hardship," should act as captains of the caravan, the men engaged by Stanley promising faithfully to obey them.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION TO THE COAST.

All agreed further that the body of Livingstone must be preserved and carried back to Zanzibar. With the ready co-operation of Chitambo, a strong hut, open to the air at the top, was built for the performance of the last melancholy offices. A native mourner was engaged to sing the usual dirge before the commencement of the post-mortem examination, and on the 3rd May he arrived. Wearing the anklets proper to the occasion, "composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, he sang the following chant, dancing all the while—

> "To-day the Englishman is dead,
> Who has different hair from ours;
> Come round to see the Englishman."

After this concession to the customs of the people amongst whom they found themselves, Livingstone's faithful servants carried his remains to the hut prepared for them, where Jacob Wainwright read the burial service in the presence of all his comrades. The great hero's heart was removed and buried in a tin a little distance from the hut, and the body was "left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it beyond placing some brandy in the mouth, and some on the hair."

At the end of fourteen days, the body, thus simply "embalmed," was "wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package," which was placed in a cylinder ingeniously constructed out of the bark of a tree. Over the whole a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, and the strange coffin was then securely lashed to a strong pole, so that it could be carried by the men in the manner figured in our illustration.

Under the superintendence of Jacob Wainwright, an inscription was carved on a large tree near the place where

the body was exposed, giving the name of the deceased hero and the date of his death. Chitambo promised to guard this memorial as a sacred charge, and the melancholy procession started on the return journey.

Completing the circuit of Bangweolo, the men crossed the Lualaba near its entry into the lake on the west, thus supplementing their master's work, and, turning eastward beyond the great river which had so long been the goal of his efforts, they made for the route he had followed on his trip to the south in 1868. A short halt at Cazembe's was succeeded by an uneventful trip eastwards to Lake Tanganyika, rounding the southern extremity of which the funeral procession rapidly made its way in a north-easterly direction to Unyanyembe, where it arrived in the middle of October, 1873. Here Lieutenant Cameron, the leader, and Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy, members of a new Livingstone Relief Expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, were resting before starting westwards. After the sad news of the doctor's death had been communicated to them and confirmed by indisputable evidence, Cameron did all in his power to help and relieve the brave fellows who had brought the hero's dead body and all belonging to him thus far in safety. Then, finding them unwilling to surrender their charge before reaching the coast, although he himself thought that Livingstone might have wished to be buried in the same land as his wife, he allowed them to proceed, Dr. Dillon and Lieutenant Murphy accompanying them.

Soon after the march to the coast began, Dr. Dillon, rendered delirious by his sufferings from fever and dysentery, shot himself in his tent, but Susi, Chumah, and their comrades arrived safely at Bagamoyo in February,

1874, where they delivered up their beloved master's remains to the Acting English Consul, Captain Prideaux, under whose care they were conveyed to Zanzibar in one of Her Majesty's cruisers, thence to be sent to England on board the Malwa, for interment in Westminster Abbey.

To describe the stately funeral which was accorded to the simple-hearted hero in our national cemetery would be beyond our province, but none who read the glowing newspaper accounts of the long procession, the crowds of mourners, and the orations in honour of the deceased, can fail to have been touched by the contrast they offered to his lonely death in the wilderness, untended by any but the poor natives whose affections he had won by his gentleness and patience in the hardships and privations they had endured together, and to whom alone we are indebted for the privilege of numbering his grave amongst our sacred national possessions.



KAFFIR MISSION CHURCH.

CHAPTER X.

CAMERON'S JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

Cameron appointed to the Command of the Livingstone Relief Expedition —Arrival at Zanzibar—To Bagamoyo—Fracas with an Arab—Robert Moffat—To Mkombenga—Dillon's Illness—Arrival of Murphy and News of Moffat's Death—Across Ugogo and Mgunda M'kali to Unyanyembe—Long Delay and Serious Illness—News of Livingstone's Death—Arrival of Livingstone's Body—Dillon and Murphy start with it for the Coast—Dillon's Suicide—Cameron resolves to go west alone —From Unyanyembe to Ujiji—Cruise on Lake Tanganyika—Discovery of the Lukuga, the Outlet of Tanganyika—Back again to Ujiji—From Ujiji to Manyuema—The Lualaba at last—Up the River to Nyangwé —No Canoes to be had—Disappointment and Resolution to go with Tipo-Tipo—News of Lake Sankorra—To Tipo-Tipo's Camp on the Lomani—Conflicts with Natives and Fever—At Kasono's—Hopes of going thence to Lake Sankorra disappointed—Trip to Lake Molonga—An Ambush—Cameron's Goat Stolen—Fight with Natives—Escape to another Village and Entrenchment there—Peace—Off again for Lake Mohyra — Arrival on its Shores — Floating Villages and Huts—Back to Kilemba—Decides to go to Benguela with Alvez —Trip to Lake Kassali—Return to Kilemba—Start for the West at last—Horrors by the way—Arrival in Portuguese Districts in Absolute Destitution—Sale of Shirts and Great-coat for Food—Kamgumba's Gift of a Goat—Arrival at Alvez Settlement and Journey thence to Benguela—The Sea at last—Welcome from M. Cauchoix—Serious Illness at Katombela—Voyage to St. Paul de Loanda—Reception there —Embarkation for England.

THE hero of our present chapter offered his services to the Royal Geographical Society, as commander of an expedition for the relief of Livingstone, as soon as the

report of the breaking up of that under Dawson reached England, but not until the end of 1872 was any definite plan decided on. At that date, however, it was determined "to utilise the surplus from the subscriptions to the first Livingstone Search Expedition in fitting out another, which was to be placed entirely under the orders of Dr. Livingstone for the purpose of supplementing his great discoveries."

To the new command, Lieutenant Lovett Cameron, R.N., was, to his great delight, appointed. Cheerfully giving up a scheme of his own for the exploration of the route to the Victoria N'yanza *via* Mounts Kilimandjaro and Kenia, and for a journey by way of the Albert N'yanza, Ulegga, and Nyangwé to the Congo and the West Coast, he threw himself heart and soul into carrying out the instructions he received, namely, to follow the old route to Ujiji, and thence make his way to the scene of the doctor's labours, wherever that might be.

Accompanied by an old friend and messmate, Mr. W. E. Dillon, an assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, he arrived at Zanzibar in December, 1872, to begin his experiences in Eastern Africa somewhat inauspiciously by succumbing to a severe attack of fever. The house of our old friend Dr. Kirk being already occupied by members of Sir Bartle Frère's mission to the Sultan of Zanzibar, our hero took up his quarters in the English gaol, but was soon carried over by some former messmates to the ship Briton, then at anchor in the harbour, where he rapidly recovered.

Rejoining Dillon, who had been actively engaged during his comrade's illness in laying in stores, &c., Cameron now at once began to look out for men and donkeys for his great journey westwards. Having first secured the services

of Bombay, the chief of Speke's escort, our hero imagined that he should have little further trouble in organising his expedition, but unfortunately that black hero, as many another had been before him, was spoilt by the fuss which had been made about him, and now presumed on his previous reputation, taking advantage of his master's inexperience, and so forth.

Commissioned to find "thirty good men and true," Bombay made a great show of eagerness and energy, but it subsequently transpired that he picked up his servants at hap-hazard, without any enquiry into their characters or abilities, the result being that the start was finally made under most unfavourable circumstances. Arrived at Bagamoyo, already the point of departure for so many expeditions, on the 2nd February, 1873, accompanied by Dillon and a young lieutenant named Murphy, who had now joined the party, Cameron hoped rapidly to organise a camp, and to start for the interior immediately after the arrival of his heavy stores expected from England by the next mail; but not until the end of the month, when the rainy season was fast approaching, was he really in a position to turn his face westwards. Again and again his men deserted, and instead of the select corps of experienced porters, guides, &c., Bombay was to have procured, he had to keep together, by combined threats and promises, a set of lazy independent fellows, "not more than one-tenth of whom had ever travelled any distance into the interior, and who, not being accustomed to carrying loads, gave trouble at every step."

On the very eve of departure, an untoward incident occurred which seemed likely to cost Cameron his life. He, with Dillon and Murphy, were superintending the watering

of the donkeys—for nothing could be done thoroughly except under the master's own eye—when a dispute arose between one of the donkey-boys and a slave girl as to which should first draw water at the well. "An Arab rushed at the boy and began thrashing him," and one of Cameron's men in his turn attacked the Arab, hitting him on the head with a big stick, and finally knocking him down, and nearly stunning him. Unable, he tells us, to sanction such summary justice, Cameron had his man arrested, but as soon as the Arab was on his feet again he went off vowing vengeance, and returned almost immediately, brandishing a sword, and vowing he would "kill a dog of a Nazarene and then die happy."

The Arab was followed by a crowd of gesticulating friends, who, in spite of their own wrath, had fortunately sense enough to prevent him from carrying out his intention, whilst Cameron ordered his men to keep quiet, feeling sure that the first blow or shot from them would lead to a general *mêlée*. For several minutes, which must have appeared like hours, the three Englishmen, all completely unarmed, walked up and down between their own men and the crowd. Several times the Arab, who had now worked himself into a state of frenzy, broke loose, and once approached Cameron so closely, that our hero was calculating the chances of being able to catch his wrist to prevent his cutting him down. Before any real mischief was done, however, relief came in the shape of a body of the Sultan's troops, under a certain Jemadar Issa, to whom Cameron stated his case, thinking he would of course arrest the Arab, have him punished, and so put an end to the matter. Not a bit of it. The furious madman, for such he had now become, was allowed to walk off unmolested, and

shortly afterwards, Cameron's landlord came to tell him that his shop had been broken into by the Arab and his friends, and that the former threatened to kill him if he would not show him the way to the Nazarene's rooms.

A message was at once sent to Jemadar Issa, to the effect that the British flag had been insulted by an attack on the house over which it was flying, and if the culprit were not at once arrested the matter would be referred to the admiral at Zanzibar. The facts of the case were also made known without a moment's delay to Jemadar Sabr, commander-in-chief of the Sultan's forces on this part of the coast, and whilst waiting for the arrival of succour, the three besieged heroes amused themselves, and showed their British *sang-froid*, by washing their dogs, a passing thunder-storm having supplied them with plenty of water! "Whilst engaged," says Cameron, "in this interesting operation, in a light costume consisting only of pyjamas and soap-suds, the turban of Jemadar Sabr appeared at the top of the ladder, and we had to bolt incontinently and dress sufficiently to receive him with due respect."

At first his military highness declared he could do nothing, he had no power, and so forth; but the Englishmen maintained their first position, knowing well that the general would lose his position if they carried out their threat of reporting the matter to Zanzibar. Finally, the point at issue was yielded, the Arab was arrested, and sent to prison. Then followed two days' palaver before the further action to be taken could be decided on, the jemadar wishing the man to be released, whilst Cameron insisted on his begging pardon, or being sent to the Sultan.

On the third day, however, Cameron was surprised by receiving a visit from the father of the offender, a fine

dignified grey-bearded old Arab, who fell on his knees before the young Englishman, kissing his hands, and pleading so pathetically for the forgiveness of his son that our hero was mollified. Unable to bear the sight of the old man's humiliation, he consented that the son should be released, but added that in future he and his companions would carry pistols, and any further molestation would be punished by instant death.

The old Arab withdrew with many protestations of gratitude, and so, to the relief of all concerned, the matter ended. A few days later a camp was formed outside Bagamoyo, and, early in March, Dillon went on in advance to the village of Kikoka, only to be summoned back almost immediately to attend the sick-bed of Murphy, who was struck down by fever. A little later the party was joined by Robert Moffat, a young grandson of Dr. Moffat, and nephew of Livingstone; and, leaving Murphy under the care of the new-comer, Cameron and Dillon made a fresh start for the interior, reaching Kikoka in a few days, and leaving it for what may be called the true march to the interior on the 28th March, 1873.

After a dreary journey across country, extending over nearly a month, the dreaded Makata swamp was entered, and now wading, now swimming, the village of Mkombenga was reached early in April, where Dillon was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed. A day's rest producing no good results, Cameron pressed on for the higher and more healthy village of Rehenneko, whence he sent back a hammock for Dillon. The next day the surgeon arrived, very ill, and it became necessary to organise the camp for a long halt. The men's huts were arranged "in a large outer circle, and in the centre a plot was fenced in for the tents

of the leader, the guard-room, and storehouse, the space between the men's huts and those of Dillon and Cameron being used for picketing the donkeys at night."

In this temporary home poor Dillon lay between life and death for about a fortnight, and Cameron, who was lame from an abscess on his foot, passed the time of inaction as best he could, now quelling a strike amongst his men by firmness and decision, now receiving visits from the chiefs and Arab traders of the neighbourhood.

On the 20th May Dillon began to recover, but on the same day Cameron was saddened by receiving a letter from Murphy telling him of the dangerous illness of Moffat. Murphy was then on his way to join his leader, and on the 20th May his caravan came in sight. Seeing only one white man amongst the crowd of dusky figures approaching them, Cameron and Dillon simultaneously exclaimed, "Where is the other? Who is the missing one?"

Limping down the hill on which his camp was pitched, Cameron soon recognised Murphy, and eagerly enquired, "Where is Moffat?" "Dead," was the simple and terrible answer. "How, when, and where?" asked Cameron, inexpressibly shocked at the sad close to the gallant boy's career, and Murphy related how the poor young fellow had fallen a victim to the climate near the Makata swamp, and was buried beneath a tall palm tree near a plain.

Murphy himself was still ill from fever, and neither Cameron nor Dillon had really fully recovered their strength, yet it was resolved to waste no further time in inaction, but to push on without delay for Unyanyembe.

The whole of the expedition was now assembled, and consisted of Cameron, Dillon, and Murphy, a man named Issa, to act as storekeeper, Bombay and thirty-five men

under him as escort, ninety-two porters, six servants, several cooks, and three boys. There were also twenty-two donkeys and three dogs.

The start was finally made on the 30th May, 1873, and, following the usual route, the caravan safely made the ascent of the rugged passes of Ugogo, already more than once referred to, and early in July, a day or two after the great hero whose relief was the object of the expedition had breathed his last, the camp was pitched on the outskirts of Kanyenge, a broad depression in the centre of Ugogo. Here Chief Makomba, who was in power when Burton passed through in 1857, was still reigning, and was said by his subjects to be over "three hundred years of age and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth, the third set having worked out in 1870."

Beyond Ugogo, as will be remembered, comes the Mgunda M'kali desert, which was entered by Cameron about the middle of July, and found to be far less dreary and desolate than it had been in the time of Burton and Speke. Traversing it rapidly, our hero entered the Land of the Moon before the end of the same month, and about the 3rd August arrived within sight of Unyanyembe. A letter was sent to him the next morning by the governor, Said bin Salim, inviting him and his comrades to breakfast, and placing a house at his service during his stay in the town. Both these seasonable offers were readily accepted, and, before many hours were over, our heroes were comfortably settled in a commodious house, which, it turned out, had already been lent both to Livingstone and Stanley.

The first stage of Cameron's great journey was now over, and he prepared to make final arrangements for joining Livingstone, and placing his services at his disposal, little

dreaming that the procession bearing his great predecessor's corpse to the coast was even then approaching Unyanyembe. Mutinies amongst our hero's men and several severe attacks of fever led to a long delay in the capital of Unyamwesi, and the party was still waiting to proceed, when there arrived a caravan from Mtesa, king of Uganda (see our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), bringing a letter from Sir Samuel Baker to Dr. Livingstone.

Feeling that circumstances justified him in availing himself of every means of ascertaining the whereabouts of the great South African explorer, Cameron opened the letter, which turned out to be dated from Fort Fatiko, but gave no clue to the situation of the person to whom it was addressed.

Soon after this disappointment, a more severe attack of fever than he had yet experienced completely prostrated Cameron, leaving him almost blind, and the narrative of his experience is continued in his account of his journey by extracts from letters from Dillon, in which touching accounts are given of the young commander's delirious ravings. Not until the middle of October did there seem any real hope of his full recovery and the further prosecution of his journey. On the 19th he was able to attend an auction, in which, after seeing a number of household utensils, trading stores, &c., knocked down to the highest bidder, he witnessed the melancholy spectacle of the sale of a number of male and female slaves, who were led round to the buyers, "made to show their teeth, to cough, run, and lift weights, and in some instances to exhibit their dexterity in handling a musket." One woman, a good cook, fetched 200 dollars, and some of the men eighty dollars.

On the 20th October, 1873, a day ever memorable in the history of South African exploration, as Cameron, to quote his own words, "lay on his bed prostrate, listless, and enfeebled from repeated attacks of fever, his mind dazed and confused with whirling thoughts and fancies of home and those dear ones far away," his servant, Mahommed Malim, came into his tent, holding a letter in his hand.

Snatching it from the man, Cameron eagerly asked whence it came, receiving the enlightening reply, "Some man bring him."

Opening it with trembling fingers, Cameron found it to be a letter from Livingstone's servant, Jacob Wainwright, addressed to Mr. Oswell Livingstone, and couched in the following terms :—

"Sir,—We have heared in the month of August that you have started from Zanzibar for Unyanyembe, and again lately we have heared your arrivel—your father died by disease beyond the country of Bisa, but we have carried the corpse with us. 10 of our soldiers are lost, and some have died. Our Hanger presses us to ask you some clothes to buy provisions for our soldiers, and we should have an answer that when we shall enter there shall be firing guns or not, and if you permit us to fire guns, then send us some powder. We have wrote these few word in the place of Sultan or King Mbowra.

"The Writer, Jacob Wainwright,
"Dr. Livingstone, Exped."

Half blind, as we have seen, poor Cameron could hardly decipher this strange and touching epistle. Who was dead—his own father or Dillon's, or whose? Taking the letter to Dillon, who was also very weak from fever, the

two puzzled over it together in vain, and not until the bearer of the letter, our old friend Chumah, presented himself did they learn the true state of the case, and realise that Livingstone was dead, and their own expedition virtually at an end.

Supplies for the needs of the caravan from Lake Bangweolo were at once sent off, and a messenger was despatched to the coast with the news of the doctor's death. The funeral procession entered Unyanyembe a few days later, and, as we have already related, proceeded on its journey to Zanzibar on the 9th November, accompanied by Dillon and Murphy; whilst Cameron, in spite of his shattered health, determined to continue his journey westwards alone, and if he could no longer work under Livingstone, to supplement that great hero's discoveries.

The parting between Cameron and Dillon was, as may be imagined, alike solemn and affecting. The health of both seemed shattered, and though they talked of meeting again in England, each was oppressed by forebodings for the future. In Dillon's case, as we know, these fears were realised all too soon. He got no further than the first stage of his journey eastwards before he died by his own hand in an access of fever and delirium. On the 20th November, as Cameron was proceeding on his journey to Ujiji, which he proposed making the starting-point for a thorough exploration of Lake Tanganyika, a messenger arrived from Murphy with the terrible news of Dillon's death on the 18th. Hurrying to join Murphy, Cameron reached Kasekerah, the scene of his beloved comrade's suicide, towards the end of November, and learnt that poor Dillon was buried in the jungle, Murphy having, as we

think needlessly, feared that, if the spot were known, the grave would have been desecrated by the natives.

At Kasekerah, Cameron had to endure yet another delay before he was joined by Bombay and his servants, but on the 2nd December he once more resumed his march, and, making a wide *détour* southwards to avoid the scene of native disturbances between Unyanyembe and Ujiji, he passed through the comparatively unknown district of Ugunda, to come to a stop again on the borders of Ugara, the road across that province being blocked owing to a quarrel between one of its chiefs and an Arab.

The year 1873 was closing in misery and gloom, when on the 28th December came the cheering news that the difficulty between the disputants had been arranged, and the road was open. The men, it is true, at first refused to march, and were supported in their rebellion by Bombay; but on the 30th December Cameron's patience was at last rewarded by seeing his caravan once more in motion. Pressing on due west across Ugara, with no longer delays than were necessary for rest and refreshment, over plains, up and down hills, through forests, across rivers, the gallant young hero led his grumbling and unwilling followers, and on the 5th February we find him at Ugaga, on the banks of the now well-known Malagarazi, having, to quote his own significant words, crossed "the watershed between the basin of the Rufigi and those of the Nile and the Congo."

As usual, a heavy toll was demanded for permission to cross the river, but after a long parley six canoes were obtained at a not very exorbitant price, and about the 7th February the Malagarazi was left behind. On the 18th of the same month Cameron at last came in sight of Tangan-

yika, and hurrying down to its shores he found, to his great delight, two large canoes which had been sent for his use by the Arabs at Ujiji. The leader of the expedition and his principal followers at once embarked, and after "an hour's pull," Kawele, the landing-place of Ujiji, was reached.

Thus closed the second stage of the journey across Africa. Cheered by his success thus far, and by the hearty reception accorded to him, Cameron's first care was to inquire after some valuable papers left by Livingstone in the care of a certain Mahommed bin Sabib, an Arab of high repute in Ujiji. The papers were safe, and, relieved of his anxiety on their account, Cameron set to work to obtain boats for his cruise on Lake Tanganyika, in which he hoped finally to solve the question of its outlet, left undetermined by Livingstone and Stanley.

On the 13th March, after rather more than the ordinary amount of haggling, &c., two boats were finally embarked on the lake, the first, named the Betsy, containing Cameron himself and his immediate attendants; the second, named the Pickle, serving as a kind of tender.

Turning the Betsy's head southwards, our hero cruised along the eastern shores of the lake, which he describes as of exceeding beauty, touching now at one village, now at another, and passing many floating islands, till he came on the 23rd March to the promontory of Raz Kungwe (S. lat. 6°), near the narrowest part of Tanganyika, beyond which the great sheet of water had not yet been explored, or even seen by a white man.

Rounding Raz Kungwe, Cameron now proceeded slowly and cautiously on his way, noting every peculiarity of the scenery on his left, and of the islands on his right. For

the first time, in spite of all the difficulties he had had to encounter, he was able to feel himself to be an explorer, and he allowed not an incident of his voyage to escape him. His men again and again entreated him to go back, crying on the slightest swell of the water, "Lake bad; canoes break again."

"What would I not have given for a man-of-war's whaler and crew for six weeks!" cries Cameron in his narrative. "I should then have been able to do something thoroughly satisfactory, instead of creeping in and out of bays." But in spite of the "creeping," in spite of recurrent fever, perpetual delays at villages or on islands, something thoroughly satisfactory *was* finally accomplished. The Betsy safely passed many a reputed "devil's habitation," its dweller propitiated by offerings from the dusky sailors. Cape after cape was rounded, interview after interview with the astonished natives of the coast ended in satisfaction to both parties, and the second week in April found Cameron camping near a village on the river Kisungi, where Livingstone had once halted on his last journey. A little rest, and then past the districts of Ufipa and Masombe pressed the two boats, to reach about the middle of April the village of Kasangalowa, within sight of the end of the lake and of the districts so recently traversed by Livingstone.

The Betsy's head was now turned due west, and, crossing the lake in one long day's pull, the expedition landed on the south-western shores, to re-embark almost immediately and cruise in a northerly direction. Numerous small streams and torrents were passed, but still no river of dignity sufficient to be Tanganyika's outlet, when, about noon on the 3rd May, 1874, the entrance of the

outflowing Lukuga was reached, and, as we have seen, the true position of Lake Tanganyika in the Congo system determined.

As has so often been the case in geographical exploration, the discovery of the Lukuga, through which the Tanganyika pours the whole volume of its waters into the Lualaba, took place quietly and unostentatiously. The entrance of the Lukuga is described by Cameron as more than a mile across, "but closed by a grass-grown sand-bank, with the exception of a channel three or four hundred yards wide." "Across this," he adds, "there is a rill, where the surf breaks heavily at times, although there is more than a fathom of water at its most shallow part."

The chief, who received his white visitor very courteously, informed him that the river fell after a month's journey into the Lualaba, receiving the Lulumbiji and many smaller streams on its way. In spite of very heavy rain, Cameron, escorted by the chief, ascended the Lukuga for some few miles, until navigation become impossible owing to the masses of floating vegetation. A passage might, however, be cut through this grass—a familiar phenomenon in Africa—though Cameron was unfortunately compelled to refrain from attempting it, as it would have cost more than he had at his command to make a channel and obtain canoes; but he obtained much corroborative evidence in his further journey of the truth of the chief's assertions. It is a noteworthy fact, also, that the *embouchures* of the small streams flowing into the Lukuga are all "turned *from* the lake, and that the

weed set in the same direction"—slight and apparently insignificant details, yet forming links in the chain of evidence, tending to prove that the Tanganyika is not, as was by many long supposed, connected with the N'yanzas on the north-east.

Leaving the mouth of the Lukuga, Cameron now crossed the lake, and arrived in safety at Ujiji on the 9th May. On the 22nd of May he again left that town for his journey to Manyuema, crossing the lake and arriving on the shores of Uguhha towards the close of the month. On the 31st he started in high spirits for Nyangwé, buoyed up, he tells us, with a hope of floating, in boats to be obtained in the town, "down the unknown waters of the Congo to the West Coast in two or three months."

Passing over rugged hills, the last buttresses of the mountains of Ugoma, he soon reached Ruanda, the capital of Uguhha, set down in a fertile plain stretching away on the south to the Lukuga. Here the population turned out *en masse* to stare at the white man, forming quite a lane as he passed through the place, whilst a sheep which had "got hemmed in before him heralded his approach by a frantic baaing," inexpressibly ludicrous. Beyond Ruanda several small streams, tributaries of the Lukuga, were crossed, and the beginning of June found the party in the picturesque village of Meketo, "lying in a broad deep valley drained by the Kaca," where a delay of several days occurred owing to the pretended illness of the men, who wished to evade carrying their loads. From Meketo a long march in a north-westerly direction without a regular halt was made to the village of Pakwanywa, chief of Ubudjwa, which was reached on the 20th June.

At Pakwanywa's settlement Cameron learnt that a large

caravan, under the leadership of an Arab named Muinyi Hassani, was waiting for him "a few days in front;" and though unwilling to cast in his lot with a slave-dealer such as he knew Hassani to be, he decided that it would be better to do so than to arouse any opposition or jealousy. On joining the caravan, the exploring expedition was welcomed with much "outward civility, but little else," and Cameron found himself, as Livingstone had been before him, the companion of men whose aims he detested, and whose constant presence hampered his every movement.

On the 22nd of June the united forces started on the march for Manyuema, following much the same route as Livingstone had done under similar circumstances, and, alas! witnessing the same dreary round of misery and oppression. True, a hollow peace now reigned between the traders and the natives, but gagged slaves formed part of the daily procession, deserted and half-destroyed villages were passed again and again, and only in rare instances was Cameron able to see the people living peacefully and naturally in their homes. Our illustration gives a view of a principal town in Manyuema, situated on the western side of the mountains of Bambarré, forming the eastern boundary of that now celebrated district.

As the caravan advanced, the attitude of the natives became more and more hostile, and at Karungu, a group of villages a few days' march from Nyangwé, matters appear to have reached their climax. Cameron tells us that he was quietly reading and writing in his tent, when he heard musketry fire and a great disturbance in the Arab camp. Hastening out to ascertain what was wrong, he saw the natives flying in every direction, pursued by the trader's



VILLAGE IN MANYUEMA.

men. Collecting his own party, Cameron ordered them neither to leave the camp nor to fire at the natives unless driven to do so in self-defence; and then, going over to Muinyi Hassani, he inquired what the excitement was all about.

Hassani's account was that the natives of some villages, recently injured by members of the Arab caravan, had followed the latter with a view to making reprisals, and, in order to bring matters to a crisis, two chiefs had ordered that something should be stolen from the Arabs, knowing that they would demand its restitution.

This programme was duly carried out. A box of beads was stolen; the Arabs sent messages respecting it, and the chiefs, confident in the numbers of natives lurking in ambush in the neighbouring woods, came in person to refuse restitution, "unless payment were made for everything which had been stolen or destroyed in their villages."

To this Muinyi Hassani of course declined to accede, and the chiefs, rising to go away, said that if the Arabs wanted the box, they had better fetch it. At that moment the poor natives were shot down by some armed Wanyanwesi in the service of Hassani, and a general *mêlée* began. Telling the Arab leader that he had been greatly in the wrong, and that he should not therefore allow one of his own men to aid him against the natives, Cameron returned to his own quarters, saddened as he went by the sight of burning villages on every side, whilst crowds of poor women and children were being brought into the Arab camp as captives by the pagazi in Hassani's employ.

In the afternoon the natives, at first driven back by their fear of the muskets of the Arabs, assembled in great force, and Cameron tried in vain to persuade Hassani to

make peace. Another struggle ensued, and it seemed likely that there would be a general massacre of the natives, when, fortunately for all parties, Kanwassi, the son of a chief friendly to the Arabs, visited Cameron in his camp, and was by him persuaded to interfere.

After a long parley the Arabs agreed to listen to terms; a grand palaver was held, in which blood was exchanged between certain native chiefs and members of the Arab caravan, in the manner described in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa;* some horrible mixture was handed round and tasted by all, and peace was finally concluded.

Cameron then tried to obtain the release of the prisoners, and after a good deal of opposition he got his own way, on condition that ransom should be paid for them, lest the natives should think such an unusual concession was dictated by fear. Glad to have aided in the smallest degree in preventing further atrocities, Cameron now resumed his march for Nyangwé, but before proceeding far, he ascertained that some slaves captured at Karungu were still in the caravan, and a stormy interview with Hassani ensued. Finding quiet remonstrances ineffectual, our hero finally told the Arab leader that, if necessary, he would set the captives free by force, for he was determined that the English colours, which had brought freedom to so many on both coasts of Africa, should not be disgraced in the heart of the continent.

The slaves were at last set at liberty, and Cameron resolved to have nothing more to do with Hassani; but when, a day or two later, the Arab was struck down by fever, he could not resist doing his best to help and nurse him, receiving, however, not one word of thanks for his trouble.

Another two marches, in which Cameron kept his own party as much as possible away from that of Hassani, brought the advanced guard in sight of the mighty Lualaba, and from an overhanging bluff our young hero looked down for the first time upon the great stream so inseparably connected with the memory of his predecessor. Canoes were numerous on the banks, and hastening down, full of hope of accomplishing great things, now that the preliminary stages of his journey were over, the explorer engaged a boat and some natives to take him to Nyangwé early the next morning, with a few of his men, leaving the remainder to go by land.

On the ensuing day neither the boat nor the natives engaged made their appearance, but at about ten o'clock, as Cameron stood on the bank of the river inwardly chafing at the delay, he saw some men at work with their fishing-tackle on an island in mid-stream, and after much shouting and gesticulating induced them to bring him three canoes, which he hired and paid for on the spot. A very few minutes later he was actually floating on the Lualaba, and after a pleasant and rapid passage down the river, with lovely scenery on either hand, he landed at Nyangwé, the most northerly point reached by Livingstone, and was at once eagerly welcomed by Habed bin Salim, *alias* Tanganyika, a fine white-headed old Arab, who had known Livingstone, and now placed store-room, &c., at the young explorer's disposal.

Cameron's tent was pitched close to Tanganyika's house, and, scarcely allowing himself a day to rest, the eager traveller began making inquiries about canoes for that voyage to the sea on which his heart was set, but which, alas! he was never to accomplish. Tanganyika, it

is true, sympathised with his impatience, and promised to aid him to the best of his ability, but a certain Muinyi Dugumbi, regarded as a headman by the natives, must also be won over, and that gentleman could not see the need of any hurry. Again and again Dugumbi promised that a canoe should be forthcoming on market day, but, when market day came, evaded keeping his word.

"Wait in my verandah," he would say on such occasions, "and I will go and see if there are any people who have canoes to sell;" and then, whilst Cameron impatiently watched for his return, he would slip home by a back way. From days the detention in Nyangwé lengthened into weeks. News of war on the north made it impossible to penetrate further in that direction, and at the end of a fortnight, when an Arab expedition, headed by the now too-well-known Tippu-Tib, arrived from a slaving razzia, Cameron in despair consulted its leader as to what he had better do. "Return with me to my permanent camp on the Lomani, a tributary of the Lualaba, ten marches south," was the reply, "and make your way thence across country to Lake Sankorra, on the north-west."

Now Sankorra was supposed to be another link in the great series of which Tanganyika was the first and Bangweolo the last lake discovered. Through it the Lualaba or Congo was said to pass on its way to the sea, and therefore if, as it seemed, it really was impossible to go down the river from Nyangwé, it would be well to accept the chief's offer. Bidding farewell, therefore, to Tanganyika and Dugumbi, Cameron started with his new friend on the 26th August, crossing the river in canoes lent by "Tanganyika."

Turning his face southwards, he now traversed a fertile

and apparently prosperous country, and reached the river Rofubu, a tributary of the Lualaba, which was crossed by means of a gigantic and well-built fishing-weir bridge. Here a fresh access of fever prostrated Cameron for a few hours, but, determined not to lose what seemed his only chance of success by remaining behind, he soon staggered to his feet, and, as he tells us, "reeled along like a drunken man, the large white pyramidal ant-hills," plentiful in these parts, seeming to him in his delirious fancy to be his own tent, which perpetually disappeared as he reached it.

About the 29th August another of those unhappy contests between the natives and traders took place with which we are already too familiar, and, as usual, the former were worsted, though several of the Arabs were killed. Tippu-Tib, however, seemed to have some rough ideas of justice, and had several of his own porters from Nyangwé thrashed for taking advantage of the row to begin sacking a village.

Arrived at the important settlement of the chief Rusuna, Cameron's appearance at first excited unlimited astonishment. No white man had ever before been seen, and the natives shrank from him as from something uncanny. By degrees, however, their fear wore off, and they came in crowds to stare at him. He soon formed the centre of a group of half-naked men and women, eager to look at the pictures and curiosities he unpacked for their benefit, and who presently began to handle his clothes, turning up the legs and sleeves of his sleeping suit, till he began to be afraid they meant to undress him entirely. To avoid this, he tells us, he "sent for some beads and cowries, and gave them a scramble," which diverted their attention from his personal peculiarities. When Rusuna himself

appeared, he brought with him a large and finely-carved stool, on which he seated himself during the interview with our hero, one of his wives sitting before him and serving as a footstool.

Early in September the village of Kasongo, on the banks of the Lomani, was reached, and a grand *levée* was held by the chief in honour of his visitors, who one and all, from Cameron and Tippu-Tib to the porters, decked themselves in their best for the occasion. The scene in the royal camp differed in no essential particular from any other Central African reception, but our hero turned it to special advantage by enlisting the help of Kasongo for his proposed trip to Sankorra.

Once more there seemed a real chance of getting across to the Lualaba; Kasongo promised to communicate the explorer's wishes to his brother chief on the other side of the Lomani, whose consent must first of all be gained, and Cameron settled down to a few days' rest, with happy anticipations of an early start for the north-west. But, alas! his hopes were again dashed to the ground by the answer from the chief whose territory he would have to cross. "No strangers with guns," he said, "had ever passed through his country, and none should, without fighting their way."

Feeling that, even if it were possible to "fight his way" to the desired end, it would be wrong to shed blood except in self-defence, poor Cameron bore his disappointment as best he could, and, after consultation with Tippu-Tib, resolved to proceed to the province of Urua, on the south-south-west, where the presence of Portuguese traders was reported, and to try and reach Sankorra by a *détour* to the west of the country he was forbidden to pass. He

resolved, however, in the first instance to visit another lake called Mohyra, on the south, and accompanied by guides provided by Tippu-Tib and his own men, he started on this secondary expedition on the 12th September.

Keeping along the banks of the Lomani, in spite of the protestations of Bombay, who seems to have been in league with the men under him to mislead his master, Cameron was vigorously pressing forward, when he suddenly found himself in an ambush of natives in a narrow strip of jungle, who welcomed him with a shower of arrows. One of the missiles glanced off his shoulder, and, catching sight of the man who had let it fly, our hero flung down his rifle, and started in pursuit. The race had not continued long when the native tripped and fell. Before he could struggle to his feet his pursuer was upon him, and after giving him a severe thrashing, broke his bow and arrows, and allowed him to rejoin his comrades.

Advancing further, Cameron came upon a large party of natives blocking up the path before him with hostile gestures, but his conciliatory signs mollified them, and after a short parley they escorted him to the village of their chief, and executed a war-dance in honour of their guest. A short halt amongst these now friendly blacks was succeeded by quite a pleasant march to the settlement of Kwarumba, but just as Cameron was about to start again in high glee at his improved prospects, a quarrel occurred between him and the natives, originating in the stealing of a pet goat of his, named Dinah.

On his making inquiries as to her fate, he received no answer, and, to use his own emphatic expression, he soon saw he was in for a row. The men he was speaking to suddenly bolted, and others who had been looking on

began shooting arrows at him. Fortunately some of his men came up with their rifles at the critical moment, and, ordering the camp to be broken up, Cameron prepared for a retreat in one compact body, the arrows of the natives falling thick and fast upon his party as they carried out his directions. Strange to say, not one missile took effect, but just as the caravan was about to start, the natives were reinforced by a body of about five hundred men, and matters really began to look serious.

Very reluctantly Cameron was compelled to order a few shots to be fired, and one of them taking effect "in the leg of a native of consideration, who was standing in what he imagined was a position of safety," a parley was proposed by the chief of the village, and, as may be imagined, eagerly accepted by our explorer. All now seemed likely to go well. It was agreed that the goat should be returned, the chief receiving a present of scarlet cloth in exchange; that Bombay should "make brothers" or exchange blood with the headman; that guides should be provided, &c., &c. Cameron was proceeding to fulfil his part of the contract by taking the cloth to the chief, glad to get away at any price, when another black dignity arrived with more armed men, who cried, "Don't be such a fool as to make peace with these people for the sake of one piece of cloth. We are strong enough to eat them, and can easily get every bit of cloth and every bead belonging to them, and themselves we can kill or make slaves of," &c.

Alas! this declaration from the new arrival, though it did not affect Cameron's view of the situation in the least, was applauded by his men. Negotiations were broken off, and arrows began to fly about again. Our hero now set fire to one hut, and threatened to burn the whole village if

he were not allowed to depart, and his rigorous action led to an apparently reluctant consent being given to his resuming his march, but in exactly the opposite direction to that he desired to take. This appears, however, to have been a mere ruse. The road Cameron was directed to take led through "tangled grass, scrub, belts of thick jungle, and open plains," and as the caravan marched along, it was surrounded by crowds of natives, who closed in, and discharged their arrows wherever there was any cover from the explorer's guns.

After a long day's flight through a hostile country, Cameron managed to entrench himself in a deserted native village, which he named Fort Dinah, in memory of his lost goat. The natives, who did not venture to attack the Fort itself, shot at and wounded our hero's men when they went out to fetch water, and there seemed likely to be no end to the struggle, when, fortunately, a woman was captured, who turned out to be related to a chief named Mona Kasanga, and was sent to him by Cameron with a peaceful message. This had the desired result of convincing the natives of the explorer's innocent intentions; Mona Kasanga and another chief came to Fort Dinah to parley, and peace was quickly concluded.

Almost immediately after this happy change, Cameron resumed his march, first, however, making a *détour* eastwards to humour Mona Kasanga, and the beginning of October found him entering the important settlement of an Arab named Jumah Merikani, at the village of Kilemba. Merikani, who proved to be "the kindest and most hospitable of the many friends found by Cameron amongst the Arab traders in Africa," received our hero with eager cordiality, and gave him more information than he had yet

been able to obtain respecting the course of the Lualaba. Merikani had himself visited the copper mines of Katanga, which Livingstone had made several attempts to reach; he had met Burton and Speke at Ujiji; he had seen Livingstone; in a word, he seemed to the young English explorer to be a kind of link between himself and his great predecessors.

By Merikani Cameron was introduced to a Portuguese trader named José Antonio Alvez, and known by the natives as Kendele, who offered to conduct him to Loanda or Benguela, at the same time strongly deprecating any attempt to go to Lake Sankorra. The last white man, he said, who went to Mata Yafa's country, which must be traversed, was detained there in captivity for four years, when his sufferings ended in a miserable death. Such would inevitably be the fate of any other European who should have the temerity to approach Mata's capital.

On enquiring whether a more direct route to the lake existed, Cameron was told that some of Merikani's and Alvez's men had been within a few days of its shores, but the road they traversed was only "practicable in the dry season, as it led across vast treeless plains, intersected by many rivers, converted in the rainy season into swamps."

After much careful deliberation, Cameron finally decided to abandon his long-cherished scheme of visiting Lake Sankorra, and to avail himself of Alvez's offered escort to Benguela. As the trader would not, however, move for a month, our hero determined at least to visit Lake Mohyra, and on the 30th October he started for the south with that end in view, escorted only by a small party of his own men, and by a native guide, who had had one arm amputated at the elbow, on account, as he took

care to inform his employer, of his having been wounded in the arm with a poisoned arrow, not as a punishment.

A rapid march in a northerly direction, over a hilly and wooded country, brought the party within sight of Lake Mohyra, a small sheet of water with three villages built on piles rising from its surface, which was also dotted here



FLOATING HUT ON LAKE MOHYRA

and there with curious floating huts such as that represented in our illustration.

Anxious to examine more closely these strange aquatic houses, Cameron lost no time in begging the chief of a land village to provide him with a canoe, but, as usual, he was

refused. The amphibious dwellers on the lake were jealous of the visits of strangers, and our hero was obliged to content himself with watching the lake people swimming from hut to hut, or paddling about in their simple dug-outs twenty or twenty-five feet long.

On enquiry, Cameron learned that the natives of the Mohyra live entirely in their floating huts or in the water, only coming on shore to cultivate provisions and take their goats to pasture.

Reluctantly turning his back on this interesting sheet of water, the connection of which with the other lakes of Central Africa he was not able to determine, Cameron now returned to Kilemba, passing some lake villagers in the first stage of his journey, who scampered off to their canoes when he tried to enter into conversation with them.

Back again at Kilemba, Cameron found to his regret that there was still no chance of an immediate move westwards, and decided to avail himself of the protracted delay to visit yet another lake, known as Kassali or Kikonja, reported to exist some days' journey on the south-east.

Having obtained guides from Jumah Merikani, Cameron started on this new trip on the 14th November, and, marching across a salt plain, arrived the next day at a village called Kibaiyeli, where, unfortunately for him, a native wedding was then going on, attended with more than the usual amount of shouting, yelling, dancing, and capering. The bride, a girl of only nine years old, was brought into the town "on the shoulders of one woman and supported by another." A circle was then formed, in the centre of which the poor child was jumped up and down by her two *chaperones* till it seemed as if every bone must be disjointed, the wedding guests dancing and yelling

about her all the time. The bridegroom now advanced and presented his intended with some tobacco leaves and beads, which she scattered amongst the crowds. A general scramble ensued, after which the bride was set down and danced with the bridegroom. The woman who had carried her, adds Cameron, must have worked very hard, for the skin was actually rubbed off her back and shoulders.

Leaving Kibaiyeli whilst the tumult was still going on, our hero pressed on to Kisima, two days' journey further south, where a "violent paroxysm of fever attacked him without warning," reducing him so much that he could scarcely resume his journey the next morning. He managed to creep along, however, and on the 22nd November he came in sight of Lake Kassali. Halting at the village of Kowedi, he was compelled to await the return of the chief, who was then absent, before he could go down to its banks. On the arrival of his host the next day, Cameron learned to his great disappointment that no permission to visit the lake could be granted, and though he remained for some time in the village hoping to obtain a reprieve, he was obliged at last to return to Kilemba with his curiosity ungratified. Some of his men, however, whom he had sent with messages to the chief on the northern shores of the lake, reported that there were many floating and inhabited islands on its surface, formed of large pieces of "tingi-tingi,"* cut from the masses with which the shores are lined, on which logs and brushwood are laid, and covered with earth.

Immediately on his second return to Kilemba, Cameron

* Tingi-tingi is the name given to the grass at the mouths of rivers and on the shores of lakes, which is too thick for boats to go through, but not strong enough to bear the weight of a man.

called on Alvez, and learned that as soon as Kasongo the chief returned from a plundering expedition on which he was then engaged, the start for the west would really be made. Cheered by this prospect, our hero employed the next few days in questioning Merikani and his men about their travels, hearing amongst other wonders of a village on Lake Tanganyika where the people lived on friendly terms with the lions, which walked about without molesting any one; of underground dwellings at Mkanu, by the banks of the Lufira, some of them built actually under the bed of a river; of "a high rocky island" on Tanganyika, in which all the inhabitants are leprous, and most of them blind, &c., &c.

Cameron's hopes of a speedy move were again disappointed, and New Year's Day, 1875, found him still waiting at Kilemba. Not until the afternoon of the 21st January did Kasongo actually arrive, and then the much-longed-for chief turned out to be a thorough rascal, anxious to fleece and delay his guest to the best of his ability. Five long weeks of procrastination and of hope deferred all but exhausted Cameron's patience, and when on the 25th January he actually started for the west, it was in company not only of Alvez, but of another Portuguese trader named Coimbra, the son of a major of Bihé, whose brutal conduct to his slaves rendered the march one long agony to the Englishman. Alvez, he tells us, was bad enough, and turned out to be both mean and untrustworthy, but Coimbra excelled him and every other slave-dealer with whom our hero came in contact in reckless cruelty. Pursuing a south-westerly direction, the caravan wound slowly, very slowly, through the fertile districts of Ussambi, its course marked by bloodshed and ruin. Delay after

delay occurred, whilst one or another of the leaders was absent on a slaving raid, and July was far advanced "before the watershed between the river running to the Lualaba below Nyangwé, and those falling into it above that," was reached, and the second province traversed, that of Ulunda, a long narrow strip of country between the 5th and 12th degrees of S. lat., was entered.

Early in August the first sight was obtained of the Zambesi, or rather of the trees fringing its banks, and our hero found himself on comparatively familiar ground on the watershed between that celebrated river and the Kassaba, a chief affluent of the Congo. Streams were constantly crossed running to the one or the other. As the Portuguese possessions were approached, plains were traversed which are flooded to a depth of two or three feet during the rainy season, and Cameron observed that the systems of the Congo and Zambesi "lock into each other in such a manner, that by some improvement in the existing condition of the rivers, and by cutting a canal of about twenty miles through a level country, they might be connected, and internal navigation be established from the west to the east coast."

On the 28th August, the village of Katende, near Lake Dilolo, visited by Livingstone, was reached, but the only recollection retained by the natives of the great traveller was his having ridden an ox, a fact which made a very great impression alike on the chief and his people. Beyond Katende's the march led across vast plains, and in the middle of September, Cameron, marching a little in advance of the caravan, met a large trading party from Bihé, the furthest inland Portuguese district, from whom our hero, now reduced to absolute penury by the extortions

of his Portuguese companions and the native chiefs whose territories he had traversed, tried to obtain a little tea or some biscuits. He could get nothing, however, and, to save himself and his men from starvation, he had now to sell his shirts and his greatcoat, the latter torn up into small pieces. At a village belonging to a chief named Kamjumba, who deserves to be immortalised in every account of Cameron's adventures, a free gift of a goat was presented to the exhausted hero, the first meat he had tasted, except a dove shot by his own hand, for three weeks.

Another three days' march, and the settlement of Alvez, close to the village of Kapeka, on the borders of Bihé, was entered, and after a week's delay Cameron gladly took his leave of the slave-dealers, and with his own followers commenced the last stage of his great journey, halting now at one now at another comfortable Portuguese residence in the successive districts of Bailunda, Kibula, Kisoké, and Kisanji, until at last, towards the end of November, when he and his men were alike in a terrible state of exhaustion, he came in sight of the sea, and realised that he had indeed all but completed his work and marched from ocean to ocean. "Joy," he tells us, "gave him fresh strength," and, pressing eagerly forward, he came two days later to the town of Katombela on the sea-coast of the province, and near to the capital of Benguela.

To quote his own most effective words, describing the conclusion of his march, Cameron "ran down the slope towards Katombela swinging his rifle round his head for very joy, and the men, carried away with the same sense of relief, joined in the running." Then, when the town was close at hand, the English colours, now sorely faded and weather-stained, were unfurled, and the young hero was

about to make his entry into Katombela with quiet dignity, when he was met by an enthusiastic Frenchman, M. Cauchoix by name, who, hearing of his approach, had hastened out to welcome him, bringing with him three men laden with provisions. "Instantly," says Cameron, "on meeting the travellers, the jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out of the hammock in which he was travelling, and opened a bottle to drink to the health of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa from east to west."

Cameron was now conducted in triumph to M. Cauchoix's house in Katombela, but before he could enjoy the hospitality offered him he was taken seriously ill, and for a few hours his life seemed in danger. Thanks, however, to the kind and careful nursing of Dr. Calasso, from the Benguela hospital, and of M. Cauchiox himself, he recovered, and in the third week of November he was able to take ship for St. Paul de Loanda, where he arrived on the 21st of that month.

Making his way at once to the English consulate, he was left standing at the door by a little mulatto servant in attendance, but soon "another entrance opened, and Mr. Hopkins, the consul himself, appeared."

"He looked rather hard at me," says our hero, "as though wondering who the seedy-looking individual before him might be," but when Cameron observed quietly, "I have come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he started back, then, coming forward, placed both his hands on his visitor's shoulders, and exclaimed, "Cameron! My God!"

The eager hospitality extended to the successful traveller by the consul and all the European residents in St. Paul

de Loando will be readily imagined, but his first thought was to find the means of returning to his native land, and after some little difficulty he succeeded in obtaining a schooner for the voyage, to which he gave the name of the Frances Cameron, after his mother. Captain Alexanderson of the Royal Geographical Society volunteered to act as her commander, and having paid off all his men, with the exception of four sailors from Zanzibar who still remained in his service, Cameron set sail for England on the 8th February, 1876, and on the 2nd April of the same year cast anchor in the Mersey after an absence of three years and four months, during which he had proved that the Lualaba did not belong to the Nile system, and opened up many an important question to be answered by future explorers.

CHAPTER XI.

STANLEY'S JOURNEY FROM SEA TO SEA.

Stanley's Arrival in Zanzibar and Preliminary Trip up the Rufiji—The Start for the Interior—From Ugogo to Urimi—The Medical Stores broken open—Death of Edward Pocock—Launch of the Lady Alice on the Victoria N'yanza—Visit to King Mtesa of Uganda—Death of Barker—From Usukuma to Lake Albert—At the Lukuga Creek—Across Manyuema to Nyangwé—Desertion of Arab Escort—Down the Lualaba—Stopped by Rapids—Death of Frank Pocock—Across the Mountains to Boma.

THE work so satisfactorily begun by Cameron was taken up and completed by Stanley, to whom, in addition to the great discovery with which his name will ever be inseparably connected, we owe much valuable information respecting Central Equatorial Africa.

Sent out to Africa, after his successful relief of Livingstone, at the expense of the proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar in September, 1874. In the month which intervened before he was able to start for the interior, he made a preliminary trip in a Yarmouth yawl named the Wave, which he had brought out with him, up the Rufiji or Lufyi, a river flowing into the Indian Ocean some few miles south of the Kingani. Having ascertained that the Rufiji was navigable for large vessels for fifty miles inland, with a waterway fit for the passage

of shallow steam launches extending some 240 miles farther, Stanley returned to Zanzibar to complete his preparations for his great journey westwards.

Accompanied by the now famous brothers, Francis and Edward Pocock, sons of a fisherman of Upnor, near Rochester, and by one other white man named Fred Barker, Stanley landed at Bagamoyo early in November, and, after rather more than the ordinary preliminary difficulties, started for the interior on the 17th of that month with a native escort of 250 men, of whom 47 had previously been either in his own service or that of Livingstone. We may add that his baggage included a pontoon called the Livingstone, and a small steam launch named the Lady Alice, both of which appear to have been marvels of river and lake architecture, and were carried in numerous sections.

Crossing the Kingani river in the Lady Alice, Stanley rapidly made his way by the ordinary caravan route to Kikoka, whence his course was mainly west-north-west till he approached Mpwapwa, when it became due west. Beyond Mpwapwa the desert of Mgunda M'kali was crossed, and the last day of the year 1874 found the party on the western frontier of Ugogo, the trip from the coast having been made in an incredibly short time.

A rest of two days in what Stanley calls inhospitable Ugogo was succeeded by a march due north, and the actual journey of discovery may be said to have begun. Deserted by his guides, and feeling his way step by step, our hero was soon reduced to terrible straits for want of food, but, pressing on under the belief that three days' march would bring him to Urimi on the southern extremity of the

Victoria N'yanza, he arrived on the fifth day at a small village, his course marked, alas! by the corpses of many of his followers, who sunk by the way to die of hunger and exhaustion.

Disappointed in his hope of obtaining food for his famished people, Stanley now sent some of the party on to Urimi to purchase grain, and in the meanwhile broke open his medical stores, and made gruel of his reserve of oatmeal and Revalenta Arabica for the remainder of his forces. Forty-eight hours later his scouts returned with supplies of provisions, and, better still, news of a fruitful country on the north. The march was almost immediately resumed, but the entry, two days later, into the promised land of Urimi at the base of the watershed, whence, to quote Stanley's own words, "the trickling streams begin to flow Nilewards," was saddened by the death, at the village of Chiwyu, of Edward Pocock.

From Chiwyu Stanley pressed on through Urimi to Mangara, where an Arab servant named Kaif Halleck, who had lagged a little behind the main body, was murdered by the natives.

This was the beginning of those serious troubles which at one time threatened to put a premature end to the explorer's career, but, after many a skirmish and much bloodshed, Stanley encamped with the remnant of his forces at the village of Kagehi in Usukuma, about one hundred yards south of the Victoria N'yanza, on the 27th February, 1875, having followed to it a river of many names which enters the lake as the Shimeeyu.

A day or two later the Lady Alice was successfully launched on the Victoria N'yanza, and, in a cruise occupying fifty-eight days, one thousand miles of its shores were surveyed, and its general outline determined.

A visit was also paid to our old acquaintance, King Mtesa of Uganda (see *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), at his capital of Ulagalla, where Stanley was very courteously received, and met Colonel Linant de Bellefonds of the Egyptian service, then engaged in negotiating a treaty of commerce between Mtesa and his own government. To the colonel Stanley entrusted an account of his cruise on the Victoria N'yanza, and returned to his camp at Kagehi, where he was met by the melancholy intelligence of the death of another of his few European servants, Fred Barker, who had succumbed to ague and fever three weeks previously.

Having supplemented his despatches home by a letter to the mother of the unfortunate Barker, Stanley, so far as we can make out from the fragmentary materials at our command, returned to Mtesa's capital, which our readers will remember is situated on the north-western shores of the Victoria N'yanza, and completed his survey of that lake in the Lady Alice.

Following the western shores of the N'yanza as far as the river Kagera, the Kitangule of Speke, Stanley there struck across direct for his old station in Usukuma, whence, escorted by 2000 spearmen, provided by Mtesa, he made his way in a west-north-westerly direction to the frontier of Ungoro, and on the evening of the 9th January arrived within three miles of the Albert N'yanza, and in the territory of our old friend Rumanika, whose kindness to Speke and Grant after their sufferings in Uzinga has earned him the gratitude of all interested in African exploration.

Unable at this time to make any survey of the Albert N'yanza, Stanley now marched his forces from its northern

shores to the well-known station of Ujiji, on the coast of Lake Tanganyika; then crossing that famous sheet of water, so inseparably connected with the last days of Livingstone, he examined the Lukuga stream, discovered by Cameron, and followed what he calls the "Luanza" river to its junction with the Lualaba. Then, having crossed Manyuema, he reached Nyangwé, on the eastern bank of the great river of many names; whence he started on November 5th, 1876, upon the last stage of the great journey from ocean to ocean, in which he not only solved the most important remaining hydrographical problem in Africa—the origin of the Congo river—but threw considerable light on several points connected with the mighty water-parting between it and the Nile.

It was at Nyangwé that Stanley seems to have first made acquaintance with the now notorious Tippu-Tib, the great Arab slave-dealer already alluded to in our account of Cameron's journey, and who appears to us to have been of late years the evil genius of the white man in Western Africa. Joining forces with Tippu-Tib, whose followers numbered some seven hundred, the explorer crossed the river which he still calls the Lualaba (not yet knowing it to be the Congo) a little below Nyangwé, and though harassed at every step by the hostility of the natives, and quarrels between his own people and the Arabs, he cut his way in safety through the dense forests to a point on the river in S. lat. 3° 35′, E. long. 25° 49′, where it was possible to launch the "Lady Alice." Thinking it might be better to continue the journey on the other side of the stream, Stanley called a halt, and ordered his men to put together the sections of the boat. In his own account of what was in reality the turning-

point in his perilous expedition, and assured of its ultimate success, Stanley says: "My tent was pitched about thirty feet from the river on a grassy spot; Tippu-Tib and his Arabs were in the bushes; while the 550 people of whom the expedition consisted began to prepare a site for their tents by enlarging the open space around the landing-place. While my breakfast was cooking, and my tent was being drawn taut and made trim, a mat was spread on a bit of short grass a few yards from the river. Some sedgy reeds obstructed my view, and as I wished, while resting, to watch the river gliding by, I had them cropped off short. Frank Pocock and the Wangwana chiefs were putting the boat sections together in the rear of the camp; I was busy thinking, planning a score of things. Gently as a summer's dream, the brown waves of the Livingstone* flowed by, broad and deep. Downwards," he adds, "it flows to the unknown. Something strange must surely lie in the vast space occupied by total blankness in our maps between Nyangwé and Tuckey's farthest.† I seek a road to connect these two points. We have laboured through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint. I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue cleaving the Unknown to some sea, like a path of light! There are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand canoes. Why not build them?"

Stanley sprang up, and ordered the drummer to call the people together. His path was clear now! Canoes should

* Stanley had re-named the Lualaba the Livingstone on his arrival on the bank a few hours before.

† For account of Tuckey's expedition up the Congo, and his sad fate, see *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*, p. 130.

be built; the whole expedition should be embarked in them; the river itself should be their guide! No more struggle with the forces of Nature; no more fighting with natives; no more hesitation; no more doubt about what to do,—all was plain sailing now. But the people responded wearily. They were sick to death of marches and counter marches, with no apparent result. What cared they for geographical problems? The Arabs looked on gloomily as Stanley eagerly assured them, pointing to the river, that he had found a path to the sea. Only a few could be induced to remain with him if he insisted on taking to the water; and it was not until some time afterwards that the determined explorer was able to carry out his resolve. Tippu-Tib and his Arabs soon deserted him, and only after several desperate encounters with the natives were the "Lady Alice" and the supplementary fleet of canoes containing the little remnant of Stanley's own followers launched upon the broad river.

For a short time all went well; but presently, a few miles below the point where the stream of many names is crossed by the Equator, the cannibal districts were entered, and again and again armed natives rushed down to the banks forbidding the further progress of the fleet. More than one encounter took place between the explorers and the savages, but the former were always victorious, on one occasion capturing a monster canoe, which Stanley dubbed the "Great Eastern of the Livingstone." Soon after passing the mouth of a wide tributary of the Congo, which the leader named the Leopold, after the King of the Belgians, the main stream suddenly grew narrower and made a sharp détour to the east-north-east. A little below the bend thus formed the roar of cataracts was

heard. To quote again from Stanley's own narrative: "Louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaba from both sides of the great river;" and the little force were confronted by the "necessity of putting into practice the resolution formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or to die. What should we do?" continues Stanley; "shall we turn and face the fierce cannibals, who, with hideous noise, drown the solemn roar of the cataract; or shall we cry, 'Our fate is in the hands of God,' and risk the cataract with its terrors?" Thus face to face with the inevitable, Stanley chose a middle course. Ordering the anchors to be dropped, and a charge to be made on the natives on the right bank, after a fierce struggle a landing was effected, the savages were driven off, and the exhausted explorers encamped for the night.

The next day, in spite of every sign of a fresh attack from the cannibals, Stanley managed to make a hurried exploration of the river, with the result that he found it necessary to cut a way through the forest for some miles before again venturing on the water. Dragging the canoes with them, and every now and then turning to face the natives harassing them in the rear, the gallant little band reached a point where it seemed possible to take to the stream once more, although at considerable risk to the frail canoes, so formidable were the cataracts and so rapid the stream above them.

"As soon as we reached the river," says Stanley, "we began to float the canoes down a stretch of rapids to a camp opposite," an island called Ntundma. Six canoes were taken down safely; the seventh was capsized, and its inmates were only rescued from drowning by the gallant

efforts of the crew of the eighth—one man, a chief called Zaidi, clambering on to the island mentioned above, where he remained in a perilous position till Uledi, one of Stanley's most faithful adherents, and a young boy volunteered to fetch him off in a canoe. They succeeded in reaching him, and by desperate efforts fastened their canoe to the rocks; but, as Stanley graphically relates, their work was only just begun. "There were," he says, "fifty yards of wild waves and a resistless rush of water between them and safety, and on the right of them was a fall 300 yards in width, and below them a mile of falls and rapids."

It was not until the next morning that the three were rescued from their perilous position. It was found impossible to launch the boat again, and Stanley finally hit upon the expedient of making a kind of bridge with canes and creepers, which was drawn across the foaming water by Uledi and his friends, to whom a stone tied to the end of a hundred yards of whip-cord had first been thrown. Light cables to be lashed round the waist of each man were also sent over, and thus protected, they all three managed to make the transit in safety.

To avoid any more adventures of this kind, a road had to be cut for some little distance further through the forest; but free at last from the deafening noise of the cataracts, to which Stanley gave his own name, the canoes were once more launched on a broad waterway, and but for the continued resistance of the natives the rest of the journey would have been much more quickly accomplished. As it was, however, one sanguinary fight succeeded another, and again and again the newly-discovered stream was red with blood. After following its course for many miles, a fresh series of rapids was reached, in attempting to shoot which,

in his canoe, Frank Pocock was drowned. His body was swept away and never recovered. This terrible disaster lost Stanley one of his most faithful helpers, and gave him a horror of the river, which he again deserted for the land. The rest of the journey was one long struggle with difficulties of every kind. Dense forests alternated with lofty mountains, through and over which the canoes had to be dragged, the natives still contesting every inch of the way, so that the course of the expedition was marked by the dying and the dead.

But at last, after a tramp of several hundred miles, and when the hearts of the bravest were beginning to fail, the survivors of the gallant little force reached Boma, a settlement on the Congo which had been occupied by Europeans for more than a century. The welcome they received can be imagined, and the news of their arrival on the west coast caused the greatest excitement throughout Europe. Their work was done at last; the mystery which had so long eluded solution was made clear; the mighty river of many *aliases* was proved beyond a doubt to be the Congo, and had been traced from its source in the far east to its final home in the Atlantic. The Dark Continent had been traversed from ocean to ocean; and although much still remained to be done, the main features of the geography of Central Africa had at last been finally determined.

CHAPTER XII.

WORK DONE SINCE 1876.

The International African Association—Meeting of the Berlin Conference—Foundation of Congo State—Expeditions of Grenfell, Wolf, and others—Discovery of Kasai-Sankuru System—Life-Story of Congo—Serpa Pinto—Discoveries in Zambesia—African Lakes Company—Work of Thomson, Holub, and others—Emin Pasha—Journey of Stanley to his relief—Sufferings of Rear Column—Journey to Zanzibar—Summary of Work done—List of Tracts still unexplored.

THE success of Stanley's great journey concentrated the attention of all Europe on Africa, and resulted in the formation in 1876 of the International African Association. Of this association the head was King Leopold of Belgium, who inaugurated its foundation at the Brussels Conference, held whilst Stanley was still in the heart of Africa on the second of his great journeys. Under the auspices of this Association expeditions of almost every nationality were organised, with a view to establishing permanent stations for the relief of travellers and the advance of geographical science along the chief Central African routes. Scarcely

less important, though belonging strictly to politics rather than to the story of exploration, was the meeting of the Berlin Conference in 1884–5, when the so-called "spheres of influence" of the various nationalities of Europe in Africa were delimitated. The foundation of the Congo Independent State, and the expeditions of the French from the Gaboon under De Brazza, brought a vast tract of Western Central Africa to a great extent under the influences of civilisation. The basin of the Congo was now thoroughly explored. The expeditions of the Germans Grenfell, Wolf, Kund, Von François, Wissmann, and Lappenbeck supplemented the work of Stanley, dispelled the error that the two chief tributaries of the Congo flowed side by side in a north-westerly direction, discovered the Kasai-Sankuru system draining the eastern districts on the south of the main stream, and proved that the Kwango, Kasai, Sankuru, and Lake Leopold all belong to one great water system. The Kasai, or most important southern tributary of the Congo, was first ascended by Bateman in 1889; and the Mobangi, the chief affluent from the north, first traced in 1884–85 by the Rev. Mr. Grenfell, was thoroughly explored a few years later by the Belgian officer Lieutenant Vangele, who penetrated as far as E. long. 21° 53′, and proved the Welle river, discovered by Schweinfurth (see *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*), to be identical with the Mobangi. The mighty Congo system had now at last yielded up the secret of all but a few minor details of its course, and it will be well, before proceeding further, to repeat clearly the now well-established facts of its life-story. Born in the Lokinga

Highlands on the south of Lake Tanganyika, in about S. lat. 9° 40′ and E. long. 35° 15′, its earliest name is the Chambeze, under which, fed by many a tributary, it flows into Lake Bangweolo, from which it issues as the Lualaba, continuing its course under that and other names in a north-easterly direction through Lake Moero to the Equator, above which it makes a decided bend eastwards, turning due south-east in E. long. 20°, whence it rushes to its outlet in the Atlantic in S. lat. 7° as the Congo, after draining some 1,300,000 square miles, and receiving, in addition to the main tributaries already mentioned, the Kwango, Juapa, Bosira, Ikelemba, Lulongo, and Lumani from the south, and the Aruwimi, Mbura, Loika, Ngala, Lokinga, &c., on the north.

In French-Congo many important discoveries have been made by scientific men in the last two decades. In 1877, De Brazza had proved the Ogowé to be an independent stream; and the Portuguese, who had so long been inactive, roused by a spirit of emulation to fresh efforts, did much to throw light on the character of the districts watered by the Congo. Serpa Pinto crossed South Africa from sea to sea by a route passing through Benguela and the basin of the Upper Zambesi; whilst Ivens and Capello explored many miles of hitherto unknown country between that river and the head waters of the Congo.

Meanwhile, fired by a noble enthusiasm to bring to the natives of the newly-opened districts the knowledge of the gospel, a number of missionaries known as the African Lakes Company were sent out under the auspices of the

Established and Free Churches of Scotland, and stations were founded on the Shire and Zambesi rivers, as well as on the shores of the great lakes. By degrees the geography of these districts became well known, one officer after another sending home trustworthy reports of the portions explored by them.

Amongst the more important of those whom we may perhaps characterise as the supplementary heroes of the new epoch of discovery in Eastern Africa were the ill-fated Keith Johnston and Joseph Thomson, who took up the work of Johnston when the early death of that explorer removed him from his command. In 1880 Thomson traversed the old route between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, exploring the country on either hand, following the shores of Tanganyika as far as its outlet at the mouth of the Lukuga, making his way thence through Urua to within one day's march of the Congo. Compelled reluctantly to turn back there, he struggled in face of many difficulties to the southern extremity of Tanganyika, and returned to the east coast by way of Umyambebe, the main result of his journey having been the discovery of Lake Hikwa, which he re-named Lake Leopold.

In 1884 Thomson made a yet more successful journey, working his way from Mombasa across the hitherto unexplored Masai-Land to the Victoria N'yanza, in the course of which he explored the northern sides of Mount Kilimanjaro, the table-lands of Kikuyu and Kapté, as well as the country about Mount Kenia and the Aberdare range of hills. In 1887 and 1888 Count

Teleki and Lieutenant von Höhnel crossed Masni and Kikuyu Lands, and discovered Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie, on the north of the Equator.

Corresponding progress has recently been made in the districts watered by the Zambesi and its tributaries; the Leeba of Livingstone having been proved by the missionary Arnot to be identical with the main stream of the Zambesi; whilst O'Neill has rectified the position of Lake Nyassa; Rankin has discovered in the Shindé river yet another navigable channel from the eastern coast of Equatorial Africa; and Dr. Holub, in his seven years' wanderings between the Cape and Zambesi, has dispelled many errors respecting the tracts he traversed.

Although, as is shown in our *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*, the troubles with the Mahdists checked the general progress of exploration in Africa, they accidentally led to a considerable increase in our knowledge of the Western and Central Equatorial districts. After the death of the heroic Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, it was resolved to send an expedition to the rescue of Emin Pasha. Dr. Emin, more usually called Emin Pasha, first appears in the history of African exploration, under the name of Edward Schnitzer, as doctor to General Gordon, and was by him appointed Governor of Equatoria in 1878. In conjunction with an Englishman named Lupton, who was at the same time made Governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, a district on the west of Equatoria, he made many interesting discoveries connected with the geography of his province, which are more fully referred to

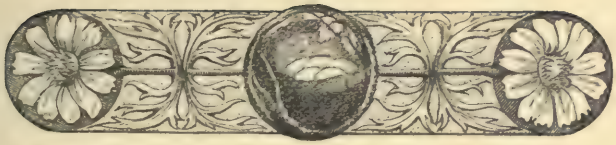
in our companion volume on *Heroes of Discovery in North Africa*, and appears to have been more eager over his studies than in making preparation for the threatened attack of the Mahdists. Beloved by his people, he relied on their faithfulness, and even when compelled to give up all his outlying posts to the Arabs, he does not appear to have been much disturbed. In the midst of wars and rumours of war, and whilst all Europe hung in suspense over the contradictory rumours of his fate which appeared from time to time in the newspapers, and gigantic efforts were being made to collect funds for his rescue, he continued patiently to verify his observations and add to his collections. The loss of his neighbour, Lupton Bey, who, when his province was taken by the rebels, was carried off to Kordofan, alarmed him but little, though he wrote to the missionary Mackay in Uganda to say that he was "greatly in need of help."

As a matter of course, Stanley, who had already done so much in Africa, was chosen as the leader of the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha; and although his work was on this journey political rather than geographical, he made several important discoveries on his way, which must be briefly capitulated here. The revolt in Zanzibar, and the generally disturbed state of Eastern Africa, led Stanley to decide to start from his old field of action, the Congo State. Accompanied by a picked body of English officers, our old acquaintance Tippu-Tib and his Arabs, with a motley collection of native carriers, &c., he retraced his steps up the Congo, and, leaving behind him at a place called Yambuya some of his officers and men, to be sent

forward later with the help of carriers to be supplied by Tippu-Tib, he followed the course of the Aruwimi, which joins the main stream from the north in N. lat. 1° 10′, and E. long. 23° 30′. Cutting his way through the dense forests through which this river flows under the name of the Ituri, Stanley reached the shores of the Albert N'yanza, where he surveyed the course of the Kikibbi river, the outlet of which, in the lake, Emin had already discovered. The Kikibbi, or, as it is sometimes called, the Semiliki, fed by countless streams from the Ruwenzori mountain, flows from the Muta Nzige or Albert Edward N'yanza, which is partly below the Equator, to the Albert N'yanza above it, thus connecting the two sheets of water, the more southerly of which was proved to be one of the long-sought sources of the Nile. This last expedition, therefore, bridged over the gap between the work of the Heroes of North and those of South African Discovery. The snow-capped Ruwenzori, which seems likely to prove of as much importance in the physical configuration of Africa as are Mounts Kilimanjaro and Kenia, still remains to be explored, though Captain Stairs, one of Stanley's officers ascended it to a height of 10,677 feet.

After several interviews with Emin Pasha, who was extremely unwilling to leave his beloved Equatoria, Stanley went back to Yambuya camp, to be met with the terrible intelligence of all that had happened there in his absence. The murder of one officer by the natives, the death from fever of another, the wretched condition of the survivors, are all too well known to need recapitulation here, and, were it not so, the tragic story has nothing whatever to do

with African exploration. Taking with him the little remnant of the gallant band who had suffered so terribly in his service, Stanley returned to the Albert N'yanza; and this time he completed his journey to Zanzibar, accompanied by the reluctant Governor of Equatoria, who, however, soon returned to Central Africa, to meet a violent death near the Congo at the hands of the brother of Tippu-Tib.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

End of the Pioneer Stage—The Discovery of the Diamond-Fields—Cecil Rhodes—The Annexation of the Transvaal—The Zulu War—The Boer Revolt—The Age of Gold—The Growth of South African Trade—The Rise of Johannesberg—Lobengula—The Chartered Company—The Matabele War—"Jameson's Raid"—The Matabele again in Arms—The Progress of Rhodesia—The Development of Civilisation.

FROM the year 1870 down to the present day little is to be said of exploration, in the true sense of that term, in South Africa. We have traced in the preceding chapter the journeyings of Stanley from sea to sea, and we have shown that, although Stanley left many minor geographical and scientific problems unsolved, he had brought to an end what we may call the purely pioneer stage of South African exploration. The formation of the International African Association in 1876 opened out the political stage; while the discovery of the Kimberley diamond-fields in 1869 marked the beginning of an era of industrial and commercial development in South Africa—an era so marvellous as to be almost without parallel in the whole varied history of human

effort. From the day when, in the year 1867, an obscure trader named O'Reilly was shown the first South African diamond, which had been picked up on a farm in the Hopetown district of Cape Colony, down to our own day, when the year's output of the diamond-mines reaches a total value of about three and a half millions sterling, the history of South African exploration has undergone little change. The day of the explorer of the type of Livingstone and Moffat has passed away. The men who devoted their lives, with reckless and splendid enthusiasm, to the cause of civilisation and scientific research have been superseded by a new generation, of which Mr. Cecil John Rhodes is at once the type and the epitome.

The story of the rise and development of the Kimberley diamond-fields is, in a sense, the history of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. To trace the progress of the mineral industry previous to 1869 is an easy matter. Some faint idea of the mineral wealth of the lands lying south of the Equator had descended to us from the most remote times. It was not until 1852, however, that an organised attempt was made to turn that knowledge to account. In that year a beginning was made with copper-mining in Namaqualand, and since that time the part of Cape Colony which had been previously regarded as the least valuable has been steadily contributing its mineral wealth to the general prosperity of the country.

Not until the discovery of the Kimberley mines, however, did men's minds begin to grasp the dazzling possibilities of South Africa. Two years after O'Reilly had become possessed of the first South African diamond a Boer farmer named Van Niekirk obtained an even

finer stone from a Griqua native. This gem, afterwards known as "The Star of South Africa," is now in the possession of the Countess of Dudley, and is valued at £25,000. The news of these discoveries spread itself rapidly, and by the close of 1870 there were at least 10,000 men at work on the Vaal River searching for diamonds. The district where the discovery was made is situated in what was then a desert region lying to the north of the boundary of Cape Colony. The discovery had important political consequences. In 1871, British authority was established over the erstwhile desert territory, and a new dependency, called Griqualand West, came into existence. This was the beginning of the abandonment of that policy of non-intervention in South African affairs which had been so strenuously condemned by Sir George Grey, and which, undoubtedly, was the indirect cause of the British humiliations at Isandhlwana and at Majuba Hill. The Imperial Government obtained the diamond-fields by cession from a Griqua chief; but the territory was claimed by the Government of the Orange Free State, which had obtained its independence in 1852, as being within the boundary of its dominion as defined by Sir Harry Smith. The dispute was arranged by the payment of a sum of £90,000 by the Imperial Government, which, at the same time, voted £15,000 for railway construction.

From that time the Kimberley diamond-fields became the rallying point for European emigrants to South Africa. The town of Kimberley sprang into existence, and, in process of time, the various conflicting claims and interests were brought under the control of what is now known as the De Beers Consolidated Mines. The two companies which were formed—the one to exploit

the original mines at Kimberley, and the other to work the equally wealthy De Beers mines — speedily outdistanced their smaller neighbours, and it became evident that the small proprietors would have to go. At the beginning, the mines were divided into claims with a surface area of 31 square feet; but so great was the sub-division that before Mr. Rhodes succeeded in effecting his great amalgamation a single claim was frequently owned by nearly two thousand proprietors. It was in this work of amalgamation that Mr. Rhodes, who had gone to Kimberley a delicate youth in search of health, first gave evidence of those remarkable powers which have made him the dominating figure in the recent history of South African development. The work of amalgamating all the diverse interests in the diamond-mines was a task which might have appalled the boldest mind. Mr. Rhodes achieved what appeared to be impossible, however, and from the conclusion of the amalgamation of the De Beers and Kimberley companies in 1887 the diamond-producing industry has continued to be one of the most prolific sources of South African prosperity.

Meanwhile, events of great historic importance had occurred. In 1876 Lord Carnarvon, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, determined to make another effort to federate the various States then existing in South Africa, namely, the Transvaal Republic, the Orange Free State, Natal, and Cape Colony. Sir Bartle Frere was appointed Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa in the following year, and set out to assume his new duties with the avowed object of pressing forward to realisation a project which is still merely a dream. But there were

forces at work which the new Governor was altogether unable to control. Scarcely had Sir Bartle Frere reached Cape Town when Sir Theophilus Shepstone, acting under previous instructions from the British Government, raised the British flag in Pretoria on April 12th, 1877, and formally proclaimed the annexation of the Transvaal to the British Crown. This act was destined to have momentous consequences. The independence of the Boers dwelling between the Orange and the Vaal Rivers had, after many vicissitudes, and against the advice of Sir George Grey, been formally recognised by the terms of the convention of Bloemfontein on February 23rd, 1854. But the Boers, who divided themselves into two Republics, were unable to keep in check the growing power of the fierce Bantus. The weakness of the Boers was a source of danger to the whole European population of South Africa, in fact, for it was recognised by the British authorities that if the military tribe of Zulus, the most warlike section of the Bantu nation, was allowed to overrun Natal, which had been placed under British protection in 1843, the whole of the native population might be expected to rise, and a war of extermination would be the inevitable consequence. Sir Theophilus Shepstone perceived the danger, and his bold act of annexation was intended to secure the safety of Boers and British alike.

Events proved that the danger had not been exaggerated. A general movement of revolt speedily manifested itself among the natives. Ketchwayo, the blood-thirsty chief of the Zulus, was the recognised leader of the movement; but it was left to the minor sections of the Kaffir race to begin the bloody work. The war broke out in August 1877, and although by the end of May following

the revolted tribesmen were subdued, the difficulties which the Colonial troops had to overcome were so great that Ketchwayo was encouraged to believe that if he himself took the field the Europeans could be driven out of South Africa. Ketchwayo's insolence, coupled with fears for the safety of the white inhabitants of Natal, impelled Sir Bartle Frere to order Lord Chelmsford, who was in command of the British forces, to open the campaign. It is not within our present province to describe the events of the Zulu War in detail. Lord Chelmsford crossed the Tugela in January 1879. A few days later came the terrible defeat of Isandhlwana, when Ketchwayo annihilated the 24th Regiment—a humiliation, however, which was to some extent counterbalanced by the memorable stand at Rorke's Drift, when about a hundred soldiers, under Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead, heroically kept the whole Zulu advance guard at bay and saved Natal. The Zulus were finally defeated at Ulundi on July 4th, and by the end of August the whole country had been practically reduced. Ketchwayo was captured and kept for a while a prisoner at Cape Town. He also visited England. In 1883 he was allowed to return to his people. Civil war resulted, however, and the strife was continued, after the death of Ketchwayo, by his two sons, Dinizulu and Sibepu. Finally, in 1887, Zululand was annexed to the British Empire. Dinizulu revolted again a year later, and was arrested and sent to reside on the island of St. Helena. In 1897, however, through the efforts of Miss Colenso and the Aborigines Protection Society, the fallen chief was allowed to return to his country. Since then Zululand has been at peace. During the same year the adjoining country of Tonga-

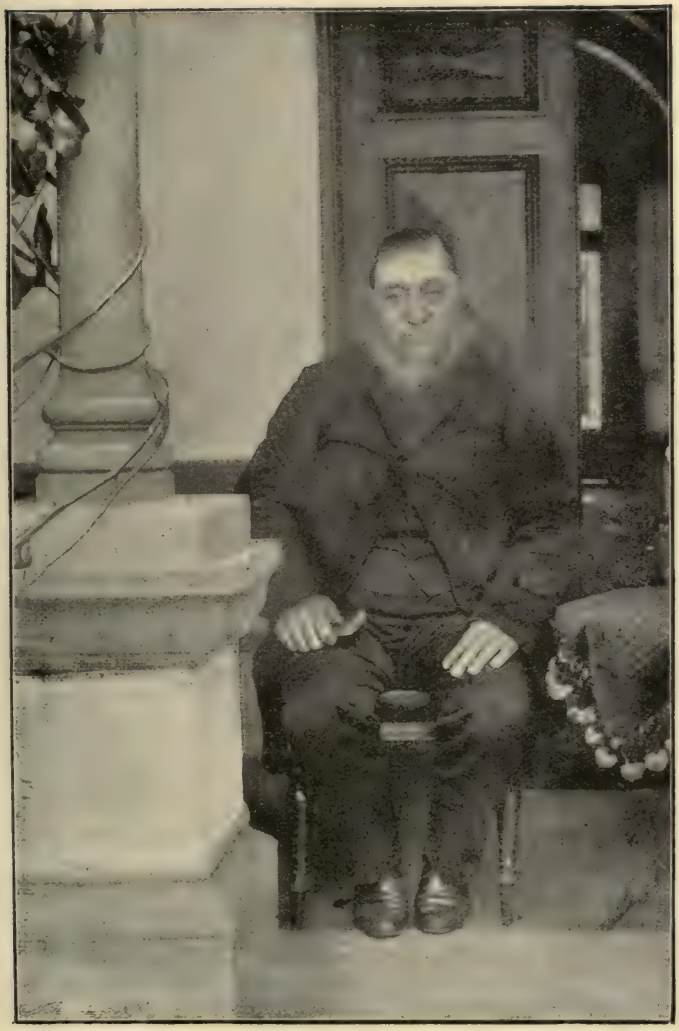
land was also added to Natal. Missionary work goes on uninterruptedly in the two new dependencies, and Natal, which is now a self-governing colony, promises to become one of the most valuable portions of our Empire in South Africa.

The next stage in South African development which falls to be recorded is also, unfortunately, marred by strife and bloodshed. In June 1880 the Cape Parliament rejected the federation proposals submitted by the Premier, Sir Gordon Sprigg, and the immediate result was that the Transvaal Boers began to clamour for the restoration of their lost independence. A few months previously, Mr. Kruger, who since that time has played so conspicuous a part in South African affairs, came to London, accompanied by two other delegates, for the purpose of laying before the Imperial Government a petition, signed by practically the whole Dutch population, asking that the independence of the Boers might be again recognised. That petition was refused. After the close of the Zulu war, and the recall of Sir Bartle Frere, the affairs of the Transvaal had been administered by Sir Garnet Wolseley, now Lord Wolseley, the present Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. A new High Commissioner was appointed towards the end of 1880 in the person of Lord Rosmead (then Sir Hercules Robinson); but before he landed at the Cape, the Boers had decided to abandon diplomacy and appeal to force.

The flag of the Transvaal was raised on the upland of Witwatersrandt on December 16th, 1880, and the lamentable Boer war, the effects of which have not yet been effaced, was thus begun. The war, though short, was disastrous to British influence. On February 26th was fought the battle of Majuba Hill, in which the

British suffered a most discreditable defeat, and which resulted in the death of Sir George Colley, the British Commander. The situation was grave, and full of terrible possibilities. The Transvaal Boers, flushed with victory, were prepared to fight to the last, while their kinsmen of the Orange Free State were in arms, and were only held in restraint by the tremendous personal influence of President Brand. After the death of Sir George Colley, Sir Evelyn Wood was placed in command of the British forces, but though, when the reinforcements which had been hastily despatched to the Cape had arrived, he declared that "he held the Boers in the hollow of his hand," the Government at home deemed it wiser to recognise the independence of the Transvaal, and thus avert a great racial conflict the end of which no one could foresee. Hostilities were suspended on March 22nd, 1881, and the British sovereignty in the Transvaal was abandoned under the terms of the Convention of Pretoria, which was signed on the following 3rd of August. The Transvaal Republic was allowed absolute control over its own domestic affairs, and the Imperial Government, while retaining the right of veto upon foreign treaties, has since that date been represented at Pretoria only by a British Resident.

We come now to the most powerful of the numerous causes which have combined to make South Africa in many respects the most interesting portion of the British Empire. We have said that the discovery of the rich deposits of diamond-bearing "blue ground" at Kimberley opened a fresh era in South Africa. That event was but the beginning of the new epoch, however. The discovery of gold, which, in a sense, may be said to



PRESIDENT KRUGER.

be still proceeding, confirmed the sanguine predictions of the men who had created Kimberley, and proved beyond doubt that South Africa is destined to be the brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown. It will be necessary, before going on to describe the events which led up to the beginning of the age of gold, to give some attention to another occurrence which indirectly played an important part in finally establishing Britain as the paramount power in that portion of the continent.

By what is known as the London Convention, made in 1884, the boundaries of the South African Republic on the western side were accurately laid down, and the Imperial Government virtually pledged itself to the control of the whole vast native population which remained outside the limits of the various European Governments holding territory south of the Equator. In return for the concessions given in the London Convention, the Transvaal delegates undertook to co-operate with the Imperial Government in the establishment of British authority over Bechuanaland, a district lying to the north of Cape Colony and to the west of the South African Republic. In May 1884, Mr. John Mackenzie arrived in Bechuanaland as Deputy-Commissioner; but the Transvaal Government repudiated its pledges, and went so far as to issue, on September 10th following, a proclamation declaring the whole district to be under the jurisdiction of the Republic. This proclamation affected matters of the most vital importance to Great Britain. The country thus so daringly claimed by President Kruger constitutes the main trade route to Central Africa. It was the door which had been opened at the cost of his life by Livingstone thirty years before, and it is through

this door that British colonists, guided by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, have found a way to the fertile plains and uplands of Mashonaland and Matabeleland.

Obviously, it was impossible that President Kruger's claim could be admitted. The Imperial Government acted promptly. An expedition under the command of Sir Charles Warren was at once despatched, and the beginning of the year 1885 saw a British Protectorate firmly established over Bechuanaland. In 1895 a still further change was made. It was deemed advisable to end the existence of the province as a separate Protectorate, and at the end of that year British Bechuanaland was formally annexed to Cape Colony. For the sake of greater clearness, it may be well to state here the exact political position of British South Africa to-day. Cape Colony now includes, as we have said, the whole of the southern portion of Bechuanaland and the whole of the native territories, with the exception of Basutoland, which once separated its eastern borders from Natal. Basutoland, a mountainous district which lies between the Orange Free State and the British Colonies, still remains under the direct control of the British Crown, as does also "Khama's Country," which lies to the north of Cape Colony, and is bounded on the west by the German possessions. And, finally, there is the vast region which stretches from the colonial border away northward, between German territory on the west and Portuguese territory on the east, right up to the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

This region is now known by the name of Rhodesia, and its history, in a measure, is the history of South African gold. By the discovery of the precious metal the British flag has been carried to the southern extremity

of Lake Tanganyika; over two thousand miles of railway have been laid down; a vast British population has been planted in the very heart of the South African Republic, at Johannesberg; and the trade of South Africa has been raised from less than £16,000,000 in 1886 to £40,000,000 ten years later. It was early in 1886 that the presence of gold deposits of unusual richness in the sloping veldt that forms the watershed of the Vaal and Limpopo Rivers was established beyond doubt. Previous to this date, many isolated discoveries had been reported from time to time in different parts of the district of Lydenberg; but it was not until September 1886 that, thanks to the energy of Messrs. H. and F. Struben, the Witwatersrandt was declared a public gold-field.

Already a considerable mining population had gathered together farther east, and the news of the dazzling discoveries brought the miners in droves to the new El Dorado. A tremendous tide of emigration set in, and in an incredibly short time the town of Johannesberg had sprung, mushroom-like, into a vigorous existence on the slope of the gold-reef, some 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The output of gold from the Randt, as this now famous district has come to be called, was valued at £125,000 in 1887, and at just under £8,000,000 in 1896. Coal—only less valuable than gold itself—was discovered close at hand; railways were extended by the enterprise of Cape Colony, and, by an arrangement with the Free State, the new city was placed in direct railway communication with Cape Town and Port Elizabeth by the end of 1892. Other railways followed rapidly. Johannesberg was soon connected by rail with Durban, and another line of railway connecting the "gold-reef

city" with Delagoa Bay by way of Pretoria was opened in 1894.

The result of all this activity was that in five years Johannesberg had become the most important town in the Transvaal, and was provided with all the equipment for maintaining a permanent and ever-growing population. But the gold era had only just begun. When a year's experience had placed the value of the Randt gold-fields beyond the possibility of a doubt, men's minds began to turn to the older gold-fields situated in the regions north of the Limpopo—the gold-fields which had been explored by men like Baines and Hartley and Karl Mauch. Here, in this district, it is believed, was the source of the fabulously wealthy mines which enriched King Solomon, and which, later in the world's history, poured their treasures into the lap of Imperial Rome.

The whole of this region at the time of the gold discoveries on the Randt was subject to Lobengula, the warrior-king of the fierce Matabele. This monarch, in succession to his father, had carried on a war of extermination against the peaceful Mashonas, an agricultural branch of the great Bantu tribe. The country, variously known as Mashonaland and Matabeleland, was at this period very thinly populated. A treaty was arranged between Lobengula and the Imperial Government in 1888, whereby the Matabele monarch agreed not to enter into negotiations with any foreign power without the consent of the High Commissioner. In October of that year a trio of adventurous Englishmen, Messrs. Rudd, Maguire, and Thompson, visited the Court of Lobengula, and succeeded in inducing the monarch to affix his mark to

a document conferring upon them the sole right to search for and work the minerals within his dominions. This "Rudd concession" was the germ of what is now known as the Chartered Company. A few months later the various concessions which had been granted to explorers who had followed in the wake of Mr. Rudd were consolidated and taken over by a company which, with Mr. Rhodes at its head, and backed by a capital of one million sterling, was formed for the purpose of exploiting the mineral wealth of King Lobengula's country.

The Company soon obtained the recognition of the Imperial Government. On October 29th, 1889, a Royal Charter was conferred upon the pioneers, who were thereby entitled to the support and protection of Great Britain. Mr. Rhodes began his great task by arranging with the Cape Government for the commencement of the northern extension of the railway which was to run from Kimberley to Vryburg. The first expedition organised by the Chartered Company left the Macloutsie River on June 28th, 1890, and reached Fort Salisbury on September 12th. The journey was a remarkable one. The pioneers had to carve a road over four hundred miles in length through swamps, forests, and rivers. They established lines of communication at Tuli, Victoria, and Charter, and, making the spot where now stands the town of Salisbury their rallying point, they disbanded on the 29th of September, and proceeded to search for gold reefs and to take up farms under the protection of the police force organised by Dr. Leander Starr Jameson. The difficulties which faced the early settlers were heartbreaking. The jealousy of Portugal prevented them from securing an outlet to the sea on the east coast at Beira, and they were for two years

compelled to draw their supplies from the Cape, 1,700 miles distant, with transport costing more than £70 per ton.

An Anglo-Portuguese Convention, arranged in June 1891, removed the chief of these difficulties, and when, at the end of the year, Dr. Jameson was appointed Administrator, the situation began to improve. Lobengula, for a time, was peaceable. His salary of £100 per month, paid to him by the Chartered Company, seemed to have won his good will; but in July 1893 ominous clouds began to gather. It was the Matabele custom for the King's impis to visit the Mashona villages once a year, and, by way of maintaining the authority of the sovereign, to indulge in murder and indiscriminate pillage. On this occasion the impis attacked some Mashonas living under the protection of the whites, and the upshot of the trouble which ensued was that Dr. Jameson, with the consent of the High Commissioner, organised the military resources at his disposal and invaded Lobengula's territory. Buluwayo, the King's capital, was captured in the November following, and in a few weeks the war was over, the King himself had perished, and the Chartered Company was secure in undisputed sovereignty.

There is one incident, however, which will always make this, the first Matabele war, sadly memorable. On December 3rd, Major Allan Wilson and a party of eighteen men were surprised by an overwhelming horde of Matabele warriors on the banks of the Shangani River. Major Wilson and his devoted followers, as is the way of Englishmen, died fighting, one by one. Had their ammunition held out, there can be little doubt that they would have succeeded in breaking the power



DR. JAMESON.

of the fierce black wave which hemmed them in. As it was, they died like heroes who will ever be remembered in their country's story.

Twelve months later, what is now the thriving and important town of Buluwayo had already reared its brick and mortar walls from the ashes of Lobengula's kraal. Everything pointed to a rapid and peaceful development of the resources of Rhodesia. Nevertheless, more trouble was in store. The first day of 1896 witnessed the now famous Jameson raid, which, for a brief space, seemed destined to involve not only South Africa, but the mother country itself in the flames of war.

We have already noted that a dense European population had sprung up in the heart of the Transvaal. These settlers represented probably the most energetic and resourceful section of the community; but, in accordance with the hard and fast conservative customs of the Boers, they were not permitted to take any share in the government of the Republic. Certain fiscal grievances were also complained of, and the situation seems, by the end of 1895, to have become so intolerable that the Outlanders, as the "new comers" are called, had determined upon the desperate remedy of attempting to overthrow the Boer supremacy in the Transvaal. The British residents in Johannesberg formed a Reform Committee, and it was in response to a manifesto issued by this Committee that Dr. Jameson, at the head of about five hundred of the Chartered Company's police, crossed the Transvaal border on the 29th of December. In some manner, however, the plans of the Reformers miscarried. Dr. Jameson was surrounded by the Transvaal burghers at Krugersdorp, and on January 2nd surrendered to the Boers.

All the resources of diplomacy were at once called into play. Dr. Jameson had clearly violated the fundamental laws of nations; but by the combined efforts of Lord Rosmead and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, President Kruger was induced to hand over his prisoners to be dealt with by the Imperial Government. The members of the Reform Committee were tried at Pretoria and sentenced to various punishments; but all of them, except one who died in Pretoria gaol, were afterwards liberated upon payment of fines. Dr. Jameson and five of his principal officers were tried and convicted in London under the Foreign Enlistments Act, and on July 29th, 1896, were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Meanwhile, a furious controversy as to the action of the Chartered Company raged in Parliament and the Press. Finally, a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the whole question, and this body, which sat during the early part of 1897, decided that certain changes should be made in the governing body of the Chartered Company. Mr. Rhodes, who had already resigned the office of Premier of Cape Colony, was removed from the position of managing director of the Company, while Earl Grey succeeded Dr. Jameson as Administrator of Rhodesia. In July 1898, Mr. Chamberlain carried out his scheme for giving the settlers in that region a voice in the management of their own affairs, and the Company's powers have been further curtailed by the placing of the military forces of Rhodesia under the control of an officer directly responsible to the Imperial Government.

We come now to the terrible struggle which was waged during nearly the whole of 1896 with the Matabele, who, exasperated by the action of the Ad-

ministration in slaughtering their cattle in order to stamp out the dreaded rinderpest, rose in revolt early in the month of March of that year. The war commenced with the murder of a policeman on March 10th, and this was followed by the murder of Mr. Bentley, a Government official, and other Europeans, on the 24th. The whole native population rose in a body, and on the 26th the town of Buluwayo, containing 1,547 souls, and separated by 600 miles of hostile country from the railway terminus at Mafeking, was completely hemmed in. Lord Rosmead was informed by telegraph; the news was flashed to London; and by the end of April Earl Grey reached the beleaguered town with a welcome stock of food and ammunition. The home Government sent out 300 men of the 7th Hussars, and 150 Mounted Infantry from Natal, and appointed General Sir Frederick Carrington to the command. The war went on intermittently until August, when Mr. Rhodes conceived the daring idea of going into the rebel camp unarmed, and accompanied only by Mr. Colenbrander, to try the effect of friendly persuasion. This characteristically bold experiment proved entirely successful. A compromise was made with the rebellious natives, and, though the flames of revolt smouldered until the beginning of 1897, the second Matabele war was practically at an end.

Since that time the progress of Rhodesia has been steady and persistent. Mr. Rhodes talks of the time when the British flag shall wave uninterruptedly from the Cape to Cairo. Something has been done in that direction already. The telegraph wires have been carried north from Salisbury almost to the borders of Lake Tan-

ganyika; eastward to Beira, a port on the east coast; and southward to Cape Town. The railway runs northward for a distance of 1,350 miles from Cape Town, and Buluwayo, Lobengula's capital, is now within easy reach of the Cape. All this shows that the work of Livingstone and Moffat has not been in vain. The colonising and administrative genius of the British people have produced marvellous results in many climes, but nowhere have they greater scope than in the vast region with which we have been dealing in this book.

We have confined ourselves in this chapter almost exclusively to a review of the later history of British South Africa, and we have done so for the reason that the history of that region furnishes the most complete and most striking examples of that spirit of daring and enterprise which has animated all the heroes of South African exploration dealt with in the present volume. Of exploration proper, as we have said, there is little to record. The Berlin Conference of 1884-85, which defined the spheres of influence of the various European Powers, brought to an end the age of the pioneers of exploration. Since then there are but few changes to record. Various scientific societies have been at work, under the ægis of the different Governments, slowly filling in the details of the huge plans sketched by the early explorers. Small missions are despatched from time to time to explore those few and unimportant tracts of country which yet contain secrets that must be wrested from them to satisfy the restless craving of the human mind. Of these missions perhaps the most interesting is that which was undertaken by Mr. J. E. S. Moore, of the Royal College of Science. Mr. Moore spent ten months on Lake Tanganyika in 1896, and collected much

valuable information. He proposes to form another expedition which will go by way of the Zambesi and Nyassaland, and return by way of the Victoria N'yanza, and which may probably be able to effect a junction with Mr. Rhodes's telegraph survey now working in that region. But with this exception, which has, after all, a purely scientific interest, there is nothing of importance to be added to the story of exploration as completed in the preceding chapter.

Africa south of the Equator is no longer an unknown land. The southern portion of the Dark Continent is dark no longer, and its future history, we may hope, will be merely the uneventful but stimulating record of industrial and educational progress and development.

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